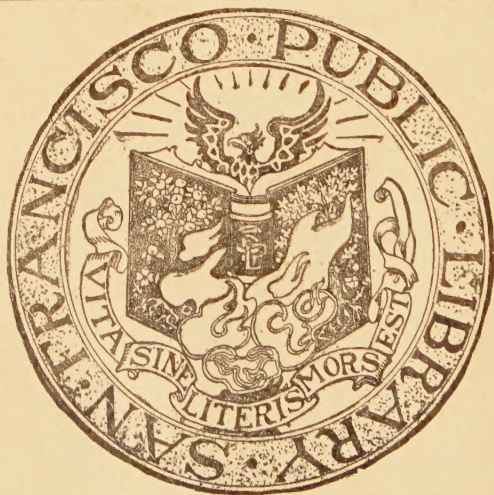


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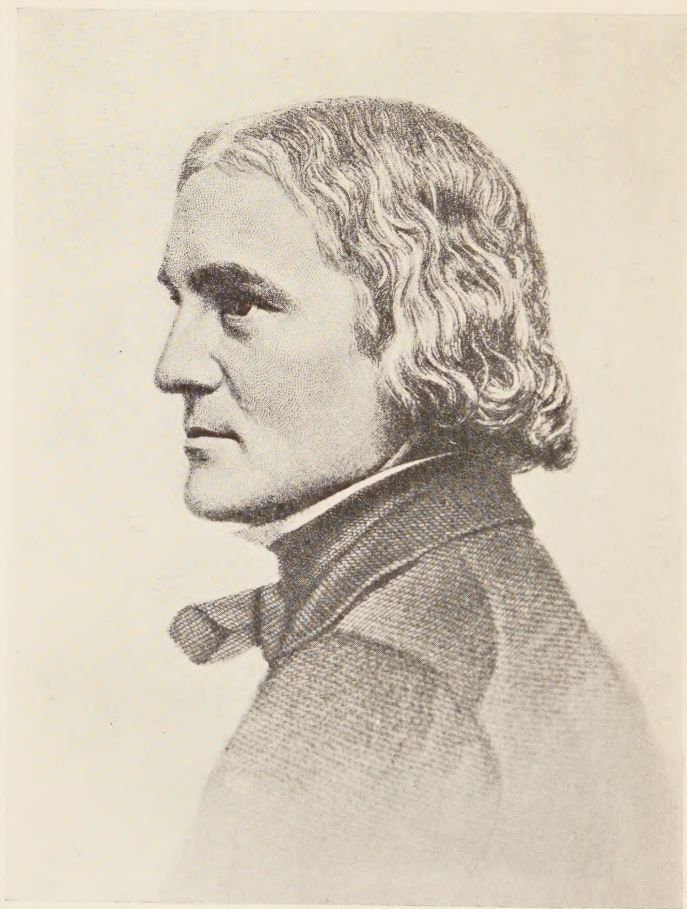
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H. F. Parent

THE LIFE OF
HENRY FOWLE DURANT
FOUNDER OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE

BY
FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

ILLUSTRATED



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To the spirit of a just man made perfect,
this book is dedicated with reverent
affection

PREFACE

"The Life of Henry Fowle Durant," presented on this the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Wellesley College, needs no excuse. In the half-century of its existence Wellesley has become a great shining light, set high on our New England coast. One can neither ignore nor forget it. Still less can we, who walk in that light, ignore or forget the man who with infinite pains and at heroic sacrifice of self kindled that beacon. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Henry Fowle Durant died for Wellesley. Those who knew him in the flesh cry aloud to the oncoming generations to remember this well.

We who speak to you of Wellesley's founder will soon take our places with the multitude of the forgotten. But we are resolved—as we pause to utter our brief hail and farewell—that the truth and beauty of Henry Fowle Durant's life laid down shall not be swept away in the relentless flood of years, but shall ever remain Wellesley's loftiest ideal, her richest heritage.

Among the many who have made possible this book of remembrance, one thinks first of Katherine Lee

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Bates, our poet paramount, whose life has been closely identified with that of Wellesley College from the beginning. No other, we think, has taken such pains to keep Wellesley's past from the obliterating touch of the years. And with her Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild, who was so shining a figure of that early Wellesley. It is with warm gratitude that we speak of Miss Sarah F. Whiting, who spent many hours gleaning from her voluminous home letters every mention of Mr. Durant. Miss Louise Manning Hodgekins also contributed many delightful memories, as well as a sheaf of precious letters from Mr. Durant. Miss Sarah Eastman, Dr. Emily Jones Barker, Mrs. Louise McCoy North, Miss Mary Russell Bartlett, Miss Charlotte Howard Conant, and Mrs. Isabelle Clark Harmon gave lavishly of personal reminiscences, clippings, and letters. Other voices, too, speak of Mr. Durant from these pages—voices of aged men, once powerful in world affairs; voices of women, students at Wellesley in the late seventies and early eighties. And others still of a later day, who were eager to help with suggestion and research—Our thanks and blessing go forth to you all; for to you this our alabaster box of memory owes its value and fragrance.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

Westerleigh,

December 14, 1923.

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The inspiration of his presence breathed
On us for whom he toiled. How did we know
The voice that never softened toward a foe,
The warrior-heart whose sword was seldom sheathed?
That heart our daily tasks with beauty wreathed:
That ringing voice still bids us onward go,
And ours it is in faithfulness to show
How dear a gift that life to us bequeathed.
Give honor unto whom bright honor 's due,
Call him the gentlest friend we ever knew,—
Where trust and strength were needed, strong and true,
And being of his finished life possessed,
Let it be tried by this immortal test,—
Look how we loved him, we who knew him best!

MARY RUSSELL BARTLETT

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I

WHEN any honest attempt is made to tell the life story of one long absent from the world, a singular timidity assails the chronicler. With what daring must he stand, calling upon the four winds of memory to blow upon the dead, that the dead may live! One may, it is true, with easy glibness recite dates and describe events; but how go about the task of making vivid the truth concerning so complex a personality as that of Henry Fowle Durant?

Fifty years ago a few of us—now silvered with the passing years—saw him at his work. With the careless, uncomprehending eyes of youth we actually beheld him, laying foundation-stone upon foundation-stone with a passionate diligence which appeared to foresee the swift-approaching end. "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" he seemed to be saying in those last crowded years. We are glad, as we remember him thus.

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But you, who were born after he passed into the invisible, how shall we, with the means at our command, compel you to see him? Was he not, even to his contemporaries, a closed book? Who in all his world knew him? Was there ever one, even among his friends, who adequately interpreted him?

"I perceived," writes a distinguished critic of his day, "that if I depicted Mr. Durant as Wellesley knew him, Boston would laugh; if as Boston knew him, Wellesley would weep."

How damaging a comment on the intelligence of Boston! Yet there are reasons for this apparent obtuseness: Boston knew Mr. Durant as the brilliant man of the world; as the keen, the astute, the merciless lawyer. Wellesley knew him as the supreme educator and champion of women; as the poet, all aglow with the vision splendid; as the true friend and wise counselor; as the saint of God—passing away from earth at last on the wings of prayer.

There is now no one left to deny us when we affirm we knew him best who knew him last. The eyes of seventeen see clearer than the eyes of seventy.

The life of Henry Fowle Durant was as suddenly interrupted in its wonted course as was that of Saul of Tarsus, and by a like shattering event. This fact must be set down in the beginning, if we are to understand how Wellesley College came into being. Upon its clear and definite recognition depends any just interpretation of the life and character of Wellesley's

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founder. And yet what took place before the paramount experience is vitally akin to what follows it, and hence of moment to us and to Wellesley.

"In all ages," declares Emerson, "souls out of time, extraordinarily prophetic, are born, who are rather related to the system of the world than to their particular age and locality." And if we examine the antecedents of such souls, we may, if we will, see the Creator at His work, choosing, combining, rejecting, it may be, and at length bringing to the light His eternal purpose, in the guise of some transcendent man or woman.

And this reflection leads us, by a path both natural and pleasant, to a certain wedding, celebrated with due pomp and festivity in the town of Newton, of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, nearly a century and a half ago. The bride was beautiful—dark-eyed, slender yet strong of build, with a look and bearing both sweet and gracious. Moreover, the exquisite crest of maidenhood found her singularly wise after the manner of her day. She could spin an even thread of flax or wool on the great wheel, and also on the little wheel, as her mother and grandmother had done before her. Hargreaves and Arkwright had already invented the spinning-jenny and the throstle machine; but these momentous inventions had not as yet relegated the purring wheels to the dusty seclusion of the attic. So the lovely Mary had spun, carded, and woven her fleecy blankets, her coverlets of blue and

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white, and had bleached to a silver whiteness the webs of linen, later fashioned by her own diligent fingers into goodly piles of household gear. Under the expert tutelage of her mother she had learned to mix unbolted flour and Indian meal into sturdy loaves, fit food for stalwart men and growing children. On the occasion of the wedding, armies of pies, compounded of the pumpkin, of apples, and of the spicy mystery known as mince, flanked with cakes of superlative excellence, lately emerged from the huge brick oven, bore witness to her skill. She knew how to care for the bees in their conical houses of straw; and it is told of her that the insects knew and loved their gentle mistress, and would cling to her curling hair, and even light upon the warm whiteness of her neck and arms—mistaking them, it may be, for blossoms of superior texture and fragrance.

All this and more had Mary Cooke been taught by her mother, who in her day was called “the smartest and handsomest girl in Middlesex County.” For this romance of January 6, 1781, was linked, after the manner immemorial, with yet other romances, the one growing sweetly from the other under the benignant eye of the Creator, whose shining name among the children of men is Love.

Before we meet the bridegroom, whose eyes are only for his bride, it were no more than courteous to linger for a moment with our host and hostess. Captain Phineas Cooke, a fine, upstanding, soldierly figure,

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is wearing to-day, in honor of the marriage, his shabby uniform, which had manifestly seen long and hard service in the exigent battles of the Revolution. Captain Cooke, be it known, was a "Minute Man," and had actually taken the field in less than half the allotted sixty seconds, as his wife proudly testified. Mrs. Cooke, as everybody knew, was the daughter of Dr. Edward Durant, known in the town of Newton for his skill and kindness. It behooves us to look carefully at the comely figure of Mrs. Abigail Durant Cooke. Her splendid dark eyes, keen and piercing, reveal a spirit both strong and courageous. "She had bright and versatile capacity," we are quaintly told by the family historian, "and was extremely ambitious."

Abigail Durant might have told us, with proper pride, of her great-grandfather, George Durant, that sturdy pioneer who dared the perils of the wilderness in 1663, and settled in Middletown, Connecticut. He came to America from Malden, County Essex, England,—this ancestor of Wellesley College,—and in his old age was fond of telling his children and grandchildren of his Huguenot forebears, who fled to England from France in 1670. Many were the stirring tales, handed down like the sagas of old, from mouth to mouth, and living again in keen-eyed, quick-witted descendants of these same militant followers of the Christ.

Near the window of the keeping-room, we may, if we will, picture to ourselves the bridegroom, man-

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ifently impatient for the arrival of the bewigged clergyman, who is presently to give him the indisputable right to bear the lovely Mary to his waiting home in Watertown. Captain John Fowle came to his wedding gallantly mounted on a roan charger, and wearing the blue and buff of Washington's army. "He was a man of few words," declares the record, "but every word was to the point." Three of these pointed words had already been whispered in the rosy ear of Mary Cooke.

At the appointed hour John and Mary stood up before the austere man of God in his gown and bands, and the solemn vows of the marriage covenant were spoken. There followed the subdued rustle of well-preserved silks, the swish of muslins, and the eager craning of feminine necks. The verdict was unanimous and far-reaching: here was "the handsomest pair ever married in the town of Newton!"

We enjoy being told that after the merrymaking the husband and wife went away betimes on Captain John's roan horse; Mary on a pillion behind her bridegroom, in an adorable puce-colored gown cut high in the waist and low in the neck. On this January day she must needs be muffled against the cold, in a cloak of scarlet cloth and a bonnet bordered with fur tied over her pretty ears. Watertown was not far away, being just across the Charles River, and here the new home glowed with fire and candle-light in the dusk of the winter day.

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No picture or description of the Fowle homestead has come down to us; but it must have been a commodious house; for here in the closing years of the century eight children were born to Captain John Fowle and Mary, his wife. Those were troublous times in the history of our country, but the preliminary treaty of peace with Great Britain was signed in the same year and month which brought the first in the fair procession of sons and daughters to the young lovers. And despite continued wars and rumors of war all was peace and prosperity in the quiet village of Watertown. Captain Fowle, we are told, was a merchant, as well as a soldier, and conducted his affairs both at home and abroad with zeal and good judgment. In all his dealings with his fellow-citizens, be it further known, he was the soul of probity and honor, not only hating evil but despising it. In 1783 we find him still following the changing flags of his country with Mellen's third regiment. He was a charter member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and one of its Standing Committee. But the ways of peace finally claimed him; in 1790-92 he served as selectman in Watertown, and again in 1820, shortly before his death.

In the interim his five daughters grew up in such loveliness that the sagacious captain deemed it a necessary precaution to close the shutters of the keeping-room when Charlotte, Harriet, Maria, Eliza and Adeline sat near the windows with their sewing. One may imagine the dismay of the amorous swains with-

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out and the carefully subdued vexation of the beauties within. Lovers there were in numbers, boldly besieging his doors; but, as he had already successfully defended his country against foreign invaders and "pesky red-skins," so Captain Fowle, the man of few words but puissant deeds, sternly guarded the treasures of his hearthstone. It must have been about this time that the poet Robert Treat Paine composed the famous bon-mot, which afterward served as a toast on many a convivial occasion: "To the fair of every town, and the Fowle of Watertown!" It was the still lovely Mary, mother of the five, who became the repository of numerous sentimental secrets. It was she who pleaded the suit of Mr. Benjamin Wiggin, afterward the substantial and wealthy Mr. Wiggin of the firm of B. & T. Wiggin of London and Boston, but then only "Ben" Wiggin, desperately in love with Charlotte, and almost equally in terror of the doughty captain. Mrs. Fowle was a past mistress of delicate diplomacy, and the hearts of her daughters safely trusted in her.

One enjoys the tradition which still clings with the odor of dried rose-leaves to certain carefully preserved, many-volumed novels of the period: "Evelina," "Cecilia," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Pamela," and the ever-splendid "Sir Charles Grandison." Dear Mary Fowle was still deeply in love with love, and all the more because of her own mellow romance and the budding affairs of her daughters. In the depths of her sewing-basket a novel was always to be found, to

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be dipped into for a few delightful moments when opportunity offered. Captain Fowle did not (she surmised) approve of fiction, so in her own entirely charming and tactful way did Mary Fowle avoid occasion for discord. A breeze of hushed laughter from some youthful accessory, light feet on the stair, a whisper of warning—and lo! when Captain Fowle stooped for the kiss he still coveted, Mother was soberly stitching the lawn ruffles of Father's shirt-front, or fashioning a pinafore for little Adeline.

It was a wonderfully happy home, for many a year unclouded by sorrow. An infant daughter passed into the unseen, leaving scarce a ripple on the placid surface. But surely in the heart of the mother must have lingered the unanswered question:

“The little feet that never trod
Earth, never strayed in field or street,
What hand leads upward back to God
The little feet?”

A poignant grief was to follow, when in 1811 Charles, the second son, a gallant young midshipman, died as the result of a duel fought with a British naval officer. “Never take the lie; decide it by sword or pistol,” was the stern code Captain Fowle taught his two sons. So the boy of nineteen stood up before his British opponent (adjudged a coward and a bully by his contemporaries) and received the shot which ended his life. A monument to his memory, erected by his

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brother officers in token of their esteem and grief, still stands in an old cemetery in Groton, Connecticut.

But it is more particularly with two other members of this splendid family group that we have to do: Harriet, the second daughter, and John Fowle, afterward a lieutenant-colonel in the United States Army. So we must merely note in passing that Maria lived for a time with Mrs. Benjamin Wiggin in Boston and married in her twenty-first year Abiathar George Britton, a successful lawyer of New Hampshire. Mr. Britton, we learn, was the contemporary and personal friend of such men as Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, Judge Livermore, and Mr. Joseph Bell. We shall see presently how these braided strands of romance and friendship weave into the story of one not yet born. Mr. and Mrs. Wiggin later removed to London, and it was at their English home that Adeline, the youngest and most beautiful of the Fowle sisters, married Mr. Samuel Welles, an American who later established a successful banking house in Paris. It is from the Welles family, originating in England, transplanted to New England in early Puritan days, and flourishing mightily in that rarefied atmosphere, that the town and college of Wellesley received their names. The chronicler cannot resist adding that Mrs. Welles, after the death of her elderly husband, married Charles Jean Marie Felix, Marquis de la Valette, a brilliant diplomat of the Second Empire. Whoever

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is curious may find in a certain leather-bound book ¹ in the library at Wellesley College a complete account of the subsequent triumphs of the fair Adeline in quasi-royal circles.

¹ "Reminiscences of the Family of John Fowle."

II

HARRIET FOWLE was born in Watertown on September 10, 1784, and inherited, we may well believe, many of the distinguished traits of the Durant and Fowle ancestry. She developed, as a small child, so intelligent, ambitious, and, shall we say, aggressive a personality that she was sent by her peace-loving parents to boarding-school at the tender age of seven. It may not be altogether out of order at this point in our story to give some account of what was then known as "female education," as carefully differentiated from the "male" variety.

In 1790 we find Noah Webster, author of that early best seller, Webster's Spelling Book, discoursing thus on this important subject:

In all nations, a good education is that which renders the ladies correct in their manners, respectable in their families, and agreeable in society. That education is always wrong which raises a woman above the duties of her station. . . . Some knowledge of arithmetic is necessary for every lady and geography should never be neglected. . . . The Spectator should fill the first place in every lady's library. Other volumes of periodical papers, though inferior to the Spectator, should be read. With regard to novels—so much admired by the young,

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and so generally condemned by the old—what shall I say? A hundred volumes of modern novels may be read without acquiring a new idea. At best, novels may be considered as the toys of youth; the rattleboxes of sixteen. . . . In the large towns of America, music, drawing and dancing constitute a part of female education. But my fair friends will pardon me, when I declare that no man ever married a woman for her performance on a harpsichord, or her figure in a minuet. Admiration is useless when it is not supported by domestic worth.”

In the biography of Mary Somerville we come upon a graphic description of a boarding-school of the period, which throws light on the early scholastic experiences of Harriet Fowle:

A few days after my arrival at Miss Primrose’s school, although perfectly straight and well-made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front; while above my frock bands drew my shoulders back till my shoulder blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semi-circle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state, I and most of the younger girls had to prepare our lessons. The chief thing I had to do (daily) was to learn by heart a page of Johnson’s dictionary, not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meaning, but, as an exercise of memory, to repeat their order of succession. Besides, I had to learn the first principles of writing and the rudiments of French and English grammar. The method of teaching was extremely tedious and inefficient.

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We may infer from the above that the female figure, as well as the female intellect, was regarded as faulty in the extreme; but that both were happily amenable to discipline. Whether or not the youthful Harriet was enclosed in stiff stays, with a steel busk in front and the rest of it, we do not know; but certain it is that the simple but efficient "backboard" was in high favor in New England till a much later day. And we may imagine Harriet as diligently studying her Johnson with shoulder-blades smartly strapped back to the inflexible plank which was supposed to assist nature in forming the sloping shoulders and slim waist then so much in vogue. In spite of the backboard the child acquired an inordinate fondness for reading, which kept pace with her years. She was a passionate little person in those early days, loving and hating with equal ardor. One may picture her, during the halcyon hours when backboards and lexicons were laid aside, the center of an eager group of girls, who listened spellbound to her stories, gleaned from books or spun from the fine gossamer of her own vivid imagination. She loved with enthusiasm everything true and beautiful, and despised with equal ardor and intimidating frankness every sort of pretense and sham. Endowed with such a nature, we find her growing into proud womanhood. Handsome, stately, with an intelligence both keen and mirthful, she saw much to laugh at, little to admire, in the suitors who paused tentatively at her shrine. Her gentle mother used frequently to expostulate with Har-

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riet. To be an old maid, without a home, without children, must have appeared a truly dreadful prospect to the loving mother of eight. But Harriet merely tossed her dark head. She couldn't abide the stupid yokels of Watertown, she declared. And better never marry than marry merely to escape spinsterhood. She was now well past thirty; her four sisters were all happily wedded and living each in her own home. It had become a comfortably accepted idea in the family that Harriet would never marry. She would remain at home to care for father and mother in their old age. Somebody, it was evident, must stay at home; and why not Harriet?

Harriet herself appeared willing to carry out the program thus laid down for her. Her energetic nature found plenty of work about the house and in the garden, where she tended the flowers with diligence and affection. Then there were her books,—her very own books,—a slowly gathering treasure of history, poetry, romance. She loved them all in general and each in particular. A letter addressed to Mrs. Fowle from her daughter, Mrs. Britton, broke in upon this somewhat narrow and monotonous existence. If Mother could spare Harriet for a short visit, wrote the amiable Maria, it would be a great pleasure and benefit to them both. Orford was very dull, to be sure, but there were interesting people to be met even in Orford, and the three children were wonderful.

So Harriet stepped down from the coach in the

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village of Orford, New Hampshire, one summer day, and was met by Mr. Abiathar George Britton, who welcomed his sister-in-law with enthusiasm. Mr. Britton—so read the annals—was six feet tall and bore a strong resemblance to Henry Clay. He was witty and humorous and a great favorite in society. Better than this, he was a lawyer of sterling integrity and remarkable memory. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Britton on more than one occasion “dreamed true,” or as we should put it now, possessed clairvoyant powers. The burning of Moscow was so vividly depicted to this matter-of-fact gentleman, in a night vision, that he spoke of it to several persons on the day following. In the slow progress of news in those days it was some months before the event, occurring at the exact time of his “dream,” became generally known.

We wonder if the jovial Mr. Britton was clairvoyantly or otherwise aware of what was shortly to take place in his home. We may be sure the gentle and no doubt subtle Maria perceived at once that her hitherto obdurate sister, Harriet, was slowly but surely yielding the citadel of her maiden affections to a certain Mr. William Smith, a law student in Mr. Britton’s office. There were no regular schools either of law or of medicine in those days. Every reputable lawyer and physician trained his successors, while carrying on the arduous labors of his profession. The students were made useful in the offices of their teachers, and were

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generally received on terms of the utmost cordiality in their homes. So "Will" Smith was a frequent visitor under Mr. Britton's hospitable roof—more particularly during the period of Miss Harriet Fowle's visit.

Mr. Britton, in his own peculiarly kind and tactful way, lost no time in acquainting his guest with certain salient particulars concerning the family of his protégé and pupil. He knew Harriet's pride of race, so he told her of Captain Joseph Smith, the grandfather of William, who could trace his lineage to the copious fountainhead of Smiths in Great Britain. Captain Smith was actively engaged in defending the city of Boston against the British in 1776. He was present at the famous Battle of Bunker Hill; and later served with Washington's forces on the Hudson River. After the Battle of Saratoga it was no other than Captain Smith who commanded a company of the guard which escorted the British prisoners of war to Boston.

It is permissible to suppose that William himself told the lady of his choice of how at the age of eleven his father had run away from home to beg Captain Welch to let him be a soldier. The elder William Smith was a well-grown, sturdy lad, and the sapient captain then and there enlisted his services as hostler. Young Smith knew how to care for horses better than most boys of his age, "because," said his son, with simplicity, "my grandfather was a blacksmith by trade."

Tavern-keeping was an entirely respectable business

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in those days of stagecoach and horseback travel; and if Harriet Fowle winced a trifle at the idea of her William's father and mother as the proprietors of the Webster Tavern in Franklin, she made no sign. The senior William Smith died in 1820, some years after the marriage of his son to the aristocratic Miss Fowle, and his widow, sturdily refusing to be supported by relatives, continued to keep the Webster Tavern.

"The Widow Smith," as she was designated thenceforward, distinguished herself in several particulars from the inconspicuous multitude of Widows Smith. She was a woman of firmness and decision, determined to do right, as she herself understood it, no matter what happened. Slow in forming a resolution, she was adamant in carrying it out, even when the performance of it seemed to militate against her own interests. In this day and generation which has witnessed the adoption of the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, abolishing the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors, we should take pride in rescuing from oblivion the name of Susanna French Smith. She was, as far as is now known, the very first proprietor of a house of public entertainment to recognize the evils of intoxicants and prohibit the use of them on her premises. The story of this early triumph of right over wrong, which should place Mrs. Smith's name high on the honor-roll of woman pioneers of temperance, is told by a grand-

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nephew of hers, a Mr. Smith still living in the town of Wellesley:

A few years after her husband's death, she [the Widow Smith] moved to a place known as Republican Village in the Township of Franklin, and established a tavern there. This tavern was situated on the direct stage-route from Boston to Montreal, and proved to be a good location. Mrs. Smith, as was the established custom, sold liquor of various sorts to the traveling public. Then, one day, she found that her two young sons, who with her daughters assisted in the work of the place, had been drinking, as the saying goes, "more than was good for them." The mother was greatly shocked and grieved. She said little; but thought much. Not long afterward one of her daughters said to her, "Mother, we are out of rum."

Mrs. Smith replied quietly, "We will not buy any more rum for the present." Later, the gin was reported as "all used." No more gin was ordered. In like manner the brandy, the whiskey and the various brands of wine ran dry, and were not replaced.

The widow was sharply criticized by indignant customers and well-meaning friends, who said to her, "Mrs. Smith, you will never be able to run a tavern without selling liquor." But the widow was firm. She had seen what liquor did to people; and for the sake of her own sons and her neighbor's sons liquor was never again sold under her roof.

We are glad to be able to add to the universal testimony of all fair-minded observers the result of

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this early experiment in prohibition: Mrs. Smith's tavern became more popular than ever. "Because," concluded the narrator, "it was quiet and peaceful, and not given to the noisy demonstrations which usually accompany a bar-room."

Mrs. Smith, universally respected and beloved, lived to be eighty-five years old. She is buried in what is known as the Webster burying-ground in Franklin, New Hampshire.

Years afterward, when Mr. Durant had been preaching in Franklin, he said to a friend, "People there [Franklin] speak so highly of Grandmother that I am proud to know that I am a grandson of 'Widow Smith.'"

Mr. Smith was five years younger than the woman with whom he had fallen in love. But this fact, over which she demurred, only served to add fuel to the flames of his ardent affection. We may be sure he called her his "goddess," his "splendid queen," and just as like as not—for such are the manifold idiosyncrasies of man—his "precious pussy-cat."

And Harriet liked it. Oh, yes, she adored it all. Not once did she call her William Smith a "driveler," a "yokel" or a "dolt." He was Mr. Smith, the lawyer to be, entitled to her respectful affection and high esteem. We are not surprised to learn that Harriet bloomed into a fuller and statelier beauty than even that of the much-admired Adeline, who was by this

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time married to her Mr. Samuel Welles and living in Paris.

We are pleased to know that Mr. William Smith, when he came to Watertown a-courting, drove a splendid team of bays hitched to a carriage in tandem style. In this distinguished equipage Harriet went forth before the eyes of the neighbors, who had called her "Captain Fowle's old-maid daughter." It is to be believed that neither the bride nor the groom on the occasion of their marriage, which took place October 18, 1817, had the slightest prophetic warning of the splendid significance of the occasion. Even Mr. Britton, with all his prescience, failed to dream of the thousands upon thousands of Wellesley students who were one day to rejoice over this marriage.

The newly wedded Smiths went at once to live in Hanover, New Hampshire, in a little love of a house, with a steep sloping roof and dormer windows. Here Harriet cultivated her flowers with new ardor, and read her books with new understanding, and presently sat by her window sewing tiny dresses and caps, dreaming the dreams of the mother-to-be. Four children were born in the little house, which is still standing in complete preservation.¹ The names of the quartet were William, Henry, Maria, and Adeline. Of these, Maria died in infancy.

¹ The birthplace of Henry Fowle Durant is known as the Webster house.

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We are fortunate in having preserved to us a few fragments from Mrs. Smith's letters. In the first of these, dated June 20, 1824, writing to her sister Mrs. Wiggin, in Boston, she says: "Thanks for congratulations on the birth of Adeline. . . . Henry [aged two] is a very good boy indeed, but as full of mischief as he can be." On May 10, 1829, again referring to her children, she writes: "All three children are at school under the care of Mr. Smith's sister."

The sister here referred to was a Miss Waity Smith, familiarly known as "Aunt Waity." She was a pupil of the famous Mary Lyon, and a great admirer of that pioneer in the education of women.

It was Aunt Waity who taught little Henry his letters; the alphabet "repeated backwards and forwards" being at that time considered the foundation-stone in the structure of learning. Mrs. Smith was a devoted mother, passionately ambitious for her children, and already perceiving with keen vision future possibilities in their cherubic little faces.

Again writing to Mrs. Wiggin, she says:

Adeline is a sweet child. I cannot be grateful enough to my God for being the mother of such a child. She is now six years old. Her eyes, I think, look like yours, and she is very pretty. My darling little daughter kisses your miniature which hangs over the mantel in our parlour, and talks to it, and arranges flowers before it.



BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY FOWLE DURANT

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In imagination we may see little Adeline climbing a chair, her hands filled with flowers from her mother's garden, ardently kissing the pictured face of her beautiful aunt. In the few words of Mrs. Smith's letters we read volumes of family life, rich in love and beauty. She speaks frequently in her letters of Henry: "Henry goes to the same school [with Adeline]. He is, I think, rather a chivalrous character." The mother had perhaps watched her darlings from the window on some showery day and exulted in the seven-year-old Henry, as he carefully lifted little Adeline over a puddle, lest she spatter her prunella gaiters or muddy her spotless pantalets. She goes on:

Henry is fond of his books, and wishes very much to have a library of his own. I have promised him as a reward Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*, which he likes very much. Henry resembles our family; or rather he looks as our father did.

III

AS we study the annals left to us by his New England forebears, we may picture to ourselves a day in mid-June, when Henry Smith was ten years old. The stage-driver had left a letter at the gate addressed to his mother. The boy hailed with intense eagerness the arrival of letters: were they not messengers from the great, unknown world, often bearing wonderful tidings of the more adventurous members of the Fowle family, who by now were living in London, in Paris, and in still more interesting places in America? So, we may be sure, the little boy ran quite breathless to his mother, bearing the letter, which contained, had he known it, news of the greatest importance to himself.

Mrs. Smith opened the letter, carefully read it quite through, without a glance at the eager face at her side. It was a short letter; but Mrs. Smith's eyes lingered over the page. Henry ventured an impatient tug at his mother's sleeve. The letter he knew, was from his uncle, Major John Fowle, a hero surpassing in the boy's eyes even the illustrious discoverer of America. To be a splendid officer like Uncle John, to wear the uniform of the United States Army, to carry a sword buckled to his side, or, better still,

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brandished in the thick of combat, was the boy's loftiest ambition. His uncle had been married the year before, and had traveled on his wedding journey across the ocean; forty-eight days going over, and fifty-six days returning, seventeen of which were spent in beating out of the English Channel. Here was food for thought! Henry had spent a fascinated hour poring over the map which depicted the difficult passage. He had been told that his new aunt was very beautiful; that her name was Pauline Cazenove. There were stories galore about the de Cazenoves—romantic, daring, bloody stories. It made the Jacobin revolution very real to the boy's vivid imagination to have it thus linked to himself in the person of his uncle's wife, even though he had never seen her. From his mother's lips he had heard the story of Paul de Cazenove and his two sons, seized by the infuriated populace of Geneva, and confined in a granary outside the city walls, with cannon at its gates, pointing inward. How splendidly dreadful to have them point inward!

Their friends were powerless to rescue the unfortunate gentlemen; but they were saved nevertheless from a bloody and violent death at the hands of the mob by their guards, whose benevolent intent it was to escort them to the scaffold later on. It was rather disappointing to have so tame a verdict brought in by the burghers of Geneva. The Messieurs de Cazenove were acquitted, "because," quoth the Jacobin judges, "they have done us no harm, besides which

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they have been away from Geneva much of the time." The brothers, after their release, shook the menacing dust of Geneva from their feet, and after incredible adventures reached America, only to fall before the all-conquering charms of the Misses Hogan of Baltimore. The brothers decided to drop the aristocratic prefix, certainly of little use in democratic America. Antoine Charles Cazenove married the younger of the two sisters, Miss Ann Hogan,—said to be a very learned lady for her day,—and grew rapidly rich in the country of his adoption. Ten children were born to them. And hence the new aunt, who was almost as beautiful as Aunt Adeline.

Mrs. William Smith carefully folded the letter. There was a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

"You have a dear little new cousin," she informed her son Henry. "She is to be called Pauline Adeline. Are n't you glad?"

Henry ought to have been glad. We are glad. But boys of ten, as a rule, fail to be thrilled by announcements of the sort. A little new cousin. Huh! Was that all? And he hurtled out of the door to engage in a game of ball with William and the other boys.

Notwithstanding the early indifference of Henry, little Pauline grew and prospered sturdily. She was, really, a remarkable child. With her Scotch-Irish grandmother, her French grandfather, and the Colonial heroes on her father's side, she could n't very well

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help being remarkable. From her earliest years we find in her a certain piquant shrewdness, mingled with a prideful grace, reminiscent of the noble de Cazenoves, whose name was emblazoned for a thousand years on the records of France, and traced its origin to the ancient family of Casa Nova in Spain.

Major John Fowle was a bachelor of forty-two when he fell in love with the daughter of Antoine Charles Cazenove. And here again we discover without difficulty the connecting link of romance, for *sans doute*, "it is love that makes the world go 'round." As a needful preliminary it should be explained that Major Fowle had been sternly and almost exclusively occupied with war since boyhood. In his twenty-third year we find him a seasoned veteran of the War of 1812, and a commissioned lieutenant in the United States Army. Camp and field continued to claim him, and he fought with the famous Scott's Brigade through the Niagara campaign. Wounded in the battle of Lundy's Lane, he continued to carry on at the head of his company till the end of the action. Eager young eyes must have followed the handsome officer during his brief and infrequent visits to Watertown; wistful young hearts under maidenly muslins must have quickened their beat at his approach. The gallant major loved them all in general; but, alas! no one of them in particular.

His sisters, who adored him, agreed that no girl ever born—at least in Watertown—was quite worthy

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of their magnificent brother. But they had still to reckon with Miss Pauline Cazenove, far off in her Southern home. The beautiful Virginian braved the snows of Boston in the winter of 1830 to be bridesmaid at her brother's wedding. And it was on this significant occasion that she met Major Fowle, affectionately known as "Honest Jack" among the men of his command. Major Fowle, as might have been expected, fell instantly in love with his appointed lady. No man, perhaps, was ever more deeply in love with innocence and beauty than he; yet in certain letters written during the short period of his engagement we find grateful witness to his unselfishness. A younger Miss Cazenove, speaking for herself and her sisters, alludes to their prospective brother-in-law as "the most thoughtful and considerate man *for one in love* we ever knew!" And later: "Sophia, Charlotte and I have unanimously agreed that since the creation of the world no *lover* was ever half so attentive and agreeable as the Major."

It was in May, 1831, that the brave soldier, who so thoroughly deserved his fair lady, embarked with his bride on the wedding journey already mentioned. And in June of the following year Henry Smith's little cousin, Pauline, was born in Alexandria, Virginia.

The trials and adventures of life began early with little Pauline. At the age of three months we find her journeying on a pillow to Sault Ste. Marie, the pillow being a prime necessity in the earlier stages of the

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journey over roads rudely constructed of logs laid crosswise in the mud. In swampy places the logs had sunk so deep that it was commonly said one might lose a wagon in any one of the yawning holes and never find it. The resourceful major was equal to every emergency. On one arm he carried the pillow with its precious burden, and with the other tenderly supported the young mother, somewhat intimidated, one may well believe, by the forest primeval and its native inhabitants. The travelers reached Buffalo in safety, in time to embark on the last boat of the season, sailing for Fort Brady. Winter closed in early, cutting off communication with the outside world, except when an occasional dog team broke through the drifts, or an Indian runner on snow-shoes came from the nearest settlement. The Cazenove sisters in their Virginia home must have hailed with rapture the arrival of such a letter as the following, written by Major Fowle's own hand, and comfortably reassuring in its gay cheerfulness:

MY DEAR SISTER:

I have been trying in vain to get my wife to give you some account of her sudden change as respects her opinions of the natives: therefore I must do it myself. A few days after our arrival here we walked out, to see and be seen. We came in sight of a number of wigwams: I proposed we should go and visit them. We went to the opening of one and found it occupied by a number of male Indians. After looking at them for a

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few moments we proceeded to another, and found it filled with females (Indians). Pauline entered into conversation with them in French, and I assisted with Indian. At last one of them said, in English, that she (Pauline) was very beautiful. This, of course, I agreed to. But it is astonishing what a change it has wrought. Pauline never speaks of the Indians except she remarks what shameful treatment they have received from the whites; and, finally, by saying she feels for them, and they are a much-injured people, etc. . . . The two Paulines are in good health, and are quite contented with their situation. The little pet is very good-looking (the mother says a great beauty), and looks, as all agree, very much like her father. . . . Pauline has found her French of some use here. A Frenchman came one day to sell some partridges; he could not speak English, and Pauline was called upon to make a bargain with him. The poor fellow was delighted to find she could speak French, and said he would come frequently to sell to her. . . . As for making bargains, your sister is a very good Cazenove at it. Our money here is bread tickets, at two and a quarter pounds, which cost us five cents.

So passed the winter; the first boat in the spring found the family ready to sail for Chicago. Little Pauline, nearly a year old, needed no pillow this time, but sat up, alert and bright-eyed, in her father's arms. But her later recollections of Fort Dearborn (Chicago), where Major Fowle was stationed with his command, were notably assisted by her mother's letters.

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Mrs. Fowle writes to her sisters thus, May 25th, 1833:

The situation of Fort Dearborn is very pretty, being immediately on the lake. Back of it, stretching further than the eye can see, is an extensive prairie, where there are the greatest number of beautiful wild flowers. Mr. Porter, our Presbyterian minister, came with us. . . . The people here are mostly a drunken, illiterate set, who have not had the benefit of religious privileges, and do not know how to appreciate them. . . . We hope that he may be the means, under God, of improving the state of society here; for surely nothing is so calculated to do it as religion. I am very desirous that he shall remain, as I cannot bear the idea of being without religious worship; and there is none excepting when an old Methodist gentleman occasionally preaches in the schoolhouse at the Point, which is the name they give the village.

The Mr. Porter here referred to was Jeremiah, the great grandson of Jonathan Edwards. He found abundant need for his labors in the little village of barely three hundred inhabitants, the flotsam and jetsam of the frontier, rough, wild and for the most part lawless. Major Fowle had been in command at Fort Dearborn on a previous occasion; and his return was acclaimed with delight by the more peace-loving settlers. "Now Major Fowle has come," said the harried citizens, "we shall be able to keep some chickens." There were eighteen professing Christians in the new

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garrison, besides Mr. Porter and Mrs. Fowle. Major Fowle, while not a churchman in name, thoroughly respected religion and understood its value to society. On the first Sunday at Fort Dearborn the carpenter shop was swept out by his orders and furnished with benches, and a well-attended service was held. From this humble, almost apostolic beginning originated the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago.

But promotion was in store for Major Fowle: that same year he was ordered to West Point as Instructor of Tactics and Commandant of the Corps of Cadets. It is said that no commanding officer at West Point was ever stricter in discipline or more popular with the cadets. The little family prospered exceedingly in the comfortable surroundings of their new home: two children came to them at West Point, Anne Eliza and John Charles, to the intense delight of Pauline Adeline, who seemed to have been born with the heart of a mother.

Pauline's interest in little Sister Anne was of the intensely practical sort we find mingling with her ever-ardent affection in later years. It was her great delight to play out of doors, when the green grass and singing birds made a paradise of earth. The fate of little Sister Anne, swaddled in long clothes and immured in the house, appeared unbearable to the older child. She determined to interfere.

"Mama," protested the indignant three-year-old, "if you don't send Anne out to play, she'll never know

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what kind of an earth God has given her to walk on."

It must have been about this time that the little maid discovered the value of her kisses, which she bartered through the palings of the fence, for lumps of sugar brought for the purpose, from New York, by the younger officers. She firmly refused to give two kisses for one lump of sugar, to the huge amusement of the men. We do not know by what psychological process our small heroine arrived at the point of adverse judgment upon Mother Goose. Possibly the picturesque fiction of "four and twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie," first gave her pause. How, indeed, could birds, previously baked in a pie, sing, upon the opening of the crust? There was also the circumstance of the laundry-maid, whose nose was plucked off by a bluebird, and subsequently restored by a red-bird. Major Fowle, being a man of honor, could not conscientiously affirm the truth of these and similar statements. So crushing judgment fell upon Mother Goose:

"You can give this book to Anne," declared Pauline. "Mother Goose is such a liar I can't stand her. Anne is too little to be hurt; she can just look at the pictures."

Pennies were large and imposing coins in those days. The future mistress of a fortune accumulated them with solemn satisfaction. The shining copper disks represented future though undetermined adventure; they were to be saved for a purpose, not thoughtlessly squandered. And here again little Anne, who had

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indeed a very brief and passing interest in mundane affairs, incurred the pungent criticism of the sister who was to pass more than fourscore years on earth:

"Poor Anne," regretted Pauline, "never could keep two pennies to rub against each other!"

There was much to be learned in those happy, tranquil days at West Point, and our little maid was eager to accomplish. We can almost see her, as with small slippered feet crossed under spotless pantalets, she sits on a hassock at her mother's knee, laboriously pushing her needle, moist and sticky with effort, in and out of the "hussy" she was making for Father. A "hussy" (short for housewife) was contrived to contain needles, thread, buttons, and other properties necessary for the well-being of a man temporarily absent from home and skilled needlewomen. Father might be "ordered away" at any time, her mother told her soberly: hence the "hussy," diligently and lovingly constructed, while Sister Anne and little brother frolicked idly about the room.

And during these years William and Henry Smith, in their New England home, were growing tall and wise. The family had moved from Hanover to a place called Dracut, in Massachusetts, and here a terrifying experience took place, which made a deep and lasting impression on the boys: their house took fire from a faulty chimney and burned to the ground, the family barely escaping with their lives. Shortly after this we find them established in Lowell, where

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they lived many years. Under date of August 6, 1834, Mrs. Smith writes to one of her sisters:

My dear boys are now at school, about ten miles from us. They probably may both fit for College by the autumn of next year. They are somewhat ambitious, and seem determined to succeed. Their instructors think they have minds desirous of culture, and that they may fill places of usefulness with credit to themselves and their friends.

When we reflect that Henry Welles Smith—to give him his full name—was only twelve years old when this maternal opinion was recorded, we may conclude that Mrs. Harriet Fowle Smith concealed a swelling pride and a soaring ambition, bounded only by far horizons, under the modest, almost demure wording of her letter. We may imagine also the smile and the sigh with which Mrs. Rebecca Fowle Bradlee—her favorite cousin and always intimate friend—folded the neatly written pages.

“How like Harriet,” she may have murmured. “Well, I am sure I hope she will not be disappointed.”

Mrs. Smith, with the keen prescience of motherhood, plainly saw the budding characteristics of genius, where the casual observer might have detected nothing more than the qualities common to boyhood. Of Henry she was heard to say on more than one occasion, with the aristocratic egoism she was too honest to conceal: “Henry is *all Fowle!*”

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Had she been personally acquainted with Henry's great-grandmother, Abigail Durant, that handsome, keen-eyed, keen-witted old lady, she might have conceded a strain of Durant in his make-up.

IV

THE school to which Mrs. William Smith referred, as being "about ten miles from here" (Lowell), deserves especial mention, because of the direct influence it exerted upon the future—*our* future, if you will.

When the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Ripley, after a private conference—very likely renewed on many subsequent occasions—and prolonged and perhaps tearful cogitation in the wee sma' hours, when troubles loom large and mercies dwindle, reached the hard and fast conclusion that the Reverend Samuel's stipend could not possibly compass the enlarging family horizon (at that time bounded by five children and probabilities), the chronicler hazards the guess that it was Mrs. Samuel who solved the riddle.

Without an undue stretch of the imagination we may picture her seated in a rocking-chair, soothing the youngest Ripley. It was the blessed fashion of mothers in those days to cuddle and comfort their tender babes. If we have reached a sterner day, when the young of the species must sob out their inchoate griefs in lonely cribs, we who had the good fortune to be cared for in the dear old-fashioned way may only look

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on and listen with hushed compassion. Mrs. Ripley, as we say, was rocking her baby, to the amiable creak of the maternal chair, when the great idea came to her. It was, really, a far greater idea than she knew. She thought of it merely as a bridge over a stringent emergency which threatened to engulf the entire Ripley family. The Reverend Samuel (whom she dearly loved) could not, she knew, hope for any substantial increase in the meager salary, adjudged by the Unitarian Church of Waltham as a proper and adequate support of their pastor and his family. The Walthamites of that day were poor, and they felt it only suitable to their minister's sacred calling that he should be still poorer. An idea which seems somehow to be firmly rooted in our democratic institutions, if not in our religious convictions.

"And so," quoth Mrs. Ripley, bestowing upon her youngest a tender squeeze, "it has occurred to me, my dear husband, that we might take boys to tutor. I know enough Greek and Latin," she added modestly, "and you can teach arithmetic and Euclid."

We are led to infer, after reading such authentic memoirs of the Ripleys as are obtainable, that the Reverend Samuel was of a somewhat slower mental habit than his wife. And also that she generally had her way with him. It was a fact, moreover, of which he was dubiously proud that his wife had "dipped into"—as he put it—the higher learning, before her marriage, of course; and that she had studied and acquired

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not only the Greek and Latin specified, but also French, Italian, German, history, and many other subjects, scarcely suited to female comprehension.

He gazed at the lady who bore his honored name, a frown of indecision between his brows.

"Er—my own classics are somewhat—er—possibly—"

"Mine are not," said Mrs. Ripley, promptly. "I love my Virgil and Homer. They refresh me after so much housework."

"But—er—how would it be regarded in the parish and—er—elsewhere for a female and the mother of babes to attempt the instruction of young men? That is the question."

Whereat the wife of his bosom patiently pointed out once more that the question was, on the contrary, quite another, and concerned intimately the bread and butter and shoes and stockings and little trousers required by the youthful scions of the house of Ripley.

In the end she had her way; or, rather, the great idea, perhaps whispered in her ear by some wise guardian angel gifted with knowledge of the future denied to mortals, had its way. The parish of the Unitarian Church and the world outside the parish, in due course, learned that the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Ripley would, for a consideration—a very modest consideration indeed—receive into their family "select youth," who would be thoroughly grounded in subjects required for admission to Harvard and Dartmouth Colleges, and,

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moreover, receive parental care and supervision of their conduct, in addition to board and lodging. From this modest beginning the Ripley school grew and prospered, as all great ideas must. It is not too far a cry from the anxieties of the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Ripley and their brood of little ones to the great college we love. For underneath Wellesley College, is a foundation-stone, untouched by fire or the ravages of time, and on it is graven the name of the wise woman whose modest provision of knowledge has been used by the Master to feed the starving thousands.

One who knew this beloved woman writes:

It should be remembered that in the early part of the century, when Mrs. Ripley laid the foundation of her extensive knowledge of languages, of philosophy and literature, the aids of study were few and imperfect in New England. A good dictionary of Greek or Latin did not exist. English editions of ancient authors were rare and often very poor; while of modern languages, except French, scarce anything was known in this region. But Mrs. Ripley acquired rapidly, and with sufficient correctness, a knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German.

The tale of her labors is almost incredible. She looked well to the ways of her household, cut and sewed all the clothing for herself and her seven children; and, besides her daily teaching of the twelve or fourteen boys under her care, found time to do the

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mending for the entire family, including, we are told, the hired man.

During the three years he spent in Waltham young Henry Smith received from Mrs. Ripley far more than the necessary preparation for Harvard University. The deep and abiding conviction of the intellectual worth of women, which had begun at his brilliant mother's knee, grew and strengthened apace. Of the three puissant women who helped to shape his career, Mrs. Ripley was perhaps the most influential in later life. When would-be reformers prated soundingly of woman's "proper sphere," of her inherent "delicacy," which forbade any thorough study of anything, and of her inability to grasp the higher learning, the boy who had once sat in the dooryard of the Waltham manse, reciting his Virgil or Homer to the serene mistress of many languages, only smiled. He knew that sound learning and womanly sweetness and the ability to perform the manifold labors of wife and mother could be embodied in a single woman. Years afterward, when speaking of his teacher, he would say:

"I have seen her holding the baby, shelling peas, and listening to a recitation in Greek, all at the same moment, without dropping an accent, or particle, or boy, or pea-pod, or the baby."

Another pupil says appreciatively:

She did not keep her eyes upon the book. She seemed to know it by heart, and always set us right, or asked us

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questions, or pointed out her favorite passage, without interrupting her sewing. And with it all she was always sweet and serene.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose admiration for this "perfect woman, nobly planned" never failed during the acquaintance of a lifetime, sums up her character and achievements as follows:

The rare accomplishments and singular loveliness of her character endeared her to all. . . . She became one of the best Greek scholars in the country, and continued in her latter years the habit of reading Homer, the tragedians and Plato. But her studies took a wide range in mathematics, natural philosophy, psychology, theology, and ancient and modern literature. Her keen ear was open to whatever new facts astronomy, chemistry, or the theories of light and heat had to furnish. Absolutely without pedantry, she had no desire to shine. She was faithful to all the duties of wife and mother in a well-ordered and eminently hospitable household wherein she was dearly loved. She was without appetite for luxury or display or praise or influence, with entire indifference to trifles. . . . As she advanced in life her personal beauty, not remarked in youth, drew the notice of all.

And still another adds:

The expression of her face was most attractive, brimful of sense, character, and swift intelligence; but its chief charm, as of her rich and exquisite voice, was a certain delightful kindliness.

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Toward the close of the first year of study in Waltham word came to the brothers of the serious illness of their only sister, Adeline. And early in June the little girl died. No comforter could have been more wise and tender than Mrs. Ripley. It was she who drew the heartbroken Henry aside from his mates, and poured upon his boyish sorrow the balm of her confident belief in "the life more abundant." " 'Heaven' had been a mere abstraction with me until Mrs. Ripley painted it a joyous reality," he said, long afterward.

It is little wonder that when at the age of fifteen our hero was duly matriculated at Harvard College and launched on the uncharted sea of undergraduate life, he should suffer acutely from the change. Instead of the beaming face of his Lady-of-Classics, in her breezy out-of-door study under the big oaks, he met the cold, spectacled gaze of professors as remote, as impersonal—or so it seemed to the homesick boy—as Parnassus itself. The college curriculum, limited in range, and taught without the warm enthusiasm he had learned to love, failed to intrigue him. Of course he must graduate from college. It was an opportunity to be grappled with—and grasped, if possible. His mother's hopes and expectations outran his own. His father had already opened before his unwilling eyes a predetermined career. Both boys, for so the parental counsels ran, were to be lawyers. They were to study in their father's office. They were to become, in due course, successful attorneys,

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commanding the respect of their relatives and friends, and rising in later life to positions of wealth and influence in the country.

The practice of the legal profession, as Henry Smith had observed it at close range, did not appeal to him. It struck him as dull, narrow, petty, belittling. His father had not met with distinguished success: he was, in fact, a poor man, and without particular influence or reputation. Henry thought the matter over deeply. He did not care for money. But he wanted the best out of life. He was a handsome lad, proud, reserved, even haughty. Any attempt to coerce him in either actions or opinions—as his mother and Mrs. Ripley well knew—was likely to result in failure for the one who attempted it. But he was loving, generous to a fault, and full of boyish enthusiasms of a sort. Rough outdoor sports did not particularly appeal to him; but his slight figure was strong and well set up. Vulgar dissipations did not tempt him. He found a congenial friend or two. And then, gradually, the rich treasures of his Alma Mater opened up before his eyes. The library, already a noteworthy collection, particularly attracted him. He spent fascinated hours exploring the shelves, dipping here and there into an ancient or richly bound volume.

Just when he made up his mind to be a poet we do not know. James Russell Lowell had recently been graduated from Harvard, and his growing reputation as a writer of verse had permeated the student body.

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Lowell, it was well known, had not especially concerned himself with marks and averages. He had loftily ignored professorial displeasure: he had boldly "cut" examinations. Yet he wrote verses which our young freshman judged worthy of comparison to the older poets. These facts were sagely discussed in undergraduate circles. It was voted a tedious bore to spend hours in study on subjects not suited to one's personal tastes. Young Henry Smith did not acquaint his family with his determination to be a poet. There would be little use in doing that. The gulf between Blackstone and Shakespeare was to his mind fixed in the eternal verities. He loved Shakespeare and abhorred Blackstone. We find him, then, at the mature age of seventeen deliberately setting aside his college studies (with the exception of Greek, which he loved) as far as was possible without an actual break with the authorities, and marking out for himself in the great University Library a course in poetry and belles-lettres. It was a stern and rigid curriculum, requiring hours of hard reading and intensive practice in the writing of verse. He became thus early his own taskmaster and his own critic. And in the light of later events one must acknowledge the value of this questionable course. It suggests to cut-and-dried adults the wisdom of suspending judgment in similar cases, until with sympathy and earnestness an effort has been made to chart the unknown in the shape of youthful impulse.

We have no doubt that young Henry Smith was

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called severely to book on more than one occasion. His mother doubtless argued with him, not with tears,—that was not her way,—but with rising anger and keen reproaches. He unquestionably became the subject of faculty discussions, when his Professor of Greek stoutly defended his shining pupil. As for his father, we are told that the senior William Smith good-humoredly bided his time. Henry, he opined optimistically, would come around, if let alone. William the younger was already studying law in the paternal office, where, in grasping the intricate problems of legal lore, he displayed a shrewd and judicial mind very gratifying to his teacher and parent.

So Henry was “let alone” and for three more glorious years reveled in his chosen dream. There can be no doubt in the mind of any one who knew him that the founder of Wellesley College was, in truth, a poet. Shrewd and able lawyer, hard-headed, sagacious business man, impassioned evangelist, far-sighted, progressive educator—all of these widely different phases of his amazing nature are but varying chords, founded on the dominant note of truth and beauty.

A delicate whisper comes down to us through the years; a whisper faint and elusive as the murmur of the sea in the rosy heart of a shell long absent from its native depths. Yet because it helps the student of his life to understand a period otherwise vague and almost undiscoverable, the chronicler cannot but choose to set down here the brief story of an early romance.

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It is the old, ever-new story of a boy's first, fresh, passionate love. Rarely does this glory endure beyond its dawning. It seems, in truth, a light not of this world, so delicate, so evanescent is its radiance. Her very name is lost in the mist of the years, or lingers but dimly on some mossy stone in a half forgotten graveyard. He loved her, and the world shone with all the hues of Paradise. Can you not picture those young lovers, in the cool green seclusion of down-drooping boughs? His dark, splendid eyes are on her face. He is telling her of his dreams for the future. She does not fear poverty—with him. She has always been poor, but the faint blue of the faded muslin she wears sets off her fair young beauty as no velvet gown could do. Poverty, youth, and love—how splendid a triumvirate! She died soon after he left Cambridge, and when the dream of poetry had yielded to the grim reality of the law. A faded little romance, almost too sacred to speak of, even under hushed breath: a rose with petals piteously crushed, all its lovely color gone, shut between the pages of an old book. Yet who shall say it was not a vital part of the whole? Listen to this fragment of a letter written in his twenty-first year to the one friend who understood:

DEAREST HOLKER:

I have but one word to write to you, and that is *immortality*. It is all I have learned for a year, and yet the time has been well spent. Henceforward there is nothing

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to fear in life. It came at the right time. Sick with labor and sorrow, in the cold winter night I stood by the great river, and from the wind among the tree-tops, and the bright stars, and the ceaseless voice of the waters, I heard the one word that gives life and strength; and from that time there is no need of sorrow or of weariness.

V

WHE left little Pauline Fowle setting small, laborious stitches in a gift for her soldier father, who might soon be "ordered away." The dreaded day was not long in coming. Word reached Major Fowle of the death of his superior officer, tidings almost at once followed by an order from headquarters to take command of his regiment in Florida, where there was a serious uprising of the Seminole Indians. Major Fowle was now Lieutenant-Colonel Fowle; but there was little rejoicing over the well-earned promotion. The happy home at West Point, where the two younger children had first seen the light, was hastily broken up, and the family found themselves once more on the road. It would never do, decided the head of the family, to expose his wife and children to the dangers and perils of the Florida campaign. The Virginia home of the Cazenoves opened its hospitable doors to them, and here, presently, the inevitable farewells were spoken. Brave smiles brightened the elder Pauline's face, imperfectly concealing the prescient grief in her heart. One more hasty kiss for the children crowding about his knees, a long look into his wife's lovely eyes, a flutter of handkerchiefs, and he was gone.

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A balmy Southern spring was in the air, and the children, light-hearted as ever, frolicked about the flower-decked gardens. Little Pauline had finished her "hussy" in time, had seen it duly furnished with a complement of spools, buttons, and needles, and packed safe in Father's trunk. But the thought of him never left her. On the night of April 25th, a fateful night for them all, a fire broke out in the town and raged unchecked for many hours. Houses near by broke into flames: sparks were falling in showers on the roof of the Cazenove mansion. The children were snatched from their beds and hurried away from the dangerous neighborhood. In the midst of the tumult a clear child voice rang out: "Mother, don't forget Papa's small trunk with the valuable papers in it!" It was the faithful little guardian of the hearth.

The Cazenove mansion was spared, and morning found the members of the family putting things to rights once more. Mrs. Fowle, however, was still terribly shaken. The pulsating air seemed heavy with disaster. Her heart had followed her husband, with anxious misgivings. She knew he had by now embarked at Cincinnati; since the water route, via the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, was the only way to reach his destination. It was before the time of telegraphic communication, so several days elapsed before the news reached them. On the same night of the fire at Alexandria, while his family fled before the advancing flames, Colonel Fowle had secured passage on a new

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steamer, the *Moselle*. The hour before sailing he had spent in writing to his wife, evidently intending to finish the letter en route and mail it at Louisville. The construction of steam-boilers and the necessary provisions for safety were little understood, when the ill-fated *Moselle* was built. Her captain, anxious to show the speed of his new vessel, urged his stokers to their best. One moment the spectators along shore were gazing admiringly at the passing vessel, its rail crowded with passengers; the next a terrific explosion filled the air with a horror of flying bodies and fragments of wood and iron.

Major Fowle's body was found weeks afterward a hundred miles below Cincinnati, where it was buried with all the honors of war. Later, because his wife wished it, the remains were removed to the family plot of the Cazenoves in Alexandria. The letter to his wife, begun and never finished, finally reached her, and the salvage from the river included his trunk packed with such loving care in that upper chamber of the Cazenove mansion. And there, all unmarred, was little Pauline's parting gift, the "hussy," in after years to become a treasured keepsake. A relative of the family, whose privilege it was to read Colonel Fowle's unfinished letter, says that it "seemed as tender a farewell as if he had been forewarned of his death." Among his private papers, left behind in Alexandria, perhaps in "the little trunk" forgotten at the time of the fire by every one but his five-year-old daughter, was

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found the following trenchant statement of his worldly affairs, dated April 16, 1838:

Lieutenant Colonel John Fowle is not in debt to any one person, one cent.

(Signed) JOHN FOWLE.

So passed from this world a man diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord in his day and generation. To quote from a well-preserved edition of the "New York American" following his tragic death:

From his entrance into military life to the close of his earthly career, Col. Fowle was conspicuous for the faithful and efficient performance of his official duties, for his unsullied honor, and the spotless purity of his life.

In those days of intensive mourning even little children were clad in the habiliments of grief: Pauline, not yet six years old, recalled in later years the sense of childish dignity with which she led her three-year-old sister to the dressmaker, where the choice and planning of the pitiful little frocks fell entirely upon herself. It was fortunate indeed for the grief-stricken mother that her eldest-born thus early learned the blessed ministry of love. It was Pauline who kept the younger children happy under the cloud of sorrow. It was she who once more comforted mother when the small John Charles, at the age of four, and "growing so like his father," followed that father

into the invisible world. Little Sister Anne stayed with them three years longer ; then she too took wings to herself and vanished through the door which seemed never quite to close. If the lonely mother had spoiled, as we say, her one surviving child, there would have been little wonder ; that she did not, speaks volumes for both mother and daughter, whose companionship was scarcely broken thereafter for a period of more than fifty years.

A great event in the life of Pauline, aged eight, was a journey to Boston to visit her Aunt Eliza. Two of the Fowle sisters had married men named Smith—not related, so far as the records show. Mrs. Captain Charles Smith of Boston was a very charming lady indeed, renowned in polite circles for the superlative dignity and grace of her carriage and her genteel manner of draping the then fashionable shawl over her arms. It is positively stated of Mrs. Smith that she was “the only woman in Boston who could wear the long shawl with elegance.” We gladly note, also, that Mrs. Smith’s harshest term for disagreeable people was that they were “a little odd.” Besides all this, she appeared to possess in large measure every one of the amiable traits of the famous quintet of Fowle sisters. Pauline found three cousins in the comfortable house on Mount Vernon Street, two of whom, Charlotte and Charles, were quite grown up. Charlotte, at that time twenty-two years old, was considered a beauty, and was already looking at life with

large eyes. There was an ancient chateau in France waiting for her, though she did not know it then. But with this we can have nothing to do, greatly as we are tempted by these fascinating by-paths of romance. Of Charles we know nothing beyond the bare fact that he was twenty years old when Pauline came to visit her Aunt Eliza. Then there was John, aged eleven. We hope John Smith was a good and agreeable boy, for it must have fallen to his lot to entertain Pauline when the ladies were elegantly wearing their shawls in society unsuitable for children. There had been a little Adeline who, if she had lived, would have been "just Pauline's age." Perhaps Mrs. Smith opened the box in the attic, which with an aching heart she had closed two years before upon dolls and picture-books belonging to the little dead child. We hope she did. But, after all, these cousins named Smith were not to matter very much to Pauline. And here we are tempted to abandon the beaten road for a few brief moments. We are told authoritatively, but with an utter lack of detail, that Pauline Adeline Fowle at the age of eight visited her aunt, Mrs. Charles Smith, in Boston, and that while there she met for the first time her cousin, Henry Welles Smith.

Now, we already know that Henry Smith was eighteen years of age at this time, that he was a junior in Harvard, stubbornly bent upon being a poet, and also very much in love with a sweet young girl in Cambridge. We cannot suppose that he visited his aunt's

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mansion on Mount Vernon Street with the express intention of meeting his little cousin from the South. Perhaps it was to see his cousin Charles, about his own age, or even to take tea with the elegant Charlotte, who we are sure loved poetry. But little Pauline was in the drawing-room (there were drawing-rooms in the Boston of that day), and we may imagine, if we like, that she was wearing her best frock and her freshest pair of slippers with straps around the ankles, modestly concealed by embroidered pantalets. Her silky fair hair was brushed back smoothly behind her little ears, her cheeks were round and pink, her small, demure mouth neatly tucked in with dimples at the corners. Taken all in all, she was a little girl worth noticing.

And we may be sure that the Harvard junior did notice her very particularly. Was she not the daughter of his gallant uncle, John Fowle, a hero—nay, more, a knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, worthy of a place at King Arthur's Round Table? The little girl offered a dimpled hand to her cousin Henry, and turned up a pink cheek to be kissed. Cousins—she had so many of them!—always expected a kiss, she had found. This cousin was very handsome, with splendid dark eyes and regular features. His hair was quite black, and curled over the high collar of his coat in the cavalier fashion of the day. Pauline suddenly wished to gain his attention, so she began in her sweetest voice and with her most ladylike manner.

"I am quite grown up," she said.

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Cousin Henry smiled, showing white, even teeth. When he smiled he was even handsomer than before, Pauline noticed, though she was only eight.

"Are you?" he said, and looked interested.

"I've had my eighth birthday," went on the little girl, "and I'm not a half-person any more."

"Not a half-person?" inquired the tall new cousin. "What is a half-person?"

He did not laugh at her. If he had, he might seriously have imperiled many important matters, even—for the thoughts of eight years are sometimes long, long thoughts—Wellesley College.

Pauline continued to look at her grown-up cousin intently. She decided, then and there, that he was the very nicest cousin of them all. And so far as we know, she never once changed her mind, from that day on.

"When one is small," explained Pauline, "one is obliged to have a half-ticket on the train. But when you are eight the conductor says you must have a whole ticket. I did n't like being a half-person."

Cousin Henry's dark eyes crinkled a little at the corners; but his face remained pleasantly serious.

"I am very sure you never were a half-person," he said decidedly. "The conductor made a mistake. They do sometimes."

It is not strange that Pauline remembered this conversation afterward and told it with relish when the years had blanched her fair hair to a silvery whiteness.

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Pauline did n't see her Cousin Henry Smith, after that, for a number of years. But at bedtime, when she said her prayers, Cousin Henry was henceforth on the preferred list presented for Divine favor. It is said that the Harvard student wrote a sonnet to Pauline, aged eight, and sent it to her after her return to Alexandria. We bitterly regret the loss of this sonnet. And yet one should learn to curb one's romantic curiosity. As a matter of fact and not of fancy, the chronicler wishes to add that the episode of the "half-person" is indubitable history, related by Pauline herself, and corroborated by her mother, Mrs. John Fowle.

We follow Pauline Adeline with keen interest, as she returns to Alexandria after this epochal visit to Boston. A certain Mrs. Kingsford, an English lady, the widow of a Baptist clergyman, next takes a hand in the development of our heroine. One might as well state one's conviction that no person, however British or Baptist, could be said to "form" Pauline. But we must concede to the precise and gentle Mrs. Kingsford a certain influence. Her "private school for young ladies" was quite the best place for the little girl to grow wise in for several years.

We do not know how many Cazenove aunts and uncles, of the original ten, still lived under the paternal roof; or whether there was a stately and altogether dear grandmother of Scotch-Irish descent to teach Pauline the proper way to drop a courtesy. These

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details appear to have escaped the busy pen of the contemporaneous historian. But we are told that at home she received the most careful instruction in music, drawing, fine sewing, elaborate cooking, and other domestic arts. Pauline must have been an industrious child, for besides the varied activities mentioned she found time to visit the poor in their homes, to read aloud to a blind old woman of an afternoon, and to cultivate flowers in a special garden plot of her own.

So passed the years till Pauline was fourteen, her bright hair long enough to put up and her demure petticoats lengthened to her ankles. She was now quite the young lady, and ready for the final "finishing," as it was termed. A conclave of solicitous relatives, mindful of the brilliant career of the ever-admired Adeline, now the Marquise de la Valette, decided upon the French establishment of Monsieur and Madame Canada, in New York. And here the young Southern girl presently found herself with a flock of girls about her own age. The process of finishing, as conducted under the all but omniscient eye of Madame, must have dismayed even the valiant soul of Pauline.

In after years the product of Monsieur and Madame Canada's skill would relate with relish the hardships endured in a school described as "the leading institution of the day for young ladies." The pupils slept in dormitories, on small iron beds ranged in a precise row. Silence absolute reigned at the stroke of a bell,

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and was enforced by Mademoiselle, who slept at the head of the room. Sometimes Madame herself, a portly figure arrayed in nightcap and peignoir and shading a candle with a fat ringed hand, would pace solemnly down the line, her keen eyes scrutinizing the row of somnolent heads on the small, hard pillows. At the first bell in the morning the girls would leap from their beds, dive into slippers and dressing-gowns, turn back the bed-clothes with military precision, open windows; then, still under the surveillance of Mademoiselle, hurry upstairs to the general dressing-room, where some sixty toilets were performed simultaneously. Tall clothes-presses shared the wall space with rows of wash-stands, their swinging doors furnishing scant protection for the prescribed ablutions. If one slopped water on the floor, Mademoiselle was on hand to note the culprit, whose educative penalty it was to copy pages of French poetry after hours. The dropping of a tooth-brush mug in the general mêlée, or the more terrifying incident of an upset water-pitcher, resulted in an order to memorize the poetry.

After these strenuous toilets the demoiselles were lined up and rigidly inspected by Mademoiselle, the fear of God and Madame always before her eyes. One soon learned to present a proper and decorous front with the smallest expenditure of time. Bed-making, also under supervision, and prayers read by Monsieur in rapid French, or by Madame in badly pronounced

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English, preceded breakfast, consisting of mugs of coffee and long rolls. *La jeune fille* was not unduly indulged as to her carnal appetites in Madame's *salle à manger*. Lessons, in French in the morning, in English in the afternoon, occupied the day until three o'clock, when the entire establishment in twos, patrolled by alert mademoiselles, went forth for the air. These daily promenades on the city streets proved so distasteful to Pauline that, under a special dispensation, involving prolonged correspondence and a personal interview with *Madame sa mere*, she was permitted to substitute daily exercise in a near-by gymnasium, of course under the strict supervision of a deputy selected by Madame.

It was during this so-called formative period of Pauline's life that she wrote and signed the memorable act of self-dedication, over which one marvels to-day. The deep religious understanding evidenced in this extraordinary document—whence came it? She had been taught, we know, by a devoted mother, who had sad reason to realize the transitoriness of this mortal phase of existence. It is quite possible, also, that Pauline herself, beholding with wide eyes the ever-lengthening row of mounds in the Cazenove cemetery plot, felt that she was standing, as it were, on tiptoe, ready to take flight, with Sister Anne and little John Charles. Pauline was a warm, lovable soul,—as we who knew her later can testify,—and her days were to be long in the land which the Lord her God had given

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her. But the fact remains that at the age of fifteen, while sustaining the rigors of Madame Canada's finishing process, Pauline wrote out in a fair school-girl hand her astonishing deed of gift. We are told that the dull life of boarding-school was varied by occasional visits to Brooklyn, where an aunt resided. We do not know which of the many existing aunts thus mothered her; but we infer from the fact that Mrs. Fowle made extended visits to Brooklyn, for the purpose of seeing her one surviving child, that this aunt was one of the Cazenove sisters—probably Mrs. La Mar—married and established in her own home. So we look back through the years and behold Pauline, her serious face bent over the page on which she is writing slowly and with frequent pauses. A large, dull-looking volume is spread out on the table in front of her, bearing the name of the Rev. Philip Doddridge on its title-page, and we understand its presence on Pauline's table this warm Sunday afternoon, when we read over her slim shoulder the opening sentences of her frequently italicized script:

I now *resolve*; this 23rd day of August, 1847, when I am 15 years, 2 months and 10 days of age, with God's help most solemnly to dedicate myself to *Him*. My life, my strength, my all do I dedicate to His service now, henceforth and forever more, as far as it lieth in my power. I desire with God's *Divine Assistance* to honor and *glorify* Him, in heart, speech, and behavior.

I trust God that I may realize my *nothingness* and in-

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sufficiency of myself to enter into His presence, but He has invited me through his dear Son who died for me, and has said "whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast off." I trust I may not do this *solemn* and *awful* thing thoughtlessly and without being called, but "in sincerity of heart fearing God." I now therefore in the words of Mr. Doddridge (adapting them for mine) do most solemnly dedicate myself and all that is mine, forever to God Almighty and eternal, which through God's Divine Blessing I hope may become my own.

On the 23d day of the month of August in the year 1847, and at Brooklyn, Long Island, on full consideration of and serious reflection, I come to this happy conclusion that whatsoever others may do, *I* will serve the Lord.¹

The foregoing would appear to be enough; but Pauline conscientiously and laboriously copied six or seven more of Dr. Doddridge's pages, couched in terms of the most groveling self-abasement. We are not acquainted with the particulars of Dr. Doddridge's youthful career. But he declares himself to be "a sinful worm, a great transgressor, the irregular propensities of whose corrupted and degenerate nature have in ten thousand aggravated instances wrought to bring forth fruit unto death." And little fifteen-year-old Pauline unflinchingly took upon herself these terrible indictments. It was like her. And the solemn docu-

¹ From a copy of the original manuscript.

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ment signed, for the first time on that Sunday in August, bears her signature on four subsequent dates, each marking a time of peculiar stress, and a deeper turning to God.

VI

AND what was Henry Smith doing, while "little Cousin Pauline" was thus being made ready for her great task? Only the barest outline of the interval between his departure from Harvard and the later date of his marriage has been preserved to us. Commenting on his closing year in the university he himself tells us: "I studied immensely the last part of the time I spent in Cambridge, and to great advantage. I had but few recitations, and saw scarcely anyone, so that I had plenty of time." During this period he pursued ardently his favorite study of the Greek poets, and "worked hard under Lord Erskine's tutors, Milton and Shakespeare." To this golden time belongs, also, the full and critical studies of the great poets of the nations, with which he varied the long hours devoted to his own poetic compositions—a close practice in writing which proved of inestimable value in later life.

It should be remembered that no such course as Henry Smith had marked out for himself then existed in the curriculum of Harvard College. His deliberate choice involved a no less deliberate neglect of required studies, and we experience little surprise when we learn that he did not receive his degree of A. B. till 1842,

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though he was a member of the class of 1841. There were accumulated conditions against him and a class standing over which his mother shed indignant tears. That he had stored his mind with splendid poets' lore and developed an unerring use of lightning words, which was later to make him the terror of evil-doers, carried little weight with the faculty and conveyed no comfort to the parental consciousness.

As for being a poet, he was told in family conclave that it could not be thought of. There were hard, practical reasons why he must at once apply himself to the law. These reasons, set forth in detail by his father and backed up by the unanswerable logic of circumstance, convinced the young man that he must sacrifice his chosen career. He consoled his mother by promising to remove the "paltry conditions" which stood in the way of his degree, and encouraged his despondent father by his apparent willingness to enter upon the laborious drudgery of the legal profession.

All this took place when Henry Welles Smith was twenty years old. He did not, like Pauline Fowle, formally dedicate himself to God. He might even have denied the eternal and divine import of this and other decisions he was compelled to make. He had not, in that day, chosen God; but God had chosen him; and thenceforth we behold him as sacredly anointed for his task as was the lordly Saul, who, we are told, stood head and shoulders above his fellow Israelites. One may read between the lines, few and imperfect, of these

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early years and find there disappointment, deep sorrow, and work, always work—hard, unremitting toil of the sort which tries men's souls but tempers the blue steel of their resolve. Into this furnace went the self-willed dreamer, the would-be poet, the romantic lover; out of it came forth the man who in the fullness of time created Wellesley.

A letter to a friend, written during his first year of study in his father's law office in Lowell, tells us with a touch of the humor which happily persisted to his latest days:

I have not written any poetry this whole summer. Old Mrs. Themis says that I shall not visit any more at the Miss Muses. I'll see the old catamaran hanged though, but what I will; and I'll write a sonnet to my old shoe directly, out of mere desperation. Pity and sympathize with me!

A more serious comment on his change of plans runs thus:

I shall study law for the present to oblige father; he is in some trouble, and I wish to make him as happy as possible. The future course of my life is undetermined, except that all shall yield to holy poetry. Indeed it is a sacred duty. I have begun studying law; don't be afraid, however, that I intend to give up poetry. I shall always be a worshiper of that divinity, and I hope in a few years to be able to give up everything and become a priest in her temple.

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Just after his twenty-first birthday Henry Smith was admitted to the Middlesex bar, eighteen months after leaving Harvard. He had, moreover, in the previous year, removed all existing conditions and received his degree of A. B. Remarking on this experience, he says: "It is impossible to imagine a school better fitted than this to develop any latent interest for business, and for breaking up any tendency toward literary tastes." The family fortunes demanded money; and by performing the distasteful labor of the courts he could earn money. "In the drudgery of a law office," writes the now sadly wise young poet, "I have found that riches are important." It is a significant fact that during at least part of the time Henry Smith was studying for the bar in Lowell his father was associated with Benjamin F. Butler, later of national reputation. This man's hard worldly wisdom and pungent wit helped to armor the poet's sensitive soul against the world. He soon learned to strike and parry dexterously; and to conceal his own hurts while laughing at his antagonists. Beyond this early association the two men were never colleagues in the law, though it has been stated that they were.

A letter addressed by the fledgling attorney to a friend, and bearing the date March 28, 1843, follows:

I have been attending courts of all kinds, and assisting as junior counsel in trying cases, and all the drudgery of a lawyer's life. One end of my labor has been happily attained, for about three weeks ago I arrived at the age of

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twenty-one, and last week I mustered courage to stand an examination of my qualifications for an attorney. The result (unlike that of certain examinations during my college life) was fortunate, with compliments from the judge. I feel a certain vanity—not unmixed, by the way, with self-contempt—at my success. I well remember I and a dear friend of mine used to mourn over the impossibility of our ever becoming business men, and, lo, I am a lawyer! I have the right to bestow my tediousness on any Court of the Commonwealth, and they are bound to hear me.

The story of the years following is pithily summed up by one who knew him well, in an article published in "Bench and Bar in Massachusetts." This discerning contemporary says:

During the five years of Henry Welles Smith's practice at the Middlesex Bar, he underwent such an initiation into the profession as no other county could furnish. Shrewdness, energy, resource, strong nerves and mental muscles were needed to ward off the blows which the trained gladiators of this bar were accustomed to inflict. With the lessons learned at the Middlesex Bar, he removed to Boston in 1847, where he became associated with Hon. Joseph Bell, the brother-in-law of Rufus Choate, and began a career, almost phenomenal in its success. His management of cases in court was artistic. So well taken were the preliminary steps, so deeply laid was the foundation, so complete and comprehensive was the preparation of evidence and so adroitly was it brought out, so carefully studied and understood were the characters of the ju-

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rors—with their whims and fancies and prejudices—that he won verdict after verdict in the face of the ablest opponents, and placed himself by general consent at the head of the jury lawyers of the Suffolk Bar.

It interests us to find that Henry Smith's uncle by marriage, Mr. Abiathar George Britton,—the clairvoyant gentleman who had so happily furthered the courtship of William Smith and Harriet Fowle a quarter of a century before,—first introduced the young attorney to Mr. Bell. Mr. Britton had known both Rufus Choate and Joseph Bell for many years, through his own connection with legal affairs, and, being a singular mixture of whole-souled generosity and shrewd penetration, was one of the first to recognize the outstanding ability of William Smith's second son. The acquaintance thus begun between Joseph Bell and the younger Smith led to a firm friendship. And in the spring of 1846 we find the once reluctant apprentice to the law established in the north-east corner of the old State House in Boston as Joseph Bell's partner. In August of the same year he formed a second partnership with his father, to the signal advantage of the paternal Smith, who thus established a long-coveted connection in both Suffolk and Middlesex counties.

While these fateful events were taking place in Boston, Miss Pauline Fowle was completing her course in Madame Canada's establishment in New York. Her otherwise dull school-days, we are told, were varied by occasional visits to Boston, "bringing renewals of

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friendship between the cousins." Without overstepping the bounds of biographical verity one may pause just here to picture to oneself Pauline, at the age of sixteen, after two years of educational buffing which has not, happily, removed a whit of her native charm. The handsome drawing-room of Aunt Eliza Smith (the lady of the graceful shawl) furnishes a stately background for the girl's fresh young beauty.

It was the day of the intriguing pointed bodice, so becoming to slender maiden figures; skirts were full and gracefully flowing, and not, as yet, inflated by the ugly crinoline, soon to make its triumphant progress from the Court of Eugénie to the uttermost parts of the feminine world. Pauline, in her dark-blue silken gown, which set off to perfection her white throat and the dazzling bloom of her complexion, rises from the perusal of a volume of contemporaneous poets to receive her Cousin Henry Smith, who has come on this occasion to Aunt Eliza's house on Mount Vernon Street, for the express purpose of seeing Pauline. Now, we know that Henry Smith, to the end of his days, paid due and punctilious heed to the niceties of masculine attire; so we may clearly see this gallant youth attired in a fetching coat of blue cloth, full-skirted, slightly pinched in at the waist and buttoned modishly with large metal disks; snugly fitting trousers strapped under the instep of neatly varnished boots, and a cravat that was all a cravat should be. His dark hair, then as afterward, worn long, waved back

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from his fine forehead. We can easily believe that Pauline must have thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen. But perhaps she reminded herself demurely that "Handsome is as handsome does." We may be sure that no undue flutter of girlish trepidation disturbed the perfect poise of her manner. Madame Canada's pupils knew how to comport themselves on every and all occasions, even when Providence, in the guise of the most splendid cousin of them all, bent to greet her.

Pauline, as we know, was ten years younger than Cousin Henry Smith, but the decade was no longer a great gulf fixed between childhood and maturity; it was, rather, a piquant circumstance, of which both were pleasantly aware.

How frequently the two met thus we do not know; but the "renewal of friendship," as our discreet chronicler puts it, certainly went on apace. There may have been letters; poems there were, certainly, hastily composed when the severe Mrs. Themis was looking the other way. Here is an undated fragment, treasured by Pauline through the years that followed. In it the young lawyer muses with Wordsworthian simplicity on the child Pauline:

I well remember, cousin,
What you perchance, forget:
That fair child, like a rosebud,
The dew upon it yet.
That sweet face, like a rosebud

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Just opening to the air,
With something of a maiden,
More of an angel there.

A pensive grace, dear cousin,
And a thoughtful look was there,
Like a loving girl's in reverie,
Or a mother's in her prayer ;
But when she played in childish glee,
And gayly laughed the while,
A beauty like a breaking wave
Beamed ever in her smile.

But Pauline at sixteen was still under vigilant surveillance. Much remained to be accomplished: two years longer under Madame Canada's sagacious eye; after that "the grand tour," as an educational visit to Europe was called in those days. Pauline must see the world—another stock phrase of the period. She must meet distinguished diplomats and courtiers of the Second Empire, under the chaperonage of her Aunt Adeline, the Marquise de la Valette. One should not hurry a young girl like Pauline into marriage, decided the American aunts, who doubtless surmised with intelligent perspicacity the long, long thoughts of youth. As for Harriet's second son (we hope they did not say "poor Harriet") he was, undoubtedly, an attractive, and indeed a personable young man; was he not a Fowle? But at present dear Pauline must not see too much of him.

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Cousin Henry Smith, the subject of low-voiced consultations of the kind, his attention now fully occupied in the practice of his profession and his recalcitrant ambition at last awake, made no protest. He appeared content with the occasional renewals of friendship, graciously meted out to him by the custodians of Pauline. He was poor,—too poor to think of marriage, at present,—and his spurs were yet to be won. From a secure position in middle life we find him thus extolling youthful poverty:

A true man does not grumble because he was not born with a golden spoon in his mouth; he knows that gold is a soft metal and does not wear well; iron is better. There is no one here to-day who has made himself anything, who feels that he is a living, a real man, who does not in his heart of hearts thank Heaven that he was not born rich. . . . The dignity of labor is but another name for liberty. The chivalry of labor is now the battle cry of the old world and the new.

Prophetic words these! They might have been written of the new order of things, by some keen-eyed statesman.

It was during these years of poverty and hard work that Henry Smith earned the reputation of being one of the most industrious men of his time. "If you wish anything well done, do it yourself," became not only the rule but the unswerving practice of his life. Every case undertaken meant exhaustive preparation on the

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part of the junior counsel. He left no stone unturned, no loopholes undefended. "At the Middlesex bar," writes a contemporary, "he was always in his place, and always alert. He had few associates, every hour of his time being absorbed by his profession." Another said of him: "He is the most persistent, persistent, persistent man I ever saw."

Already an adept in the mechanics of the law, as practised at the Middlesex bar, he was now to acquire from the great leader of Suffolk County, the Hon. Rufus Choate, new lessons in the art of advocacy. In framing a priori the working hypotheses so necessary in presenting a case, Choate's great experience had made him a past-master. The younger lawyer assiduously applied himself to this often-neglected branch of his profession, and rapidly became a man to be reckoned with. Genial by nature, he was now cold, preoccupied, absorbed, intense; working night and day on a case, and finally presenting it with a skill and finish which left the other side gaping with astonishment; then retiring without giving either friend or foe a chance to discuss the verdict which more and more frequently crowned his efforts. So-called desperate cases began to frequent his office. He never undertook one out of sheer bravado; yet more and more frequently he found himself facing formidable odds in the court-room, where victory must be literally wrested from his opponents.

A condition bearing directly upon his own fortunes

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presented itself to his attention with recurring frequency during this period of strenuous endeavor. And since there have been certain drastic criticisms passed upon his motives and final decision in this matter, his biographer wishes to make both motives and decision plain to the dulllest mind. The name Smith, common enough in the New England of that day, was likewise variously represented at the Suffolk County bar. The circumstance of eleven Lawyer Smiths—three of them Henry Smith and one besides himself Henry W. Smith—was enough to give one pause. Important letters were miscarried, delayed, and sometimes lost. Reputations of small calibre began a borrowing account with Henry Welles Smith. As a name “Mr. Smith” appeared to have little or no significance. Our Lawyer Smith found himself mixed up by hearsay with unsavory cases and accused of knaveries he would have disdained.

Too many Smiths; that was the rub! It was no longer to be borne. With temperamental suddenness he decided forthwith to leave the crowded ranks of Smiths. Looking over the roll of his ancestors, and doubtless with an eye for the picturesque and unusual, he selected a name for himself not likely to be duplicated. The fact that Durant, the maiden name of his splendid great-grandmother, was said to have been originally the Italian *Durante*, abbreviated in the cognomen of his favorite poet to “Dante,” may have added the cap-sheaf to his decision. The Rev-

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olutionary name of Fowle, borne by his fighting sires (as well as by the most charming of cousins), and endeared to him by his mother, was also chosen. His baptismal name he retained, and by act of his own volition confirmed by the legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Henry Welles Smith became Henry Fowle Durant.

No more characteristic performance distinguishes the early life of the founder of Wellesley than this change of his name. It is as if he found himself cribbed, cabined, and confined by the crippling commonplace of precedent. He threw it off at once and forever. "*Incipit vita nova!*" Nor are we surprised to find his reputation as a lawyer growing by leaps and bounds, from this point on. There were many Smiths; there was but one Henry Fowle Durant, and Boston speedily found it out.

VII

IT is important that we consider as fully as possible the growing power and reputation achieved by Mr. Durant in the years given over to the practice of law. And this for more reasons than one. His progress toward an unseen and as yet unknown goal is marked by abrupt turnings. In youth his whole purpose was focused upon beauty. All must give way, he said, to "holy poetry." This sadly relinquished ideal was to come to its glorious late flowering; but in the meanwhile new powers of heart and brain must be developed, that, in the final passionate giving of himself to the highest, nothing should be lacking. Then, too, failing to understand what he surrendered in giving up his hard-won position as head of the Suffolk bar, we shall fail also in our attempt to grasp the full significance of his sacrifice; and failing in this, we may never comprehend the meaning of Wellesley.

Some one has said of him with rare discrimination that his genius, which many believed to be of the highest order, was primarily a genius for labor. To undertake a case refused by another because of the difficulties which hedged it about, seldom failed to arouse his keen enthusiasm. He was happiest when

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hard-pressed, and threatened with dire defeat ; for then, calling upon his soul and all that was within him, by a supreme exertion of his extraordinary powers he would achieve what a weaker man would count an impossibility. The words "It can't be done" acted upon his spirit like the keen stab of the spur.

A vivid word picture of Mr. Durant, published in the "New York Tribune," after his death, describes him as he appeared in the height of his legal career :

He had a powerful head, with chiseled features, black hair, which he wore rather long, an olive complexion, and eyes which flashed upon his opponents the lightnings of wrath, scorn and irony ; then suddenly this austere countenance would melt and change utterly, as he turned to the jury, soft rays of sweetness and persuasion transfiguring it to a disarming beauty. He could coax, intimidate, terrify ; and his questions cut like knives.

Mr. Durant's extraordinary personality, backed up as it was by his positive genius in what—borrowing from another profession—we may call diagnosis, helped him to win many legal battles. He appeared to possess almost uncanny powers of divination, which confused and confounded lesser minds. The jury was never considered, or addressed, *en masse* by this knight errant of the bench. Each man was studied separately, his personality weighed in the balance, his motives probed to the quick, and his slow-moving thoughts anticipated and exploited with unerring skill. Added

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to this Mr. Durant's supreme faculty for keeping the point at issue clear in his own mind, while adroitly concealing it from the enemy, enabled him at the psychological instant to score a telling appeal to the bench, when least expected.

As Rufus Choate grew older, and his health began to break under the terrific strain of his practice, Mr. Durant, who had long been associated with this famous advocate as junior counsel, was more and more frequently called upon to take up cases which Mr. Choate was compelled to drop. On one such occasion the junior counsel was called to the front in the notable case of Shaw versus the Worcester Railroad. The unfortunate Mr. Shaw, while driving on the public highway accompanied by his wife and friends, crossed a track of the Worcester road, was struck by a passing train, and instantly killed. His wife was seriously injured; while friends sitting in the rear seat of the vehicle escaped almost unhurt. The injured wife brought suit against the railway for twenty-five thousand dollars. The lawyers for the defense were Judge Hoar, Judge Gray, and Mr. Benjamin Butler, a doughty trio; against them for the crippled plaintiff, with less than a day's time for preparation, stood Mr. Durant.

The following letter to Mr. Durant was afterward found with Mr. Choate's manuscript minutes of the Shaw case; papers evidently sent to Mr. Durant with the letter:

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1/2 past XI

DEAR DURANT

It is needful to look our situation fully in the face—I make no progress & shall not be able to stand on my feet tomorrow—I *know* it—Thus far I do not progress a particle.

I propose therefore 1st that you at once decide to argue the case. Duty, fame, necessity prescribed it. You will have sympathy, which you do not need, & inevitable success. I entreat you to do so.

2. If not & Judge W. (H?) shall not have concluded *at* once, bring the subjects to the Court & him & have him conclude on Friday—I may then be alive or dead, & your preparation will then have matured.

All mankind will say you should step in. Do I not love your reputation as my own, & *could* I ask you to risk anything?

Yours

RUFUS CHOATE

The counsel for the railroad undertook to prove, in face of rather confused evidence to the contrary, that Mr. Shaw was intoxicated and therefore paid no attention to the blast of the engine whistle or the ringing of its bell. That he had, in fact, driven deliberately in front of the engine a full minute after the warning signal was given. The witnesses for the plaintiff contended that no signal was heard by those in the vehicle, and that the accident, therefore, was occasioned by the gross neglect of the company.

Mr. Durant, after listening to the testimony of an

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employee of the railroad, with his wonted imperturbability proceeded to the cross-examination.

"Where do you live?" he began, his eyes upon the witness.

"Boston," growled the man in the box, with a surly look.

"On what street?"

"Dunno as it's any of your business."

Mr. Durant referred the question to the Court. The witness was ordered to reply.

"Has the street a name?"

"Dunno as it has."

"Are the houses on the street numbered?"

"I don' know."

"Tell me where the street begins and where it ends."

"It goes from State Street to Dock Square."

"What is the name of the house you stop in?"

"The Bite Tavern."

Now, the Bite Tavern was one of the most notorious gambling resorts in the city. In the face of this damaging admission it was scarcely necessary to point out to the jury that no reputable man would live there. Or that the testimony of a disreputable character, even under oath, was worthless.

The question of the ringing of the bell was next raised. The company produced a thermometric observation, proving that the night in question was clear and cold, and that there was, therefore, no excuse on the part of the plaintiff for not hearing the sound.

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Mr. Durant promptly put upon the stand the Rev. Dr. William Barrows, one of the witnesses for the prosecution, who read from a standard work on physics scientific proof of the fact that sound travels best when the air is laden with moisture. Mr. Durant further illustrated this fact in his telling way. The crux of the case, however, rested upon the sworn testimony of the engineer. He had stubbornly adhered to the statement that a full minute had elapsed from the time Shaw started to cross the track until he was struck by the engine, and that therefore the accident was due not to any neglect on the part of the company but to gross carelessness on the part of Shaw.

Intense though suppressed excitement prevailed in the courtroom. The lawyers for the defense leaned back in their chairs with confident smiles. The engineer was known to be a sober, respectable man. His testimony would hold. Mr. Durant, a slight smile twitching the corners of his mouth, took out his watch.

"I should like to ask the Court a question," he said. "How far can a man, driving a good horse, go in a minute? What is a minute? Has the witness an exact idea as to the length of a minute?"

The questions were apparently simple; but no answer was attempted. Mr. Durant's keen dark eyes roved over the crowded room.

"Let me ask the Court, the jury, and others present to take out their watches and see how long a minute is, here and now."

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Every watch in the court-room was whipped out on the instant.

"I will tell you when to begin to measure the time, and when to end," said the counsel for the plaintiff. The signal was given. A tense silence descended upon the crowded room. The ensuing minute, thus watched, seemed an hour; or as one in the audience said later "an age." It was apparent to the jury, as to every one else, that Shaw could not have remained on the track for a full minute in the face of the on-rushing train.

After summing up the case for his client, in his usual comprehensive way, Mr. Durant suddenly paused. These dramatic pauses of his compelled an almost breathless attention on the part of his listeners. Nobody stirred. "In a case as clear as this," he went on slowly, "you would all say—if you gave honest expression to your judgment—that the verdict should be rendered in favor of the plaintiff. But the verdict will not be so rendered."

A slight frown gathered between the speaker's black brows. His mouth settled in stern lines. He went on:

"If the ends of justice only were to be served, there could not be found in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts twelve men who after hearing the testimony would fail to bring in a verdict for my client. But with this jury the verdict will not be awarded in accordance with the demands of justice."

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His intimidating gaze was focused upon the twelve men in the jury-box. "There is one among your number who will defeat it," he finished solemnly, almost sadly.

The Court broke the silence with a question:

"Do we understand the counsel for the prosecution to imply that the jury has been tampered with?"

Mr. Durant appeared lost in thought. He did not at once reply. The Court, the opposing counsel, and the audience fixed their amazed attention upon the jury. One man was observed to turn pale under the prolonged scrutiny. Mr. Durant lifted his eyes with the lightning glance so characteristic of him and turned to the presiding justice.

"No, your Honor," he said deliberately. "I imply nothing. But if that question had been asked at the former trial of this case, the answer must have been that a certain man had been placed upon the jury for the express purpose of defeating the verdict."

The jury filed out, under the suspicious gaze of the audience; and quickly returned, bringing in a verdict for the crippled plaintiff of twenty-one thousand dollars.

Did Mr. Durant *know* that the jury had been "packed" by the conscienceless corporation, or did he merely surmise it? We are aware that with his accumulating experience of men of every sort and condition and his exhaustive knowledge of business methods he could not be easily deceived. But was the

juryman who turned pale actually guilty? Or was he merely nervous? These are questions we cannot answer with any certainty. There have been persons in the world's history who appeared to possess the singular faculty of piercing through the shrouding garment of flesh to the thoughts going on beneath. Those who knew Mr. Durant best have frequently testified to the effect of his powerful gaze. A sixteen-year-old school-girl, years afterward, expressed it thus: "Mr. Durant certainly does get down to the roots of things, and if you have n't a pretty decent conscience about your lessons and everything, you feel as though you had a clear little window right in the middle of your forehead, through which he can look and see the disorder inside. Some of the girls say they are just paralyzed when he looks at them like that; but I'm not. I feel like doing things just as well as I can."

In justice to both Mr. Choate and to his junior counsel, mention should be made of the injurious reports circulated against Mr. Choate at this time. Attacked as he was at uncertain periods by almost unbearable pain in the head, Mr. Choate would be compelled to retire from his legal duties to the seclusion of a darkened room, where he would lie, helpless and suffering, for days. At such times Mr. Durant would take up the cases thus dropped and, as in the case of Shaw versus the Worcester Railroad, conduct them to a brilliant conclusion. A meaner man might have

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taken undue advantage of these opportunities; but Henry Durant, as even his enemies were forced to acknowledge,—and he had enemies,—was not a mean man. He loved and admired Rufus Choate, and when a malicious rumor was bruited about Boston charging Choate with the morphine habit, he came out with an indignant denial which at once and forever cleared the clouded reputation of his distinguished colleague. “The great white Truth,” which was later to become a phrase as familiar as his presence at Wellesley, was the rule of his life, then as afterward.

One can hardly refrain from a comparison of the two men who were thus associated. Of Rufus Choate we are told:

Throughout his life he was a thorough student, not only of law, but also of the classics, English literature and history, reading with avidity and remembering everything that he read. His eloquence and remarkable facility in the use of the English language, his intuitive knowledge of human nature, and the acuteness and vigor of his intellect combined to make him pre-eminently successful as a lawyer, especially as a jury lawyer, and in the course of a long career he seldom lost a case.

Rufus Choate was twenty-three years older than Henry Fowle Durant; he was an ardent politician, which Mr. Durant never was. Choate died at Halifax in 1859, at the age of sixty, a lawyer and a politician to the end of his brilliant life. But while the comment

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quoted on the career of Rufus Choate might have been written with equal truth and pertinence of Mr. Durant at one period of his career, the future held for him a widely different story, which we are presently to discuss.

Mr. Durant was at his best when defending the poor and helpless against marauding capital. There was a certain splendid indignation in his make-up, ready to flame out at sight of injustice of any sort. The people of Boston were not slow in discovering this. We find his office besieged by both rich and poor. "Soulless" corporations eagerly sought to retain his services in doubtful cases, chiefly to prevent the weaker prosecution from profiting by his generosity. On more than one occasion he was known to refuse large retaining fees until he had looked into the matter at stake.

One such case involved the Street Railway Corporation of Boston and a little child, who had been run over by a careless driver on Sudbury Street. As usual in such instances, the company produced numerous witnesses, ready to swear to the character of the driver (it was in the day of horse-cars) and the recklessness of the child. Mr. Durant, after cross-examination of the witnesses for the defense, found it a difficult matter to prove his preliminary hypothesis: namely, that the driving had been fast, carelessly fast, and, as the event had proved, criminally fast. The numerous witnesses for the corporation, including sev-

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eral passengers, the conductor, and the driver, all testified positively that the driving had been slow, unusually slow. Here was a dilemma: the witnesses were quite evidently suborned in favor of the company. But how prove it? As always, polished and courtly in his manner, Mr. Durant began his cross-examination of the driver of the car. This man had assumed an air of injured innocence and blunt honesty, agreeing with his hitherto unshaken testimony. His position, his reputation, and more were at stake. He had been carefully coached by the attorneys for the corporation.

"What is your business?" began Mr. Durant.

"To drive horse-cars."

"Very good. As you turned into Sudbury Street on the morning of March tenth could you see all the way down the street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you looking around, as you drove, up at the windows, or toward the sides of the street?"

"No, sir."

"And you say you were driving slow?"

"Yes, sir."

"How slow?"

"Not much faster than a walk."

"And you could see the track?"

"Yes, sir. I was lookin' right at it."

"Every minute?"

"Yes, sir. Never took my eyes off it."

"Hum," mused Mr. Durant, as if reflecting on the

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unimpeachable character of the witness. Then, with the sudden change of front his adversaries had learned to dread, with head slightly lowered and terrifying gaze bent upon the witness, he said in those deep chest tones of his :

“Then you try to make the Court believe that going slowly, and with your eyes on the track, you deliberately *walked* your horses over this child?”

The effect upon the jury was conclusive.

Mr. Durant’s sense of humor was keen and unfailing, and the cut and thrust of his delicate ironies played like the blade of a rapier about the head of the unlucky wight who tempted him too far. The story is told of an occasion, somewhat later in his practice, when a slight accident had delayed his train to Boston. His promptness at court was proverbial; but his non-appearance on this particular day gave his chief adversary, Benjamin Butler, a much-coveted handle of attack. When at last, calm and unruffled, garbed as always with scrupulous nicety, Mr. Durant entered the court-room, he at once perceived the trend of affairs. The retarded business of the court proceeded as usual; and in due course Mr. Durant presented his argument to the jury. Whereupon Mr. Butler arose, and with an ugly sneer, turned to the judge. “I perceive, your Honor,” he drawled, “that the address, to which we have just listened, was prepared *before the glass*.” And he held up his hand as if looking into a mirror.

“And I perceive, your Honor,” instantly retorted

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Mr. Durant, "that the opposing counsel's remark upon my address must have been prepared *behind the glass!*" And he raised his hand to his lips, with a telling gesture.

Mr. Butler's discomfiture was complete. He frequently drank to excess, and everybody knew it.

An amusing illustration of Mr. Durant's quick wit, which often turned the homeliest facts into conclusive arguments, concerns a certain case when an insurance company sought to prove that a gas explosion was not a fire. Mr. Durant directed that a gas-stove be brought into the court-room; then politely invited the specious directors to sit on it.

It has been said that Mr. Durant was not a Christian during the years of his brilliant legal career. He himself declared that he was not. But his unfeigned respect for religion, his admiration for the Book of Books, and his deep appreciation of sacred poetry seem to uphold our conviction that he was not far from the Kingdom at any time. One of his finest speeches was delivered in what is known as the Elliot School case, in which he vigorously and successfully defended the use of the Bible in the public schools of Boston. The closing words of his argument will never cease to be true. We shall do well to listen while he speaks:

This is no question of politics, or for politicians,—the people will never entrust it to them. It is a question for every fireside, for every heart. I know that there is not a mother throughout our land, from one ocean to

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the other, who did not feel a sudden thrill of indignation and horror when she first heard that the Roman Catholics were attempting to drive our Saxon Bible from our free schools. Little do they know the spirit of American liberty who think that this can ever be accomplished. Timid men may be found to consent to submission, politicians may be found who wish to conciliate foreign voters, thoughtless men, who do not reflect upon the great interests of this country; but there is a united will and power of the people, which if this movement is persevered in, cannot fail to prevail. And I dare to say to all—to bishop and priest and emigrant—that until liberty ceases to be anything but a shadow and a name the Saxon Bible will be the companion of the American freeman, his pillar of cloud by day, his pillar of fire by night. . . . Never, never can man or priest put asunder those whom God has joined together. Banish the vain delusion forever that our Saxon Bible can be taken away. Neither foreign tyrants nor foreign priests will ever have that power. Until America ceases to be a republic; until the warnings of Washington and the wisdom of Webster are forgotten, until the sacred traditions of the past have perished, until the memories of the dead have passed away like a dream, until religion and freedom are banished from the land, the Bible will remain as the rule and guide of our faith, the Great Charter of our liberties!

VIII

THE year 1845 marked the return of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wiggin to Boston. For many years they had resided in England, and in their home in London hospitably entertained their American friends and relatives. The Wiggins had no children of their own, but Mrs. Wiggin—the beautiful Charlotte Fowle of our earlier pages—continually lavished the kindness of her warm heart on her sisters and their children. So after the aging and childless pair had established themselves in the comfortable mansion at 5 Pemberton Square, Aunt Charlotte began to look about her for some one to mother. Her sister Harriet's second son, Henry, came early to pay his respects. He was, he told her in response to her questions, enduring his bachelor days as best he might in that unsatisfactory substitute for home, a boarding-house. Mrs. Wiggin found herself altogether charmed with her handsome nephew; and his growing success in the law no less keenly interested Mr. Wiggin, who had won his own substantial fortune in the face of adverse circumstances. The home in Pemberton Square was far too large and lonely for two people. To eyes long accustomed to foreign cities, Boston

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appeared an alien spot. The friends of early years had scattered, or were lamentably changed. In a word, Aunt Charlotte and Uncle Benjamin, always generous and kind to those of their own kin—though in outer circles they enjoyed the reputation of a thrifty prudence bordering on parsimony—quite insisted on “dear Henry” coming to them at once to stay. “Until you are married, my dear, and have a home of your own,” stipulated Aunt Charlotte.

The wide experience and sage counsels of the retired merchant were undoubtedly of great service to the young lawyer; and we may suppose that Aunt Charlotte, in whose womanly breast romance was still happily alive, began to think in terms of sentiment of “dear Henry’s future.” He must marry, of course, and soon—now that he could afford to do so. Mrs. Wiggin in numerous sub-rosa confabs with her sister Mrs. Charles Smith, undoubtedly put two and two together, finding with satisfaction to both ladies the correct sum. We may be allowed to fancy Mrs. Wiggin as regretting “dear Henry’s” singular indifference to several charming and eligible young ladies; and without too great a hardihood further behold the graceful Eliza enlightening Sister Charlotte in words which we may not repeat, but which intimately concern the two young people in whom we are chiefly interested. As dear Charlotte was aware, Pauline was traveling in Europe. Dear Paulina (Mrs. Fowle) had always felt that her darling girl must have every advantage; and no wonder!

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And, besides, dear Paulina's health was far from strong. But when they returned. . . . The fine dark eyes of the two ladies exchanged romantic surmises too delicate for spoken words.

We wish we might know whether or not "Cousin Henry," as we think Miss Pauline Fowle still called him, was consciously awaiting his fate, as the big steamer (in these days we should think it pitifully small) slowly plowed its way through the long rollers of the Atlantic, bringing to America various precious freights. We do know that he found time to meet the mother and daughter upon their arrival in New York. If we had one more of those early sonnets addressed to the little maid of eight, or a solitary love-letter, however brief, we should delightedly insert it right here. But the mists of the years have closed quite over the details of a courtship of such thrilling interest to us. We do not even know what Pauline said, or thought, when she found Cousin Henry Smith changed to Cousin Henry Fowle Durant. Perhaps she already knew and approved the change. But we are very sure there was much quiet comment, many low-voiced conversations, the putting together of wise heads, touched with the silver of advancing years, after Pauline's return from Europe, and during a subsequent visit to Boston. Some marriages are said to be made in heaven; others are mere careless adventures, as light and inconsequential as the meeting and mating of butterflies; others still owe their genesis to the care-

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ful thought and purpose of those who love above all things to plan happiness for others. But this much may be set down with confidence: whatever the delicate surmises and whispered confidences of Aunts Eliza and Charlotte, the sage opinions of grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers, mothers, uncles, and cousins, the marriage of Henry Fowle Durant and his cousin Pauline Fowle was not entered into either thoughtlessly or unadvisedly. Mr. Durant was thirty-two years old; his judgment was fully matured; his heart was empty, swept, and garnished. And Pauline was very fair.

The marriage took place in Brooklyn, New York, on May 23, 1854. Of the beauty of the bride we have ocular proof in an altogether charming picture of the young Mrs. Durant in her wedding bonnet. Note the fine curves of the ripe lips, the delicately formed nose, the broad forehead, the fine silken sweep of the untortured hair, the clear, candid eyes. As for the bonnet, we find it no less than adorable: Those snowy orange buds, half concealed beneath the ellipse of the brim, those clustered half-blown flowers, caressing the soft cheek, that opulent bow of ribbon defining the delightfully stubborn little chin. And from the whole picture there rays out a real though invisible halo. Beyond the crown of the superlative bonnet, touching the self-possessed young face, there is a light not born on sea or land. Yes, after all, this picture, so happily preserved to us, is better than a whole sheaf of love-letters. It is, in effect, a love-letter, a romance, a

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chime of wedding-bells. One cannot look at it without picturing the scene of the espousals. This same fair young face framed by its coronal of orange-blossoms, flushing and paling beneath the filmy cloud of the bridal veil; the ardent glances of the splendidly handsome man at her side; the tears and smiles, sighs and laughter of the assembled family. Then riotous blossoms of May tossing in the warm spring sunshine as the young husband and wife go away together to find their joys, their griefs, and their ultimate goal. As we look back at them thus from the vantage-point of the years we are sure that no other two could have built Wellesley.

Mr. and Mrs. Durant established their first home in Boston, on the corner of Bowdoin and Allston streets. But the months following the marriage found them looking eagerly over the region near the city for a spot in which to live during the summer season. It must be far enough away from Boston to secure that sylvan quiet so dear to them both, yet near enough to keep the diligent lawyer in touch with the increasing demands of his practice. There was historic ground not far from Watertown, the cradle of their race, a land murmurous with the song of pines and the voices of many streams. One never-to-be-forgotten day in early autumn the two came upon a sheet of blue water nestling among wooded hills and fertile farm lands, shining under the sun like a jewel of price. In those days it was variously named, Saw-Mill Pond being its



MRS. DURANT

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prosaic appellation among the old-time residents who had seen its splendid trees fall under the despoiling ax of the woodman. One ambitious land-owner had confidently renamed it Cunningham's Pond, and yet another had affixed his own ugly name and called it Bul-lard's Pond. The busy, musical little brook connecting the gem-like lake with the Charles River was particularized as Natick Saw-Mill Brook. John Eliot, the missionary to the Indians, had built a saw-mill there, and in this beauty-spot had established in the year 1651 a settlement of his Indian converts, having been granted by the town of Dedham two thousand acres of supposedly worthless land for his dusky parishioners. The Indians gradually retreating from the coast before the incursions of white settlers had previously gathered from many quarters in Nonantum (Newton). It was there that Eliot preached his first sermon to the Indians in the wigwam of Chief Waban. Our revered Pilgrim and Puritan fathers, thoroughly versed in Biblical lore, looked upon the Indian owners of the desirable lands about Boston as doomed heathen, justly comparable to the Hittites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites of Canaan whose inheritance God had given his chosen people at the point of dripping swords. But they sanctimoniously conceded to John Eliot the privilege of snatching a few brands from the burning, provided the scene of his labors was sufficiently far removed from their own snug hearths.

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Chief Waban, according to local tradition, was originally a Concord Indian. He died in 1674, leaving a widow, the eldest daughter of the Concord sachem, and a son, bearing the Christian name of Thomas, after the doubting disciple. Was there a touch of deep, sad humor in this naming, we wonder? Thomas Waban became a man of substance, after the insecure Indian fashion, and took kindly to a civilization which in that day included pleated shirt-fronts. There is a quaint record telling of his quasi-royal wife's struggles to iron these habiliments to suit her husband's stern requirements. A warrant issued by Waban, when justice of the peace, is a masterpiece of vigorous vernacular :

You, you big constable. Quick you catchem Jeremiah Offscow. Strong you holdem. Safe you bringum afere me. Thomas Waban, Justice Peace.

The romantic Indian name of the Charles River was Quinobequin, the river that turns upon itself. It was unfortunately renamed for King Charles by one of the ubiquitous John Smiths, whose numerous descendants and tribal connections have taken so large a hand in the affairs of our country. All this was food for piquant enjoyment between husband and wife. In this spot and no other, they decided, on ground made holy by "the praying Indians" and their consecrated apostle, John Eliot, they would set up their wilderness lodge.

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The breeze-swept lake should bound their shores; the storied Quinobequin and its tributaries should sing their children to sleep on summer nights.

There was a certain rambling brown house of homely memories standing empty near the highway—once an Indian trail. With his wonted impetuosity, which seldom led him astray, Mr. Durant bought this house, and with it many acres of land, clustered thick with beauty and romance. The old farm-house would do, they said, till they should choose the site for their permanent home, nearer the lake. Mrs. Durant was already an accomplished housewife, and the old brown house speedily acquired new comforts and blossomed out in unexpected beauties under her practised hand. In later years she was accustomed to tell with relish of her delight in skimming the thick yellow cream from the brimming pans of milk, of her personal triumphs in the way of custards, cheeses, and junkets, of the glasses of sparkling jelly and the jars of luscious marmalade stored in neat order on her storeroom shelves. They loved the wild flowers,—these married lovers,—the birds and the trees; and the lake in its ever-changing beauty spoke to them of the Infinite Affection. To those of us who still live and love them it is not difficult to imagine something of the joy of those summer days passed in the Wellesley farm-house. The house still stands, and is still known as “The Farm-house.” The Durants came early, when the exquisite lavender-tinted flowers of the swamp

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violet clothed the open spaces, and the robins and blue-birds sang riotously in the woods, when wrens twittered endlessly and swallows swooped about the barns; and they stayed late to watch the oaks grow red and golden in the autumn sunshine, and the elms swaying unashamed in all their naked loveliness. In his address on *Rural Life*, delivered a few years later before the Norfolk Agricultural Society, Mr. Durant speaks out of the fullness of this early gladness. Let us read together these words of his, inspired it may well be, by the gentle presence of those very "trees of peace":

Near the ancient dwelling place of the Natick Indians there is an old farmhouse, with two vast, majestic elms before it, of which a significant story is told. When the Puritan preacher in those bygone days settled there on that green slope by the river Charles, he conciliated the natives by his sympathy and kindness, and soon taught them to love and respect him. He had lived there but a few months, when the Indians brought two young elm trees from the forest, and with much form and solemnity, planted them before his door. He asked their meaning, and they told him that these were "trees of peace." The trees of peace were only slender saplings then, which a child could carry in his hand, but they have grown to be monumental trees, venerable in their majestic beauty.

The Puritan settler, stern but kindly, the red men, with their dark, unfathomable eyes, have vanished away, and rest beneath their shade no more; the old house is fast falling to decay; the trees, too, will fade and fall some day, but those old, simple words have a more enduring

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life. I never look upon those trees, but the words "trees of peace" return again with sweet, soothing music. Yes, those words have their own natural music, and will not leave off their singing. Trees of peace! Can you not see those vast, grey, gigantic arms stretching out over the roof-tree to shelter and protect that quiet home—dropping down their rich clusters of green leaves, and waving them to and fro with soft music in the sweet sunshine?—dropping down their deep shadows on the soft turf? Can you not look back to those old days and see the young children playing in the grass, and the wildflowers playing like children in the shadows? Those shadows seem deeper, and the green turf seems softer for those old simple words of promise; and I have come at last to feel that every man who plants an elm tree to shelter and adorn the home of his affections, the home of wife and child, plants "a tree of peace" there. The Indian still sends it from out the wild woodlands; the sweet sunshine and the quiet shadows promise him peace and rest beneath its shade.

IX

THE Durant's Boston home was first established on the corner of Bowdoin and Allston streets in a substantial house which is still standing. And it was here, March 2, 1855, that an event momentous in the history of woman's so-called higher education occurred. The youthful parents of the tiny morsel of humanity stirring so feebly in his blankets, on that bleak March morning, gazed at the marvel, then at each other. If there is ever a moment in the life of woman when love becomes a veritable angel of adoration, it is when she looks into the face of her first-born. The sacred fire is reflected in the eyes of her husband. He also worships in humility and awe; but it is upon the mother of his son that his devotion centers. She becomes—for the moment, at least—the holy Mother, the Madonna.

Though we have no record of the fact, we have reason to believe that the lawyer of the cut-and-thrust reputation became for the nonce the poet of passionate dreams. He must have been—or so it seems to us—less merciless to his opponents in court on that golden day of his son's birth. And, remembering the white

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radiance on his young wife's face, we almost see him refusing some pointed dagger of scorn. And this to the astonishment of friends and foes alike, as yet unaware of ameliorating circumstance in the person of the very little boy, already named for his father Henry Fowle Durant.

One of the very few songs which escaped the poet's ruthless self-criticism may be referred to this period. It was hastily scrawled on legal bond, manifestly destined for other uses. Did Mr. Durant give it to his madonna, then straightway forget its existence? Pauline, we know, treasured it for more than sixty years, safe hidden in one of those holy places of a woman's love. The poet Longfellow, a friend and contemporary of Mr. Durant's, was then in full tide of his poetic labors and popularity. So what more natural than the singing Longfellow cadence evident in this Psalm of Love:

TO PAULINE

Tell me not that love is fleeting
That its brightness fades away:
While the hearts within us beating
Promise love and truth for aye.

Every day our love grows dearer,
Every night love's holy prayer
Makes the lofty sky seem nearer,
While the star of love is there.

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Love is still a child immortal,
And his wings will soon expand,
As we near the shadowy portal
Of that other promised land.

Whether born in joy or sorrow,
Whether crowned with thorns or flowers,
Love looks forward to a morrow
In a brighter world than ours.

Past the sleep that knows no waking,
Past the night that turns to day,
There the dawn of love is breaking,
There the shadows flee away.

The new Henry Fowle Durant never bore his stately name. As he developed into lusty babyhood the senior Henry called him Harry. And as "little Harry" he frolicked through his brief, sunshiny life. There are few surviving annals of this apparently insignificant life of a little boy. But, looking back from the crest of the years, we know that because little Harry lived and died Wellesley College lives and will not die. He was a sturdy little chap, dark-eyed under his thatch of curling yellow hair, cherubically plump and rosy, and full of life and mischief.

Almost before the solemn baby-face had relaxed in its first smile the young father and mother were discussing far-reaching plans for his future. The Wellesley—or, as it was then called, the West Needham—estate took on new beauty and significance in their eyes



"LITTLE HARRY"

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as they viewed its development in the light of the little new candle in their home. On a gentle rise of ground, overlooking the blue lake, Harry's future home, the seat of the Durant family to-be, should rise in splendid yet austere architecture. Here he would live and grow into manhood far from the temptations and allurements of city life. There was much to regret in their own lives: mistakes in education and training, a lack of beauty, a poverty of thought which should never afflict little Harry. Beneath the oaks and evergreens, where now rises the stately façade of Stone Hall, they talked together of his opening future.

Following the bent of her own deeply religious nature, Mrs. Durant determined that her son should be thoroughly versed in the Bible, and before his baby speech became articulate she began her task with passages from psalm and prophecy, in lieu of the Mother Goose rhymes she had scorned in her own babyhood. The ambitions of his father looked farther afield: Harry should be broadly educated, he decided, but with due regard to his natural bent and inclination. The iron heel of the professional educator, capable of reducing to one desert level the springing hopes of youth, should never leave its mark upon Harry. He called to mind his own early happiness under the gentle yet enlivening instruction of the great Mrs. Ripley, deriding in the same breath the famous institution in New York where his wife's education had been carried on.

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It has been asserted that Mr. Durant was never on friendly terms with Harvard, the mere mention of his alma mater often bringing a frown to his forehead. Thus early was he formulating those plans and ideas which later were to dismay the staid educators of New England. But at present all was for his son, who as yet had not spoken a word, nor taken a step on the solid ground of earth. While the baby cried and smiled and slept, after the fashion immemorial, the nucleus of the great library which was to be Harry's became constantly enriched by new purchases. Pictures by the best of the living artists were judiciously chosen from annual exhibits in Boston and New York, that the little lad's eyes and taste might early be trained to a just perception of beauty. Not far from the farmhouse, where the Durants still spent their summers, a conservatory was built, the center of a well-planned garden, that an abundance of flowers and the graceful greenery of palms and ferns might adorn Harry's home.

The boy should follow the law, conceded Boston's leading advocate, if his mind showed a legal bent. But be forced to it—never!

The frustrated poet may have cherished a less worldly and prosaic view for the future of this beloved son, who early developed a sparkling imagination and an intense interest in the world about him. Often, of a Sunday afternoon, the father, cradling the child in his strong arms, would bear him to the magic seclu-

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sion of the woodlands, to hear the birds sing and watch the busy squirrels playing in the trees. What untold happiness Wellesley's storied oaks sheltered in those days, when the little lad began to prattle of what he saw and heard, and the dreaded gladiator of the Suffolk bar bent his head to listen. The blue lake, now happily renamed Waban, after the chief of the praying Indians, echoed shouts of childish laughter and the splash of tiny stones, when Harry could walk and run along its shores.

It was during this period of joyous ambition for his son that Mr. Durant entered upon the various business enterprises, which were destined to furnish the bones and sinews of "The College Beautiful." He first became associated with John H. Cheever in the New York Belting and Packing Company, manufacturing vulcanized rubber, at that time rated as a comparatively new product, yet of enormous commercial value. Later, when the President of the Goodrich Rubber Company, also in the day of its small beginnings, came to him for legal advice, Mr. Durant, recognizing the further possibilities of rubber, became a large stockholder in the concern. It has been said of him with truth that as a promoter of sound and productive business he showed no less marked ability than in his chosen profession. In the world of finance, as in the law, he speedily proved himself to be not only far-sighted and sagacious, but, as always, tirelessly, persistently industrious. He appeared incapable of fatigue, frequently

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traveling from Boston to New York by a night train, —not then equipped with the luxurious appointments of travel, as we know them,—where he would spend the day in close application to business, returning to Boston at night, to appear fresh, cool, and unruffled in court the following day.

His judgment seemed unerring; his brief, pointed comments on men and affairs became current in office and counting-room. As corporation counsel, associated with Rufus Choate, he had improved to the utmost his unrivaled opportunities for studying the methods of "big business." Nobody could fool Durant, it was said. The few who attempted the hazardous experiment had swift reason to regret their temerity. As might have been expected, in view of this unusual partnership of genius and opportunity, wealth began to pour in. He had been known in Boston for some time as a rich man, a successful man; now rumor—loving a shining mark and as always envious—began to prefix various opprobrious adverbs to the well-earned verdict. But Mr. Durant had long since learned in the hard school of the court-room to ignore criticism. Besides, beneath the secure shelter of his roof-tree, another light of happiness had been kindled.

Little Harry was two years old when a daughter was born to the Durants. She was called Pauline Cazenove, a name reminiscent of the aristocratic traditions of the past. Mrs. Durant never forgot that she was a Cazenove, and often referred to the fact, with

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a complacent pride which provoked the more democratic humor of her husband to covert smiles. Little Pauline Cazenove, however, had not come to stay. Born in October, when the Wellesley oaks were reddening among the evergreens, she vanished, evanescent as the first snowflakes drifting down from leaden December skies. Mrs. Durant was already acquainted with grief: the heartbreak and mystery of death had thrice approached her in early childhood. Her serious nature, trained in the hard doctrines of unyielding Calvinism, acknowledged with meekness "the dealings of a just God." The Lord had given, and the Lord had taken away. She comforted herself with the thought of little Pauline Cazenove with harp and crown in the mature company of innumerable angels, where in an unchanging state she would remain, forever blest. She looked forward with chastened hope to seeing her child once more.

But what of her husband, whose dark, inscrutable gaze with its glint of sardonic humor had more than once baffled her anxious questionings? She had prayed for him long and fervently that he might be "converted"—as the orthodox phrase ran—and "submit his will to God." Once again she prayed, agonized tears rolling down her smooth cheeks. The little dead baby, like a frozen flower, lay in her tiny coffin. Surely, surely, God would hear: Henry's heart must be touched by so piteous a sight!

Softly she arose from her knees and went in search

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of her husband. She found him, as she had half expected, in the library, apparently absorbed in the book he was reading. His face was pale and composed. She stood before him trembling. An impassioned appeal—couched, we may well believe, in words inspired by the beloved Doddridge—burst from her lips. She entreated him with passion to come to God, “before it was too late.” How could she endure the parting, she cried, if he should die “unrepentant and unsaved”?

Years afterward, when age and grief had broken the reserve of more than half a century, she spoke to a friend of this bitterly remembered hour.

“Then I noticed the book he was reading. It was one of the Waverley novels. ‘Pauline,’ he said—but I’m sure he meant it kindly—‘you must take your medicine in your way, and I must take mine in mine.’ ”

“The medicine,” which so shocked and disturbed his wife, was in the nature of a sedative taken in desperation to allay a grief well-nigh intolerable.

Mrs. Durant writes, with a sort of piteous precision:

I gave myself to the Lord, on August 23, 1847, and have ever tried to consecrate to Him all that he has given me since. This dedication of myself was a distinct act, and when God gave me the love of Henry F. Durant’s soul, I gave that to him also.

With even the little insight we may have gained by our study of Mr. Durant’s complex nature, we know that he was not unaware of the struggle going on in his

young wife's breast. Accustomed as he was to reading the dark secrets of men's hearts, he needed no words to explain to him the real spiritual significance of the religion exemplified in his own home. Mr. Durant respected his Pauline's ardent faith. He admired the Bible for its literary greatness and sound statesmanship; he deeply appreciated its poetry and romance. He even attended church (for her sake) with praiseworthy regularity, and endured much mediocre preaching. His open-handed generosity to religious causes and philanthropic enterprises was well known and unflinching. But the woman God had given him—as she believed herself to be, in all sincerity and simplicity—was not satisfied. She was to him, literally, “the flame on the altar, the fire on the hearth, the angel in the house.” He had pointedly said so; and she believed it. No man, she was sure, ever loved his home better than the man who had been homeless for a decade, while “waiting for her.” But he seemed so satisfied with earth, she mused anxiously, so closed against argument and appeal—even when these were gleaned from the most convincing sermons.

With the persistent earnestness and dogged sincerity which characterized this descendant of the Protestant de Cazenoves, she continued her supplications for him, often rising from her knees to plead with him, as the apostle puts it, “in season and out of season.”

The infant Pauline had come and gone. The ordered routine of life in the Durant home was once

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more resumed, but with a difference keenly felt by both husband and wife, though seldom referred to by either. Little Harry was growing in beauty and intelligence, and the heart of his father seemed bound up in his future. At sight of the two together, the child's yellow curls close to the powerful dark head of his father, as they studied together the mysteries of the "upside down and inside-out flower"—as Mr. Durant whimsically called the cyclamen,—the mother sighed, even as she smiled. She had given her all to God; but he. . . . She trembled before the dangers which threatened his divided life. Nearest to his heart, a part of his very life, loving him as did no other, with the fine prescience of consecrated womanhood she saw what seemed to her a fatal weakness of will and purpose, which would leave him defenseless against the sterner tests of life. "I can bear all things through Christ who strengthens me," she would murmur in the secret places of her soul. "But what if little Harry should follow Pauline?" She never ventured to put the crucial question to little Harry's father; but like Mary of old kept all these things in her heart.

Yes; all the time we think he understood his Pauline, though he could not bring himself to speak to her of the tumult going on beneath his seeming indifference.

The birth, brief existence, and death of little Pauline Cazenove have seldom been referred to in accounts of Mr. Durant's later life; but in a letter written to one who knew him well in later life, he clearly refers to

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this period and with an unsparing frankness at which we wonder :

. . . I was in the bonds of iniquity and the gall of bitterness in those days. I knew my wife was praying for me, and this roused in me an unreasoning anger. My conscience tortured me. The Spirit strove mightily with me. I believe I was of all men most miserable, though to outward appearances I was happy, prosperous and successful. . . . Verily, the heart knoweth its own bitterness. I was bitter, clear through. The practice of the law, into which I threw myself with all the strength of my nature, afforded an outlet for that bitterness. I became merciless to my adversaries, fierce, cruel—yes; cunning. Unscrupulous, in the commonly accepted meaning of the word, I was not. I prided myself on my love of truth. Like Pilate I was ever scornfully asking “What is truth?” Not a pleasant sort of man to know, to live with, or to meet as an antagonist. My confrères of the bar hated me, feared me; they dared not despise me. I had an uncanny—or so they called it—way of exposing to public ridicule their foibles, their weaknesses and the fallacies of their reasoning, which did not gain for me friends, and which often turned lukewarm acquaintances into bitter enemies. . . . Now I have told you what manner of man I was, that you may know all that God’s grace can do for a lost soul. For I was lost—aye, verily, lost, and deep in a hell of my own making. I wish I could speak on forever, with the tongues of men and of angels, to proclaim the beauty of God’s forgiveness, the splendors of his love, the soothing of his peace—the peace that passeth understanding. What he did for me he is always long-

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ing, striving to do for sin-tortured, wretched mortals. He is faithful who has promised. . . . But for those who accept him in early life how tender a Father is he. There is no torment for the soul who early finds the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord; but only the comfort of the green pastures and still waters; the glad consciousness that underneath are the Everlasting Arms; the steady, upward climb in the path of the just, which shineth more and more to the perfect day.

X

IN view of Mr. Durant's unsparing estimate of himself, we read with interest a significant comment by one of the lawyers of the Suffolk bar, still living in Boston:

Replying to your inquiries regarding Mr. Henry F. Durant's personality, when I entered the Boston Bar in 1862 he was in active practice of the law. My intercourse with him was exclusively professional, and in adverse matters entirely. I had no opportunity, or desire, for personal acquaintance. . . .

We do not regret this frank avowal of an opinion which has survived the half-century. It is, undoubtedly, a true echo of the universal verdict of the lawyers who were on the adverse side of the question at the Boston bar. Yet we know that Mr. Durant was deeply loved by those who knew him best, even in those days when he describes himself as being "bitter, clear through." Eben Norton Horsford, the eminent chemist, for many years a professor at Harvard University, found himself strongly attracted by Mr. Durant's many-sided personality. He has left us a delightful account of a day in June, passed at the home of his

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friend in Wellesley. On that halcyon occasion, at least, the clouding bitterness had vanished quite away, and the great lawyer's deeper nature, too often obscured, shone forth in its beauty. Professor Horsford writes:

We wandered on, over the hill and future site of Norumbega, till we came to the spot where now stands the monument to the munificence of Valeria Stone. There in the shadow of the evergreens we lay down on the carpet of pine foliage and talked,—I remember it well,—talked long of the problems of life, of things worth living for; of the hidden ways of Providence, as well as of the subtle ways of men; of the few who rule and are not always recognized; of the many who are led, and are not always conscious of it; of the survival of the fittest in the battle of life, and of the constant presence of the Infinite Pity; of the difficulties, the resolution, the struggle, the conquest that make up the history of every worthy achievement. I arose with the feeling that I had been taken into the confidence of one of the most gifted of all the men it had been my privilege to know. We had not talked of friendship; we had been unconsciously sowing its seed. He lived to illustrate its strength and its steadfastness to me. I have lived to appreciate and reverence the grandeur of the work he accomplished here.

The intimacy, thus auspiciously begun between the two men, only deepened with the years. Those of us who were students at Wellesley in its early beginnings well remember the wise chemist's genial presence. He was the gentlest of old-school gentlemen—or so it

seemed to us, as we watched the friends, their silver heads in close conference, as they planned some new improvement, some needed development, or some delightful surprise. Professor Horsford's gifts to the college, great and small, have perhaps never been entirely recorded. Because he loved its founder, he came to love Wellesley, and remained to the day of his death one of our truest and most generous friends. He seldom visited the college empty-handed: we were always the richer by some choice volume, some coveted photograph, or some novel appliance for our chemical laboratory. His later gifts included a liberal endowment for the library: the electric lighting which replaced the original gas-fixtures, and the luxurious refurnishing of the "Horsford Parlor," dedicated to faculty uses. We are tempted to quote here, though somewhat out of sequence, these notes from "The Wellesley Courant," dated October 5, 1888:

None of us who have experienced the inconvenience of the flickering, unsteady light which we have hitherto had in our library can fail to appreciate the beneficence of our kind friend, Professor Horsford, in giving us the electric lights with which we are now blessed. . . . During the past week the Faculty have taken delight in entering into possession of their parlor. To the teachers from the outside halls and colleges, who have been accustomed to hanging their wet waterproofs over one another's best bonnets in a crowded wardrobe, the new cloak-room, with its lights, lounges, mirrors and abundant space, is a luxury

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in itself. The academic hats and sacques wear a self-conscious look, seemingly surprised and embarrassed at their aristocratic isolation, each on a separate hook. And those roving botanical overshoes, which have so often slipped on to classic or literary feet and carried the wearer directly away from desk and lexicon into the open fields, are now safely ensconced in their individual pigeon-holes. But despite the attractions of the cloak-room, it is the parlor that the Faculty most frequent. Here at any hour of the day stray teachers may be found, half hidden away with their books in the cushioned and curtained window-seats, chatting in a group behind the folding screen, fitting bright little keys to their personal drawers in the cabinet, reclining on the reposeful sofa, writing at the generous table, or leaning back in the deep chairs and drinking in with dreamy eyes the refreshment of the surrounding beauty. Yet the week is but a happy promise of the enjoyment to come from Professor Horsford's gift.

But on that far June day all this and much else, still to be recorded, were among the things to be. The proud dream mansion, meant for little Harry, still crowned the site of Stone Hall; while little Harry himself, pride and joy of the Durant household, frolicked gayly in the bright sunshine. The ways of Providence, so gravely discussed by the two friends, were as yet hidden in the impenetrable mists of the future.

Little Harry Durant was no plaster saint, but just the sort of real boy we all know and love. Had he lived to inherit the mansion, which was never to be

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built, and to spend the money his father was so industriously gathering for him, the world might be a poorer place to-day. So does the "Infinite Pity" work with and for us. There is left to us a small—piteously small—sheaf of memories of little Harry, and, because of that which followed, these are of moment to us and to the world. Let us consider them together, as with musing smiles one turns the leaves of an old album filled with pictures of a half-forgotten past.

The first memory, as related by an old lady no longer living, shows us Harry in church.

"My pew in the Wellesley Congregational Church was directly behind the Durants'," she said, smoothing down her black-silk apron, with tremulous blue-veined hands, "and I remember how regular Mrs. Durant was in coming. Mr. Durant came, too, quite often. He used to sit at the end of the pew and look steadily at the preacher, though sometimes he glanced down at their little boy. Mrs. Durant generally came in, leading Harry by the hand, and on the Sunday I am going to tell you about, she made him go into the pew first. Harry was a real pretty little boy, with red cheeks and curly hair, brushed smooth of a Sunday. I remember his yellow head, just above the top of the pew. I used to like to look at him. He was a loving little fellow, and would smile at me when I handed him a head of carroway seed or a pep'mint out of my bag, when the sermon was kind of long. It was just after the first Scripture reading, and I guess Harry must have

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been full of his rinktums that day; anyhow, he picked up his hat and put it on sideways. His ma didn't see what he was up to at first. When she did, she took off the hat, nice and gentle, and put it down on the other side of her. I couldn't help enjoying it, though I s'pose I oughtn't to have noticed. Pretty soon we all stood up to sing the second hymn, and Harry, quick as a wink, scrambled over the cushion behind his ma, grabbed his hat and put it on again, holding it down hard with both hands. Two little girls in the next pew giggled right out loud, and his ma, suspicioning the reason, looked down and saw what Harry was doing. He hung on to the hat till the choir started up an anthem, and Mrs. Durant didn't appear to notice. Then he let go, and his ma got the hat, and put it down on the other side of her.

"I disremember," she went on, "whether his pa was there or not that Sunday. He wasn't converted then. Anyway, he always seemed to me kind of tickled when Harry got to cutting up in church. Mind you, he never made a mite of noise—Harry, I mean; but you could see the mischief just a-bilin' up in him; and me watchin', from behind. Well, the minister started in on the long prayer, and Mrs. Durant leaned over and put her head down on the edge of the pew in front. So did I; but I couldn't help peeking, when the minister got to telling the Lord about the heathen in foreign lands. Harry had reached behind his ma and got the hat, and put it on again. My! but his cheeks was

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pink, the little rascal! and his hair had got all rumped up and stuck out in little curls on both sides. Thinks I, what 'll she do now? Well, she just smiled at him, and didn't say a word, when the prayer was over and we all straightened up. Bimeby Harry got kind of sleepy; and that give her a chance to get the hat. I guess she must have set on it, then. Anyway, he didn't get it till it was time to go home. 'My sakes!' says my daughter, 'if that boy of Durants' ain't full of grit and gumption!' But his ma certainly was a match for him!"

The second memory was told to us, more than once, by Mrs. Durant herself. We think she especially loved the little story because it shows how Harry had profited by her constant teaching of the Bible. One of Harry's Wellesley friends was Willie Baker, the son of the Congregational minister. The Bakers lived near, and the two children often played together. Willie owned a sheep, fat and full-fleeced, which both children were accustomed to tease and pet. As summer came on the Rev. Mr. Baker decided that the sheep must be relieved of its superabundant coat. Willie agreed to this, on the understanding that he should wear stockings knit from his own wool the coming winter. When the time for the shearing came, Willie and Harry stood watching with fixed attention: the big, sharp shears, the hired man, with his sleeves rolled up, and the sheep, the center of interest. Suddenly—as Mrs. Baker told me afterward—Harry turned and

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started for home, running as fast as he could and paying no attention to Willie's loud protests.

"I was busy with my household accounts," said Mrs. Durant, "when the door burst open and Harry rushed in, his eyes blazing with excitement. 'Mother!' he cried, 'is n't the Bible true?' 'Certainly, it is true, my child,' I assured him.

"Yes; but—but it says in the Bible that a sheep before her shearers is dumb. And Willie Baker's sheep bleated right out!" "

How Mrs. Durant succeeded in reconciling the discrepancy between Isaiah's ancient prophecy and the modern misconduct of Willie Baker's sheep, we do not know. But we may be sure she was equal to the occasion.

The third memory shows Harry, his faith in his mother still unshaken. A familiar friend of the Durant family remembered the apparently insignificant incident through all the years. It was to be her last glimpse of the little boy, and perhaps because of this she never forgot what happened on that June day in 1863. She writes:

I was spending the week-end at the Durants' Wellesley home, only a few days before Harry was taken ill. He came running in from play, his face flushed with indignation, and snuggled up close to his mother. "Willie Baker said, 'I'll tell you something, Harry, if you won't tell anybody,'" he explained. "Well, dear, what did you say to Willie?" inquired his mother, with her gentle smile.

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Harry threw his arms impetuously around her neck. "I said, 'I'll have to tell my mamma. I always tell my mamma *everything*!'"

The golden days of June, 1863, were passing happily for the little family in the brown farm-house, with sunshine and roses and strawberries reddening under their broad leaves. Little Harry played out of doors, bird song and breezes and the blue waters of Waban furnishing joyous entertainment. Now and then he would dash into the house to show his mother the marvels of some wind-blown nest, or the gem-like beauty of pebbles, gathered all wet and shining, on the lake shore. But one day he was "tired," he said, "too tired to play."

Even now, we cannot but feel a throb of anguished pity because they could not know then what medical science has since discovered. The word diphtheria no longer sounds the knell of doom in our homes. The rare blue placard of the health department spells various inconveniences, to be sure. But we no longer speak of the disease as "The Dread Destroyer," slaying annually its thousands and tens of thousands, as certainly and far more cruelly than the fabled monsters of old. The local physician was tardy in his diagnosis; but when the terrible nature of the child's sickness could no longer be denied, the Mount Vernon Street house was hastily reopened, and the little sufferer removed to Boston. In that day, as for many years thereafter,

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the best medical treatment for diphtheria was drastic and painful, as the writer has reason to remember.

As we look, with eyes averted, upon the agonizing struggle going on in that upper chamber, it is with a feeling of wonder akin to awe that we see the father, his proud head bowed, yielding the inner citadel of his will to the God who was henceforth to rule his life. His was no ignoble bargain with the Almighty. He did not say to God: "Give me my son's life, and I will serve you with what is left of mine." Very quietly he spoke to his wife, as the two watched the beloved little form during a brief period of exhausted slumber. "I have made up my mind," he said, "that whether our boy lives or dies, I will henceforth live for God!"

On the evening of July 3d, while noisy demonstrations for the Fourth were going on outside, the cherished little life passed. The writer has seen the yellowed newspaper clipping, quite obviously the work of the undertaker, which informed the world of the tragedy, which was to prove no less than a transfiguration:

In this city, July 3, Henry Fowle Durant, Jr., eight years, four months and one day, only child of Henry F. Durant, Esq. The funeral services will take place at No. 27 Mount Vernon Street, on Monday, July 5th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

The desolate summer days which marked the beginning of a new and untrodden path for little Harry's

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father found him spending long hours alone in his library. One of the fruits of this sorrowful solitude we still have, in the prayer written soon afterward and repeated by the bereaved parents for many years thereafter. In it breathes all the sorrow, patiently borne, all the hope, as yet faintly shining behind dark clouds of anguish, all the deep consecration of their united hearts and lives. It is upon such foundations, invisible to human eyes but eternal in the heavens, that Wellesley College rests to-day.

O Eternal and Holy Jesus, because we humbly believe that out of thy great and tender mercy toward us thy servants, thou has not been willing to spare to us the life of our beloved boy, but hast taken him as a little lamb gently up in thine arms to bear him to sweet and sacred pastures in thine own Immanuel's land, we do beseech thee to make this great sorrow to be to us a means of salvation, a fountain of immortal hopes and consolations. Grant to us, in our humility, the abiding faith that this our son is not dead, but is alive again; that he hath not been taken away from us, but has gone his way before us to the Celestial City, where we, too, may soon enter in to be led by him to thy feet—if we through our own sincere repentance and by thy saving grace at last win pardon and remission of our sins. We beseech thee, also, O Lord, that it may not be counted as a sin in us if we, in all humility and lowliness of heart, do now in our affliction cherish the faith that this, our dearly beloved son, has fulfilled the mission given to him by his Father in Heaven, by teaching to us, his earthly parents, through

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his death, the worthlessness and vanity of all that this world can give or take away; and, that mission ended, he, innocent and pure, has gone before us to lead us in the way of salvation. We pray thee also, O Lord, that through thy holy blessing we may, each day that we live, cherish always the sweet and precious memory of this our beloved and only son. And grant of thy most merciful kindness that our love for him and his love for us, so true and so tender that it never knew any change or shadow of turning, may become a holy and blessed means of leading us from sin, and all the temptations and sorrows and vanities of this evil world, to the only life which is eternal and that fadeth not away.

O Christ, teach us to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" And, oh, Lord Jesus, because thou hast also said, out of the great tenderness of thy divine love, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," we do, therefore, beseech thee that through thy abiding mercy we may receive the kingdom of heaven as little children, and may one day stand at thy feet with this our departed child, all our sins forgiven through our sincere repentance, and by the mystery of thy redeeming blood and pardoning grace; there with him, and with our little daughter, who went before, worship the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, forever and forever.

A distinguished alumna writes:

As we look down the receding vista of Wellesley's earlier years, we see,—not some Colonial divine, be-

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queathing his pounds and his books for the founding of a college; not some ambitious statesman, securing a king's decree for the charter of a great institution; not the man of wealth, leaving his fortune and his name to build a splendid monument,—not these, but a little child, noble-browed, gentle and tender, the passing of whose sweet, young life opened the way for the coming of Christ into a father's heart, and the writing of Christ's name upon the cornerstone of a Wellesley. . . . It is to us a cherished and meaningful tradition that we thus received our charter from the hands of a little child.”¹

¹ From the Historical Address by Mrs. Louise McCoy North, M. A.; delivered at Wellesley College on Alumnae Day, 1900.

X

THE amazing sequence of this sorrowful event remains to be told. To this day there are those who are unable, or unwilling, to understand what happened to Boston's leading lawyer. As we quote from a letter of recent date, written in response to a request for information, we find ourselves astonished by its skepticism:

Upon the death of his son Mr. Durant absolutely gave up the profession of the law and its practice, and apparently all intercourse with members of the bar. He was said to have been "converted"; and later I heard that he had become a preacher. I never saw him again.

Another contemporary particularizes in terms even more caustic:

Between Mr. Durant's general life and that which connected him with Wellesley a great gulf was fixed. He himself held that he was "converted." His early period was spent as a sharp, unscrupulous lawyer in Boston, a man of masterful powers, but not deeply respected. I grew up in Boston hearing him ranked with Ben Butler. . . . The striking and sudden contrast [between the two periods referred to] caused many to count his later life insincere.

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As may be inferred, it became the habit of certain of his former associates at the Boston bar to allude sneeringly to "Durant's sudden conversion." And in this very circumstance we find one of the sought-for explanations of the complete severance of the new life from the old. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," was the stern counsel of the Master. Mr. Durant, as we already know, was a man of direct and powerful methods. Having surrendered his will to God, he resolved, like the converted Saul, henceforth to know no man after the flesh. One finds it impossible to study the story of his life, both before and after the great change, without being again and again reminded of the singular likeness of his experience to that of the Apostle to the Gentiles. Doubtless there were those in Damascus and Jerusalem who scoffed at the conversion of the subtle Sanhedrist who had so coldly presided over the martyrdom of Stephen, and whose persecution of the early Christian Church was marked by blood and suffering. That this merciless Pharisee, of all others, had "seen a great light," that he had been changed in heart and purpose and humbly baptized in the faith of the crucified Carpenter of Galilee, and that he was proclaiming the fact far and wide—all this must have sounded incredible to the polished skeptics, familiar with the career of Saul of Tarsus.

The writer of this biography has been the recipient of various well-intentioned bits of advice from persons

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interested in Wellesley, as an institution of learning. One writes:

May I suggest that it is unwise to try to investigate Mr. Durant's record? . . . You will do well, I think, to let your story begin with that period when he and his wife undertook the creation of Wellesley."

Others more guardedly counsel a general glossing over of various pre-Wellesley events, a careful smoothing down of disturbing angles of vision. "I think," adds our friend of previous citation, "that Mr. Durant would deprecate your attempting more than this."

Would he? Remembering his passionate love for "the great white truth," his biographer emphatically answers no! When we examine his story calmly, and as he would have us, judicially, we find that we must tell it as we know it—and this for the noblest of all reasons: he wants us to know—we use the present tense with all confidence—what God did for him, to the end that we may know what God will do for us. No truer witness to the transforming power of the Christian faith exists on earth than the life of Henry Fowle Durant, with its sharp contrasts and widely severed ambitions. His singular humility—amounting almost to an obsession, as some of us thought—his aversion to any personal praise, any public notice of himself in connection with the labors which crowned his days, can be traced to his solemn conviction that he was "the

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chief of sinners," rescued to a life of right-doing by the grace of God.

It is a fact full of significance that we find this, the third endorsement, appended to Mrs. Durant's covenant of consecration: "Renewal in sincerity, July 4th, 1863. . . ." Outside in the garish sunshine the neighbors' children were joyously celebrating the glorious Fourth; within, her one little lad lay white and cold, all her hopes and prayers for him apparently futile. Yet in that dark hour—perhaps the darkest of her life—the mother of little Harry reads again the solemn dedication of herself and all that she has to God, and again signs it, "in sincerity." God had indeed answered her prayers for her husband, but at what cost! We are later told that Mrs. Durant's favorite verse of Scripture was: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." Perhaps, cloistered darkly with grief, she remembered that the obedient child of God must needs follow on, even to Calvary.

In that day, if not in our own, New England inclined to a certain academic—if one may thus use the term—religion. Its votaries professed an æsthetic enjoyment of carefully selected portions of the Bible. Charitable impulses were sometimes gratified; a fluctuating hope of immortality was discussed from time to time, in various pulpits. People went to church,

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with intermittent regularity, such attendance being dignified by the term "Divine Service." A religion of this sort needed no explanation, either then or now. It called for no devastating changes in life or character. Mr. Durant was thoroughly familiar with the so-called piety of his contemporaries, and its dubious fruits. Neither had ever appealed to him. But from the moment of his surrender, he became, literally, a new man in Christ Jesus. Nothing less than this could be expected of him. Converted? Yes; transformed, made over, as only the spirit of God can transform and make over. Such an experience as that of Mr. Durant's is always unintelligible to the world. Little wonder, then, that his late associates and erstwhile antagonists laughed the rumors of his changed life to scorn. "Is Saul, also, among the Prophets?" is a frequent question upon the lips of the pagan multitude.

Within two weeks after his son's death we find him severing all ties which bound him to the Boston bar. His extensive law library was sold for a song, and the places that once had known him knew him no more. Asked for an explanation, Mr. Durant is said to have stated dryly: "I have found the law and the gospel diametrically opposed."

In vain certain of his friends, who saw in him Rufus Choate's legitimate successor, represented the propriety—nay, more, the necessity—of his continuance in the legal profession. Met by his steady refusal, they further urged upon his attention the signal advantage to

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the cause of Christianity in having a Christian lawyer in the court-room. They subtly suggested a field of labor, unique in its character, which might well engage the powers of a man like himself. Perhaps he knew that self too well to dally with the temptation—for it must have been a temptation. A weaker man than Henry F. Durant might have temporized at this point. A man less in earnest would in all probability never have considered the abandonment of a career, at that time in the full zenith of its success. That he, with full knowledge of what he had already gained and what he might achieve in the near future, deliberately turned his back upon it all should be a sufficient answer to his detractors. That it appears not so to be, forces us to the conclusion that such persons have not taken the trouble to understand, either the premises or the conclusion.

God has said that as far as the East is from the West, so far will He remove our transgressions from us; and, further, that He will remember our sins no more. Not what we have been in an unilluminated past matters to the Infinite Affection; but what we are, in the intents and purposes of the inner life. But mere human beings, in their arrogance and pride, are prone to set themselves above the Almighty in judgment. "Here," they say, "is a man who once did thus and so. He claims to have been converted—whatever that may mean. After this occurrence it is true that he preached sermons, built a great college, became a

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changed man. But we prefer to doubt his sincerity."

The author must insist upon making her contention clear to the most casual reader, in view of the fact that falsehoods of the most damaging nature have been told about this great man. Sins which he never committed have been laid to his charge. Even now, more than forty years after his death, we find those who stand ready to heap stones of contumely upon his grave. Let him answer for himself, in the words of the man whom Jesus healed of blindness, and who was harried by scribes and Pharisees, eager to convict the Christ: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

The next step in the changed life to which Mr. Durant had thus unreservedly committed himself appears to have been a practical one. We learn that almost at once he set himself to the task of examining his library. There were books there which he conceived to be injurious to the honor of his Lord. He had been an ardent student of the drama, both classical and modern, from his student days. Now as he gazed at the books representing the depraved drama of the Restoration he felt only loathing. Piles of richly bound volumes found their way to the cellar of his Mount Vernon Street house, where with his own hands he destroyed them in the furnace. Narrow-minded, do you say? fanatical? Consider yet again before you launch your criticism. Neither you nor I may sit in judgment upon a life and character like Henry Du-

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rant's. To belong to Christ, to obey Him, in word, thought, and deed had now become the sole purpose of his life. Like *Christian*, escaping from the City of Destruction, his fingers in his ears, crying "Life—life, eternal life!" so fled he from the brilliant world he had known and loved.

Professor George Palmer, of Harvard University, commenting on Mr. Durant's Christian character, as compared with that of his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer, puts it thus :

The ardor of his piety she [Mrs. Palmer] always honored, unlike as were their conceptions of what constituted religion. His, perhaps, might be summed up in some such phrase as "What is there precious in life, O Lord, that I may sacrifice it to thee?" And hers, "All things are yours, if ye love the Lord."

But we should remember, in thus comparing the two lives so important to Wellesley, that Alice Freeman Palmer had always known Christ, as one born into the household of faith; thus her experience had little in common with Mr. Durant's soul-arresting vision, vouchsafed him in mid-career. All that was most precious in life he had already yielded to God with his son; now, with unreckoning generosity, he broke the alabaster flask of his life at the Master's feet. "All—all for Christ!" was a phrase often upon his lips.

We have no existing evidence of the fact, but there must have come a time in the life of this new disciple

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when old habits strove to reassert themselves. He had swept aside the old, but he had not yet found the new. The swift current of his energies demanded outlet—if not in the turmoil of the court-room, and the difficult, absorbing labors of legal practice, then in something else, equally difficult and absorbing. For a time he turned to his wide and varied business interests, already in successful operation. Not, we conclude from the sequel, that he wanted more money; but work he must have; it seemed, indeed, one of the paramount necessities of his nature. His interest in the Goodyear patents focused his attention for a time on the manufacture of vulcanized rubber and its expanding uses. Iron- and gold-mines were included in the widening circle of his affairs. An iron-mine, in which he had invested largely, was at one time flooded. The company brought suit against the offenders and recovered a million dollars. From iron to steel was a short step, and we find him actively superintending the manufacture of steel in the Montauk Iron and Steel Company, with works in Motthaven, near New York city. The New York Steam Engine Company, its plant situated at Twenty-third Street and East River, New York, also engaged his energies.

And what of life in the brown farm-house at Wellesley? The bereaved mother almost at once strove to fill her empty hands with the various philanthropic occupations which had always interested her. She

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visited schools, asylums, and prisons, worked willingly on many committees and charitable boards, where her sound common sense and lavish generosity found ample opportunity. There was a closed room in the sunny old homestead now, where stood Harry's bed, with its undented pillow, and his toys, just as he left them, on the June day when he was "too tired to play any more."

Mr. Charles Smith, a cousin of Mr. Durant's, in speaking of this piteous little sanctuary, writes :

The door was locked, and it was not entered by anybody but Mr. and Mrs. Durant and Ellen Flagg (Harry's nurse and devoted care-taker). Once or twice a year Mrs. Durant would hand the key to Ellen Flagg, saying nothing. But Miss Flagg knew that Mrs. Durant wished to have the room cared for. After the Durants left the house, and it was occupied by other people, this room was still kept locked, until the spring of 1882, when I moved into the house with my family. Then Mrs. Durant removed a few of the articles ; and one day, taking by the hand my little girl Pauline, her name-sake, she led her into the room and gave her the room and its contents, which included a little doll-house and many other playthings, among them a toy elephant.

We follow with quickened interest this later little Pauline, gazing timidly at the toys which had belonged to the "Little Boy Blue," who had kissed them and

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left them there, so long ago. We hope she was a very mundane and practical little Pauline, and quite taken up with the present uses of the doll-house and the toy elephant.

XI

IN the autumn of 1864 the Durants moved to New York for the winter months. They took with them Ellen Flagg, from whom Mrs. Durant refused to be separated, and the faithful colored butler, Joseph Gover, whose position in the household seemed equally secure. The family occupied a furnished house that winter, Number 20, East Twenty-second Street, a location chosen for its nearness to the New York Engine Company's plant on East River. The Civil War, now drawing to its close, found Mr. Durant engaged in the manufacture of marine engines and locomotives for government use. Mrs. Durant, a born Virginian, with all the traditions of the aristocratic South behind her, could hardly help being a strong Confederate sympathizer. She was frequently heard to say that Jefferson Davis was her President. But neither she nor her husband were advocates of slavery.

Mr. Durant, indeed, abhorred with all the strength of his never lukewarm convictions the idea of buying and selling human beings. He would have emancipated the slaves and abolished slavery through civil and governmental processes, which he deemed both possible and practicable, rather than through a terrible and costly war. War, he contended, was never neces-

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sary between civilized peoples; it should be done away with, as the duel to the death between individuals had been done away with. Despite his advanced ideas, however, he did all in his power to help on the cause of righteousness as he saw it. It is a matter of local church history that he offered Mrs. Baker, wife of the pastor of the Wellesley Church, all the woolen yarn the women of the parish could use for the soldiers. In one winter—so run the annals—they knit enough socks and mittens (with the trigger finger separate) for an entire regiment.

While resident in New York the Durants attended the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Howard Crosby was then pastor. Mrs. Durant had always been a regular attendant at the mid-week meeting for prayer. Now, to her great joy, she was as regularly accompanied by her husband. For several weeks he sat quietly in his place at these meetings, listening to the somewhat dull and stereotyped prayers and homilies of the good people of the church. But on one occasion something was said that touched the vivid imagination of the silent spectator, and he arose and spoke in a way which electrified both pastor and people. "The silver-tongued orator of the Boston bar," as he had been called, that night sounded a clear note for his new Master. Speaking of this occurrence in later life, Mr. Durant said: "The hardest thing I ever did in my life was to speak in prayer-meeting for the first time."

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It must have been about this time that a mission Sunday-school was established at Tompkins Square. Dr. Crosby, after an earnest sermon on Christian service, appealed to his congregation for volunteers to teach the children, who were flocking into the school from the congested streets thereabouts. Mr. Charles Smith, a guest of the Durants at the time, tells us that Mr. Durant, his face glowing with enthusiasm, turned to his wife at the close of the service: "I'll go and offer our help," he said. "We can do something." Dr. Crosby afterward confessed to a flitting sense of doubt as to the propriety of inculcating Boston's—at that time—well-known heretical doctrines in a New York Sunday-school. He nevertheless accepted the offer, no doubt promising himself to keep a wary eye on his New England recruits. A sincere friendship between the two men, of the sort which grows stronger with time, was the result of the clergyman's subsequent findings.

During the two years immediately following his son's death, Mr. Durant, to all outward appearance, was deeply intrigued with the world's great game. A man of wealth, as the world reckoned him, he was continually growing richer. What the world did not know was that during this period, paradoxical as it may seem, "A convert had found a new Bible." We use his own words. The theater, once his favorite diversion, knew him no more. Cards and fast horses had never interested him. Neither he nor his wife were

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then or later what is known as "Society people." Time spent in fashionable functions he counted as a dead loss. What, then, was this successful man of affairs, this new Captain of Industry, doing in his scant hours of leisure? Could the curious eyes of his business associates have penetrated to the sanctum sanctorum of the modest dwelling on East Twenty-second Street, they would have found its solitary occupant, surrounded with commentaries and translations, deep in the study of the Bible. Mr. Durant studied the Bible with exactly the same thoroughness and attention to detail which he had heretofore bestowed upon his law-books. Whatever was worth doing was, in his opinion, worth doing well; and here was the most worth-while occupation of all—or so he may have thought, at first. Afterward we know that he regarded Bible study as important but not paramount. Service was the chief thing.

Already dim thoughts of the future began to mingle with and master his poignant regrets for the past. Little by little he learned to regard each new day as a radiant gift from God—not merely to be endured, but to be used for Him. A mysterious light began to shine athwart his path, narrow and difficult as the path appeared to be. But was he to go on piling up money, using his limited opportunities to speak for his Master, or was there something better, something nobler for him to do? On the wall of the perished chapel at Wellesley our young eyes beheld these words, em-

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blazoned in dim gold and red and blue: "Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." As we study the later years of Mr. Durant's life, we cannot help believing that these words, taken from the ancient prophecy of Isaiah, became the keynote of his religious experience. And his religious experience was henceforth his life.

He had not long to wait for his next commission. While still debating his future, he renewed a brief acquaintance with the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, pastor of the Essex Street Church in Boston. If we were writing with the quaint pen of the Biblical chronicler we should doubtless put what happened into words something like these: "And the Spirit of the Lord said to Nehemiah, the man of God, go now and speak to my servant, whom thou knowest, and say to him: The Lord hath need of thee. Speak for me in the great congregation, and be not afraid; for I the Lord will lead thee and teach thee in the way in which thou shalt go." Whether or not we choose to recognize God's direct answer to the prayer of faith we cannot deny the sequence between Mr. Durant's question and what followed. Mr. Adams came to him and said, "Will you deliver the address before a union religious meeting, to be held next month in the Park Street Church?"

We have no account of this "first speech for God," as he afterward called it; but the inner conviction which

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grew and strengthened within him as he spoke to that audience swept away any lingering doubt as to his immediate duty. "This is the way, walk ye in it," came to him out of the silence which followed his closing prayer.

In the day of which we write, a man not formally educated and ordained to the ministry by some one of the multitudinous denominations was looked upon askance. Be his message never so vital, he was not, in the opinion of the clergy, fit to "occupy a pulpit." A layman might, with propriety, take part in a prayer-meeting; he might teach in the Sunday-school; he might labor among the outcasts, gathered in missions. If such a one was looking for a field of labor he could—in the words of a popular hymn—"find it anywhere." But to invade the select ranks of "the sacred calling" was considered a dubious course, not to be lightly countenanced. When it became evident to the less prejudiced of his new-found clerical friends that a man of powerful presence and the burning tongue of conviction was waiting for work, there was much pious humming and hawing. "What? Durant *preach?*" They talked it over among themselves. To preach the gospel successfully, they contended, a man should be thoroughly grounded in Greek and Hebrew; but more especially in theology. "Taught of God?" Hum—ah! God worked through ways and means approved by themselves, they told him; and they could not conscientiously sanction his aspirations. They pointed

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out the narrow way, via that "spiritual ice-box" known as the theological seminary. And so the matter rested, *sine die*, as they supposed.

About this time a widely-advertised "Christian Convention" was held in the city of Lynn. Mr. Durant went to this convention, and, with his accustomed energy when in pursuit of what he wanted, attended every session. Among the ministers present was the Rev. Dr. E. P. Tenney. He spoke to the assembled delegates on the subject of the millennium, a favorite theme then, as now, with many pulpit orators. In conclusion, Dr. Tenney urged his hearers to pledge themselves to begin in Essex County, on that very day, the glorious age of peace and righteousness, by bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. When the meeting was adjourned Mr. Durant came forward to greet the speaker. Something the clergyman said in his address had stirred the erstwhile lawyer to a white heat of enthusiasm. Dr. Tenney left behind him an extraordinary description of this, his first meeting with Mr. Durant, from which we quote briefly :

The first time I ever saw Henry F. Durant, was at a Christian Convention in Lynn, soon after his conversion. I shall never forget his face, modified as the vision is by the sight of the man a hundred times in after years. He looked, on that day in Lynn, more like an angel than a man. . . . I can hardly imagine that in the spiritual body he will appear more a living spirit than I have often seen him in plain New England.

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With characteristic self-effacement Mr. Durant bequeaths us no personal record of the next nine years, which he spent working among the churches of New England. Time was hurrying him on to even greater tasks, and he seemed conscious that even then the shadows were lengthening. To certain of his ministerial friends, who appeared loath to give up the idea of the stereotyped theological course, he said, with a touch of his old cynical humor, that he must cast his lot among those who "climbed up some other way." Just where he began his work and under what conditions we do not know; but in the newspapers of the day we find evidence of his spiritual prowess. He appears to have covered most of the cities and towns of New England; and everywhere with success. We know that he brought to his difficult task of presenting the claims of Christianity an equipment seldom equaled, with the result that staid old New England was shaken as no man had yet shaken it.

XII

“**O**NCE launched upon his labors as an evangelist,” comments one of his contemporaries, “we quickly came to recognize in Mr. Durant a type of speaker not met with since the days of Finney. This new evangelist follows the gleam with all the ardor of a Finney, plus his own peculiar and poignant convictions, presented in his own peculiar and poignant way.”

Boston sat up, rubbed its eyes and listened, wondering, if not altogether comprehending. Where, we should like to ask, were his erstwhile associates of the bar, some of whom remain to censure him to this day? Quite evidently they did not attend even one of those crowded meetings, nor pay any heed to the fact that the man whom they had formerly dreaded as a dangerous antagonist in the court-room was once more among them, striving with all his old eloquence and power to lead men to Christ.

There were no iron-bound financial arrangements to be discussed beforehand with Mr. Durant; no demands for money, or compensation of any sort. He was ready and willing to go where he was wanted; but the invitation must come from the united pastors of the

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city or town asking for his services. This was the one condition he laid down and adhered to. While this course freed him from all possible criticism on the score of self-interest, it did not altogether silence the newspaper reporters; some of whom, it is true, came to the meetings prepared to scoff and remained to pray. His direct methods, which may be colloquially described as getting down to brass tacks, were frequently assailed. His pulpit style and personal appearance were on several occasions labeled as "sensational." Everybody knew that he had been a lawyer, and the fact is exploited in many of the press accounts of his work.

"Mr. Durant's legal nature," states one profoundly, "intensified by his legal training and his conversion into a legal phase of religion, colors his whole personality."

Another asserts:

Mr. Durant confounds legislation and influence. Of course he carried into his new work [of evangelism] many of the characteristics which marked him as a lawyer, and finds in them the source of both strength and weakness. Probably no man since President Finney can bring truth closer to the conscience; but he is sometimes inclined to press his measures further than is wise.

The above smacks of professional jealousy. We hazard the guess that it was written by some clergyman, clearly pricked at heart by the sermon he had just heard, but as clearly irritated by the fact that the man he was criticizing had the power so to move him.

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One of the many religious papers of the day, commenting on Mr. Durant's work, states, in a manner somewhat banal:

Feeling that there was a call upon him to preach the gospel, Henry F. Durant has recently conducted evangelistic religious services in many places with marked results. His manner of conducting these meetings is peculiar and unlike that of any other evangelist who has labored in New England. Within a few weeks he has spoken in many of our churches where there is religious interest, always to large and often to crowded audiences. His well-known ability and previous personal associations have drawn in great numbers who seldom attend such meetings. There is no doubt that he reaches a large class who would shun a service conducted by a clergyman. His earnest manner, scholarly style, and the training which his legal practice has given him add much to the effectiveness of his address. It is very gratifying to notice the cordial manner in which he is received, and to see abundant evidence that his labors are bringing forth their legitimate fruits.

The fact that the Hon. Henry Wilson, afterward Vice-President of the United States, was converted under Mr. Durant's preaching has been widely commented upon. But Mr. Durant himself never mentioned the circumstance. He felt that in the eyes of his Lord and Master, the timid young servant-maid, the uncouth old woman, the rough mill-hand were as precious as the distinguished man of the world. This

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singular humility of his, which we who knew him best could not fail to recognize, was never understood by those who so glibly constituted themselves his critics. A few—and only a few—ever penetrated to the heart of the man so deeply hidden beneath his somewhat austere, even intimidating personality.

One, gifted with keener perceptions than most, said truly of him:

Mr. Durant was an enthusiast, and like all enthusiasts he was impatient of obstacle or opposition. Whatever he saw, he saw clearly; and he was not always forbearing with those who could not—or would not—see what he did. Whoever approached him sympathetically found him as tender as a woman; whoever approached him combatively found him clad in mail, and armed with a rapier.

We quote yet again:

Mr. Durant felt with a poignancy which a colder nature can neither appreciate nor understand the exigent—nay, the cruel need of the world to know the Gospel—to him, literally, the good news embodied in Christ's message. The Life more Abundant was to him a living reality; he longed to share it with those who were dying, or already dead in trespasses and sins. Like John the Baptist, he was a voice crying in the wilderness "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!"

Dr. Tenney gives us a single illuminating glimpse of one of the meetings. He does not tell us in what town this meeting was held, but we know that it made

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little difference to Mr. Durant whether the scene of his labors was a city church or a country school-house. He was not working for fame or for money; wherever there were lives to be salvaged for God he was not only willing but eager to go:

"Is there one person in this house who can pray?" asked this minister of God, who was a flaming fire. An aged woman arose in the little country school-house. "Come forward," urged Mr. Durant. "Now sit here upon this front seat and pray, while I preach."

Few are living to-day who knew Mr. Durant during this period of his life, fewer still who were actually present at one of the meetings of which we are writing. An aged man, living in Cambridge, contributes the following memory, prefacing his little story with these words:

What I am sending you seems to me, now that I have written it, entirely inadequate, and perhaps of little value to you in writing an account of Mr. Durant's life. However, such as it is, I send it, not liking to neglect to pay a tribute to the man whose memory has always been precious to me.

It is an illuminating little story he tells us. Here is no mail-clad warrior, armed with a rapier, no wily legal antagonist, no case-hardened worldling, loaded with money-bags; but the man, tender, sincere, sympathetic, as he seemed to a little boy, long ago:

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Imagine, if you will, a boy, perhaps twelve years of age, delicate, sensitive, and but just recovered from severe illness. This boy had been taken by his father to what was then called a "revival meeting," held in one of the important suburban churches near Boston. The speaker of the evening had a refined face, with clear-cut features; he was graceful and elegant in his manner; his voice was melodious, and he was evidently a practiced and finished orator. To a lad who had come under the spell of George William Curtis, and taken him as his ideal of a public speaker no ordinary, coarse-grained evangelist would have appealed. But there was nothing to offend or repel in the method or manner of the one who conducted this service; there was, on the contrary, everything to attract and fascinate. The real power of the speaker, however, was in the spiritual impulse which so visibly moved him. The boy was much affected by the address, the singing, and by the whole atmosphere of the meeting. At its close he was in tears, and remained with those who had accepted the invitation of the speaker to do so. The speaker was Henry F. Durant and I was the boy. Mr. Durant presently came and sat down by my side, and I remember as if it were yesterday how tender and gentle was his manner. His voice was musical and sympathetic, and his words so persuasive and reassuring that I was soon quieted, comforted and filled with hope and joy. Perhaps it was partly personal magnetism; but there was a spiritual power in the man, and he was so dedicated to the work of winning souls that who shall say he was not the chosen instrument of a love and power greater than his own? The recollection of that evening is still vivid, and the

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memory of the speaker is cherished— and will ever be— with tenderness and affection.

Perhaps the thought of his dead son, who would have been about the same age had he lived, moved the father's heart to an especial tenderness for this little lad. We are glad the boy lived to tell us his story, which throws so clear a light on that vanished figure. And since this is a chapter in which the impressions of many are bound into a single sheaf, let us listen once more while yet another who knew Mr. Durant in the days of his ministry speaks:

His face in repose was a benediction; it would have made a study for an artist who desired to paint a portrait of the Apostle John. His waving white hair environed it like a nimbus. But his eyes could flash fire; he seemed at times to look into the very heart and read its secrets. This keenness of insight had made him unrivaled as a lawyer in the art of cross-examination, and an object of fear to those who did not know him well enough to love him. . . . Mr. Durant argued the Gospel, as he had argued his law-cases; treated sinners as criminals, to be tried before the tribunal of their own consciences; pressed the indictment home with the same vehemence with which he had carried conviction in the courtroom, and always succeeded in getting a verdict. . . . No audience ever went to sleep under his preaching.

As one studies this amazing passage in the life of a man who was so little understood in his own day and

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generation, and whose very memory seems in danger of being obscured by the stifling dust of platitude, we welcome every word which illuminates his character. Still commenting upon his career as an evangelist, we find this report, from one who was evidently an eye-witness of his work:

With his marvelous sensitiveness—as much alive to every touch as a sensitive plant—Mr. Durant seemed able to enter into the inmost experiences of other souls, understanding their doubts, their fears, their motives. I remember how he pleaded with one whom it is a privilege to call a friend. I recall his searching questions, and how he pressed home the inquiry as to whether my friend was not conscious of ingratitude to God, in withholding his heart from his Maker. Was not this, after all, the great motive which weighed with Mr. Durant, when he gave himself to God? He who was so punctilious in fulfilling every prompting of courtesy and kindly feeling toward others—must he not have realized keenly his own neglect of God, when the sharp blows of domestic sorrow first aroused him to a sense of the emptiness of a world without God? This peculiar power to sense things led him, when once brought face to face with God, to believe in Him as vividly as if he saw Him. He understood at once the relation which his wife's prayers and the prayers of other friends bore to his own salvation. His faith was singularly simple and child-like. He believed God, and trusted Him absolutely, without worldly reservation or theological bias.

XIII

WORKING as Mr. Durant did, keyed to the highest pitch of his physical and mental powers, it is not surprising that periods of exhaustion followed the long-continued strain of these "protracted meetings," as they were called. In a letter to his wife, replying to her urgent plea, reminding him of his threatened health and his need for rest and relaxation, he says: "I do not care for myself. I am willing to be used up, or anything else; but do pray for the meetings!"

Great as was his mission in awakening the cold, almost lifeless churches of New England to new life, a greater task was ahead of him. Like many another he approached the culminating achievement of his life almost unawares. The thought of dedicating the Wellesley estate to the memory of his son had been long stirring in his mind. During the brief periods he allowed himself for rest and recreation he spent hours in solitary rambles about the place, stopping oftenest, perhaps, for prayer and meditation on the site of the house of dreams, built for little Harry. It still stood, invisible, inviolate on the brow of the hill overlooking Waban Water. It would always be there. But might

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not its spacious roof be brought into visibility to cover some of the crying needs of the world? We do not know on what crisp day of autumn, with the wind singing in the unseen arches of Harry's house, the thought so long brooded in solitude took shape in words. Perhaps it was in the springtime, when blue violets clothe the Wellesley hills with sky, and fern fronds, unfolding in coppice and hollow, keep pace with swaying boughs all alive with budding promise. He came in, we know, glowing with a solemn purpose akin to joy, and sought his wife.

"How would you like to consecrate this place, which was to have been Harry's, to some special work for God?" was the question he asked his Pauline. She too had been busy through the years, patiently striving to appease the mother-hunger which was always with her, working indefatigably in prisons and almshouses, asylums and refuges. "Our lady of sorrows," one called her afterward. But at this question real joy lighted her blue eyes.

She had had time for the long, long thoughts of thwarted motherhood. There were children everywhere, forlorn and neglected: should they adopt two of them to fill the room in their home left vacant by little Harry and Baby Pauline? Often at night, her husband absent in some distant city, she had awakened to thoughts of her children safe folded in their Father's house, and little ghostly hands seemed to beckon, little voices to whisper of something she did not fully un-

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derstand. To use Harry's home for homeless little ones was her first glad response to her husband's question.

The Durants had moved from the brown farm-house of the closed room and its poignant memories to a house farther up the road, known as the old Webber place. It was—and still is—a delightful house, spacious and sunny, standing on a tree-shadowed knoll, with wide lawns stretching down to the lake. On this day of yearning question and deep-hearted answer only wooded hills beyond the lake margined the sky. We think the father and mother of little Harry went out together to talk it over.

By slow degrees the picture grew clearer; there should be, they first decided, a school for boys; yes, two schools, one for boys and one for girls; and near—a sort of “laboratory of loving kindness”—should be the orphanage of Mrs. Durant's imaginings, where the forsaken little ones should be gathered into a home of beauty and comfort. By what slow process these initial ideas gave place to that paramount scheme of education known as Wellesley College, we cannot say. Perhaps Mr. Durant's mind was drawn backward to a renewed contemplation of Mrs. Ripley, that gentle scholar who had given wings to his youthful ambition. There may have come the sober second thought to Mrs. Durant, engaged in almost daily labors for the hopeless and helpless women of the Dedham Asylum and the no less needy girls of Boston, in whose behalf she

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worked for years in the development of what is now known as the Boston Young Women's Christian Association.

Both husband and wife had already learned in the hard school of life to obey to the letter Huxley's pithy definition of duty: "To do the thing we ought to do, at the time we ought to do it, whether we feel like doing it or not." With their firm and tried belief in the value and necessity of prayer, they brought their plans to God in their own simple and practical way. The Wellesley estate was reverently and wholeheartedly given to God. Whatever the future development of the work there, this much was clear, it was to aid the world in a vital and growing Christianity; something apart from creeds and dogmas; a real, living oneness with Creative Life which must of necessity shape results into higher and nobler forms than at present they could see. It had become evident to both husband and wife that woman, the mother and teacher of the race, was not equal to her task.

In this day of the open door it is difficult to understand just what sort of situation faced these investigators of the late sixties, in the field devoted to the education of women. It was rather more than a field, indeed, and might better be called a battle-ground. Young women were beginning to "push in" among the boys preparing for college. And this hardihood received outspoken censure on all sides. The late

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Dr. Lyman Abbott, in an article published in "Christian Work" more than forty years ago, tells us that on a notable occasion in the seventies he was present in the home of "one of Massachusetts' most honored citizens to listen to a plea for woman's higher education, from a widely and well-known educator, identified by his life-service with the movement for woman's culture." Dr. Abbott adds:

When he had closed the presentation of his case, an equally distinguished educator proceeded to annihilate the argument for feminine culture with the following sage remark: "After your college girl has graduated, she may, possibly, spend three years in teaching. By that time she is tolerably certain to marry. And *then*, what becomes of her higher education?"

One may remark, in passing, that this question is still to the fore, coupled with the undeniable statement that college graduates do not marry with anything like the certainty of their less highly educated sisters. *Ergo*, men are not looking for highly educated wives; and if this deduction be true, we must either reform the men or abolish our colleges for women. An intellectual commentator on this state of things suggests that American men need a sounder education than they are getting to fit them for the high estate of husbands. There may be something in this.

But, as Dr. Abbott caustically reminded the world,

"The Turkish conception of woman's position cannot be regarded as wholly eliminated from American society." He goes on to say:

This conception is founded on the notion that woman was made for man, and is to be educated only that she may be a more useful servant, or a prettier plaything. It involves the notion ¹ that the end of woman's education is wifehood; and the ideal of wifehood is a skilful cook in the kitchen, or a lively ornament in the parlor. The American-Turk asks for his wife only that she may be able to serve in his kitchen, or shine in his drawing-room.

In these days of exorbitant wages, if a woman would achieve real success as a wife she must be able to do both. And she frequently does do both, often with the laundry-work of the family thrown in by way of good measure. And still the men are not satisfied. Dr. Abbott concludes thus:

That the true end of woman's education is a divine womanhood, as the true end of man's education is a divine manhood, never enters the American-Turk's head. In his catechism, to the query, What is the chief end of woman? the glib answer is always ready: The chief end of woman is to glorify her husband and serve him forever.

Well, the world has moved fast and far since these words were written; and now the American-Turk—yes,

¹ Notice that the eminent divine does not call these still prevalent theories "ideas."

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and the British-Turk and all the rest of the Turks are ruefully wondering, What next? But we must concede to the fathers of the race a prophetic vision of a sort.

About the time Dr. Abbott was expounding his opinions, we find Dean Burgen, clad in all the awful dignity of his scholastic robes, preaching a sermon in St. Mary's, Oxford, in which he proved by St. Paul and all the Scriptures that it was "contrary to the mind of the Spirit that woman should be allowed the higher learning. Mathematics," he declared, "would undermine her health, philosophy her religion, and the classics her morals." And while the Dean of Chichester was fulminating against the higher education for women, using such terms as "inexpedient" and "immodest," the solicitous guardians of female health and morals in America fell no whit behind. A Boston physician of wide experience and no doubt excellent intentions, went to the pains of writing a book on the subject, in which he enlarges tediously on the "delicacy of the female organism," proving conclusively and, it was to be hoped, finally, that girls not only did not possess the requisite brain-structure for the exhaustive study of science, mathematics, and the languages, but were actually flying in the face of their Creator in attempting such a thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Durant doubtless read this book. It was, indeed, a sort of "best-seller" in its day. And it may have added the cap-sheaf to Mr. Durant's slow-

gathering resolution. As we know, he was of an impetuous and ardent habit of mind, so we are somewhat surprised to find the Wellesley idea so long in maturing. But he was above all things preëminently practical. His plans for the world's betterment, of whatever sort, must be supported by money. His income was large, and the present needs of his family comparatively small. So, like that clever Israelite of old—who also dreamed dreams and beheld their fulfilment—he began to lay up the surplus year by year. It does not seem to have occurred to this later dreamer of dreams to try to interest outside capital in his plans. In that early day there was no talk of corporations or capital stock or boards of trust. The bereaved parents thought of the Wellesley estate, quite simply, as Harry's home, given to God for His glory. They seem to have regarded themselves as the administrators, for Harry, in plans not yet clear even to themselves. God would lead them. They were sure of it.

An aged woman, who for many years lived opposite the Wellesley acreage, has told us of a prayer-meeting held on the future site of the college. There may have been many such meetings where the two, agreed together in their plea for heaven-sent wisdom, met beneath Wellesley's storied oaks.

"God not only hears our prayers but He answers them; not occasionally, when we are very righteous, but invariably. Don't forget this!" The writer of these

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pages has heard the founder of Wellesley make this positive statement on more than one occasion. Sometimes he would add, with his rarely beautiful smile: "I am sure of this. I have proved it. Don't be afraid to believe it."

As was to be expected, the growing idea took shape to itself, apace. Less and less frequently they talked of the orphanage. There were numerous well-conducted institutions of the kind in the vicinity of Boston. They would give money to these. Education was the burning question! It did not take long for the astute lawyer of former days to make up his mind that girls were not getting a square deal in the present scheme of things. They were being kept down, pushed aside; on one pretext or another excluded from schools where the real higher learning could be had. And with this was the strange anomaly—entirely overlooked by the would-be champions of the "womanly woman," too frail and delicate for schooling much above the third grade—of woman almost the sole teacher of the growing American of both sexes. At the close of the Civil War men teachers had almost disappeared from the school-room. Women had taken their places. And for the most part these women were totally unfitted for their task. How could it be otherwise? They had not had the opportunities they were demanding. In brief, there were no opportunities.

Here was a case calculated to fire all the enthusiasm of the man who had so often championed the weaker

side. It was true that Oberlin had opened its doors to women, but only, as some one has said, "on a crack." Certain courses, nicely adapted to the weaker brain of the weaker sex, had been kindly furnished. Vassar existed, albeit in a crude and primitive form. Mount Holyoke led the procession, with courses comparable to our present high schools. Michigan University boasted—or rather deplored, strictly in private, of course—a lone woman student, who had "had the temerity to go where she was n't wanted." It is related of this bold pioneer, that when she finally completed the prescribed course and was graduated in 1870, that she was openly avoided by the men and ignored by the women at the various commencement functions, which she had the further temerity to attend. The sweet, curly, pink-and-white, womanly girl who found fractions too much for her frail brain-structure doubtless monopolized the male attention on that occasion, as on others subsequent.

Mr. Durant took his stand with those who believe that the surest way to correct a false idea is to supplant it with a true one; and that there can be no better way to start the true idea, as a living, growing power in the world, than to present it not simply as an ideal, but as an actual fact. Frances Willard used to say, "I believe in the uplift of woman, because it means the uplift of humanity." Mr. Durant believed in the uplift of woman for the same reason, and he backed up his belief with Wellesley. The opposition, harsh criti-

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cism, and doleful predictions of failure only added fuel to the flame of his enthusiasm.

The husband and wife, never more united in purpose than now,—and it is to be believed, never happier, even in the dawn of their married love,—moved swiftly, yet with the fine prudence which Mrs. Durant had exhibited from her babyhood. They visited the existing colleges for women, studied their curriculums, their modes of government and their teachers.

Then came the great day when various Boston architects were consulted, and plans for the building were actually discussed. About this time the final, decisive step was taken, when an Act to incorporate “The Wellesley Female Seminary” passed the House of Representatives and the Senate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The name “Wellesley Female Seminary” sounds like a concession to the prevailing opinion voiced by excited mothers of growing daughters in Boston and its vicinity.

“Our doctor says there will be two insane-asylums and three hospitals for every woman’s college,” declared one influential matron; and the dictum was passed swiftly from mouth to mouth, till the whole town buzzed with the words “woman’s college,” “insane-asylums,” “hospitals.” But there was soothing in the words “Wellesley Female Seminary.” “Female,” for example—did it not confirm public opinion in its conviction that schools intended for girls should keep the female mind and its peculiarities, as re-

lated to the female body, well to the fore? And there was something vaguely pacific in the musical syllables of "Seminary." Perhaps, after all, the Durant millions might not be wholly wasted. It was to be hoped they were listening docilely to "the voice of the people," and that they had not forgotten the rest of the quotation. We wonder, as we muse over the pamphlet headed with the words "Acts of the General Court," and the statements following, setting forth the purpose of the Wellesley Female Seminary, as "an institution for the education of youth in the town of Needham; with all the rights and powers, and subject to all the duties and liabilities, set forth in Chapter Sixty-eight of the General Statutes:" Was our revered founder smiling a little, as with the others he affixed his signature to the petition to the Legislature? He was a profound student of human nature, as he had seen it in court-rooms and counsel-chambers. Human nature, like a skittish horse, must sometimes be coaxed and cajoled a bit, lest there be a dangerous bolt and a disastrous spill.

The architect for the "seminary" building had been chosen by now—Mr. Hammet Billings of Boston, who henceforth worked in perfect harmony, so far as we know, with its eager projector. We are surprised, at first, to be told that there was no competitive bidding on contracts—that there were, in fact, neither contracts nor contractors, in the commonly accepted sense of the term. The huge building, Mr. Durant stipu-

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lated, was to be built by day's work. We may suppose that Mr. Billings hemmed and hawed doubtfully over this dictum. He could not be expected to be on the site of the proposed building every day and all day, he may have pointed out. But he got no farther. "I shall be there, every day and all day," stated his client calmly. "It will be built right."

XIV

NOW consider, if you will, what Mr. Durant proposed to do. We know that there have been other founders of colleges in the world. Some of these devised money, all of which they had enjoyed during their entire lifetime, and when rebellious heirs and lawyers were done with it a college was said to be founded with the residue. Such an institution was usually named after the "munificent" testator. Other colleges have been built on the fluctuating profits of some necessary commodity, a few cents higher a bushel, or a gallon, erecting a dormitory or financing a professorship, as the institutional needs grew. One might well ask who built such a college? The answer should be *the people*. Others still have left acres or buildings hampered with stringent stipulations involving the public purse. But this man devoted all the land and all the money he had, first to God, then to the public good. And more: he gave himself to the work with a lavish generosity which I say, deliberately, cannot be matched in all the histories of all the institutions of learning on earth. He built both the visible and the invisible Wellesley, in the closing ten years of a life crowded with achievement.

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So quietly and unostentatiously was the work begun, that few, even in the town of Wellesley, were aware of what was going on. The site, chosen and consecrated with almost ceaseless prayer, was a wooded ridge overlooking Lake Waban, at an elevation of about forty feet. The occasional pedestrian who penetrated the half-mile or more of meadow and woodland which separated the site of the proposed "seminary" from the highway could hardly credit the evidence of his eyes as he paced about the first line of excavation: five hundred and ninety-nine feet long, and one hundred and sixty-six feet wide at the wings.

Those who came later, to satisfy themselves that the first explorers had not exaggerated the facts, saw down among the workmen, in the ever-deepening hollow, amid felled trees, great boulders and pools of mud and water, a slight erect figure clad in gray tweeds. This man wore a gray felt hat, pulled well down over his eyes. Note-book in hand, he seemed intent on every detail of the rough initial work. So many cubic yards of earth to be removed: he knew just how many, that man in gray, and how long it should take to get rid of it. Yet he neither hurried nor harried the workmen. They soon learned to know what was required of them: good work, sound work—the kind of work, in short, which the creator of Wellesley meant to have done from foundation to turret-stone in the visible, first, afterward in the invisible Wellesley. It was hard work, exhausting work, of a sort to which he had

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never been accustomed. The leisurely nine-o'clock breakfast gave place to a hurried meal at half-past six, that he might set a good example to the men in the way of punctuality. He rarely left the work before the men did, oftener staying on to inspect each item of delivered material, which, like the labor, must be of the best.

His critics, as is usual with their ilk, had much to say regarding Mr. Durant's "queer" methods. It was finally conceded that it was "just like him," and that they might have known as much. It is to be remarked, at this late day—a fact unnoticed by the loiterers at the time—that there was no lack of laborers and that there were no strikes. A dissatisfied or grumbling workman met with quiet and final dismissal. Profanity, loud talking, and quarreling were forbidden from the start. This was holy ground, and the fact was realized sooner or later by every man on the job, from the least of the hod-carriers to the skilled specialists of various crafts who found themselves coöperating with the Durants in a way they had never dreamed of.

Mrs. Durant came each day to the scene of this inspiring activity, and on August 13, 1871, with her own hand—that gracious hand, the dispenser of such varied and manifold blessings—she laid the first foundation stone, in the northeast corner. The event was marked with no ceremonial save the suspension of labor for a brief space, the workmen being the only specta-

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tors. On Thursday afternoon, September 14th of the same year, the corner-stone was laid by Mrs. Durant in the northwest extremity of the foundation. Those of us who know and love Wellesley may picture to ourselves the scene on that storied knoll above Waban Water, the oak-trees reddening under the first light frost, the somber evergreens whispering in the breeze. When the hour of the unpretentious ceremony arrived, as before, they who were building the house were the only invited guests. In their rough clothing, the implements of labor dropped for the moment, they gathered quietly, and with deep respect beheld the slight, fair woman, whom they had learned to know, place a copy of the Bible in the hollow stone made ready to receive it.

Our thoughts instinctively turn from that early autumnal day to a scene which took place more than forty-three years later, when, once more, workmen were digging at that same northwest corner. We quote from the "Wellesley Magazine," published shortly after the heart-breaking fire of March 17, 1914, which destroyed our first and best-loved Wellesley:

On Friday, December 18, 1914, in the Christmas vacation, workmen digging among the ruins under the dining-room, uncovered a precious stone in the foundations. . . . Only Mr. and Mrs. Durant and the workmen, and the Wellesley squirrels, saw the stone laid; and the ceremonial was of the simplest. Each workman was given a Bible in memory of the occasion, and a Bible was set in

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a hollow in the stone. That Bible was the clue to the treasure.

The stone which the workman had found was hollow, and in its square hole was a tin box. The eager spectators (which included President Pendleton and a little group of College people) who peered down from the ragged low walls into the foundations knew that the Bible must be in the box,—and yet, was it? Mrs. Durant, who could have reassured them, was not strong enough to brave the cold; but her cousin, a former student at the College, lifted the little box out of the stone, and gave it into President Pendleton's hands. It was firmly soldered and for fully ten minutes resisted stubbornly the efforts to open it; but at last the ends were turned back, and the gilt edges of the Bible were revealed. The Book was bound in brown leather, tooled in gold, and the purple book-mark, like the gilt edges, was still bright. The purple ink of Mrs. Durant's hand-writing on the fly-leaves was unfaded. . . . President Pendleton read aloud to the reverent listeners the inscription in the Bible:

"This building is humbly dedicated to our Heavenly Father with the hope and prayer that He may always be first in everything in this institution; that His word may be faithfully taught here; and that He will use it as a means of leading precious souls to the Lord Jesus Christ."

There followed two passages from the Scriptures, also in Mrs. Durant's delicate script:

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.

"Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reign-

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est over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.

"Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name.

"But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.

"For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

"O Lord our God, all this store that we have prepared to build thee an house for thine holy name cometh of thine hand, and is all thine own.—I Chronicles, xxix: 11-16."

"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—Psalm 127: 1"

That was all. There were no signatures in the Bible, no names to indicate by whom the building was dedicated. This rare humility of spirit, which set our founder apart from other philanthropists and educators, enfolds its own deep meaning. Wellesley College was given to God, before a stone of its foundation was laid. Again and again he repeated the words: "This is God's college." He meant it literally; and never once in the years that followed did he plan or build on any foundation other than this. As early as 1867, in a document accompanying his will, we find in Mr. Durant's own hand these words:

The great object we both have in view is the appropriation and consecration of our country place and other prop-

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erty to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, by creating a Seminary on the plan (modified by circumstance) of South Hadley; and by having an Orphan Asylum, not only for orphans, but for those who are more forlorn than orphans in having wicked parents. Did our property suffice I would prefer both, as the care (Christian and charitable) of the children would be blessed work for the pupils of the Seminary.

In the same year these words were written Mr. Durant was made a trustee of Mt. Holyoke College, from whose door hundreds of eager girls were being turned away yearly for lack of room. In 1868 Mrs. Durant gave Mt. Holyoke the sum of ten thousand dollars, the foundation fund for its library building. "There cannot be too many Mt. Holyokes," declared Mr. Durant, after one of his frequent visits to the South Hadley institution. These visits began as early as 1865, and on one occasion Mr. Durant was accompanied by Mr. D. L. Moody. Both men, it is said, were profoundly impressed with the educational work being carried on there, and with the great need for more schools of the sort. And because of Mr. Durant's convictions the great reservoir of wealth, of which we have spoken, began to fill; and later to flow out with lavish generosity.

The details of that first great beginning are impressive. The seven millions of bricks required for the huge building were brought from Cambridge in small cars, which ran on a specially constructed siding as far

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as the north Lodge. They were then transferred to a switch track, and drawn by eight-mule teams to the site of construction. Other materials were unloaded in the meadow near the siding, and transferred by mule-power, as required. Ten miles or more of steam-, water-, and gas-pipes were thus assembled, together with great piles of lumber, emphasizing to all who passed, the vastness of the project. A building, hastily constructed on the spot now occupied by a more permanent structure, was known as Hotel Tremont, and sheltered the hundreds of laborers employed.

With quickening interest the erstwhile indifferent residents of Wellesley village watched the operations. People came from far and near, by train, in vehicles and on foot, to see for themselves this rising giant among institutions of learning. On Saturday afternoons came high-school girls, from Natick and other near-by towns, to watch the progress of the work. And so the first girlish feet trod the slopes of Wellesley and bursts of joyous laughter heralded the happy future of one of the happiest spots on earth. These girls were already making plans to enter the new seminary when it should open. And tradition has handed down to us the story of the first interview of the founder with the first prospective students, in which he bade them observe the careful construction of the building, as it rose in impressive grandeur within its scaffolding. "You must study as we are building, girls," he said to a group of bright-eyed visitors.

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“Don’t neglect even the smallest details ; then you ’ll be ready for Wellesley when Wellesley is ready for you.”

The work progressed, without haste and without tarrying, under the watchful eye of its creator. There must be absolute perfection of workmanship ; nothing less than this satisfied Mr. Durant, to whom, as many remarked, “money seemed nothing.” Money, indeed, was not considered in the preparation of our first Wellesley. Four years in building, it remained for nearly thirty-nine years the heart and soul of the college ; then it vanished in the space of four hours, leaving a desolating sense of grief in the minds of those who cannot forget our splendid beginning.

Winter, with its chilling winds from the sea, and its recurring periods of bitter cold, did not find Mr. Durant ensconced by his fireside in leisurely comfort. It was all the more necessary to be on the spot, he told his wife, to guard against the temptation to slack or indifferent workmanship. Not once did he spare himself in all the four long years of labor. It was observed that his hair whitened and his face took on deeper lines during those months of unremitting toil.

The outer walls, constructed of a dull red brick, laid in black mortar, were of unusual thickness ; the trimmings were of Nova Scotia freestone. The interior, while not fire-proof in the modern interpretation of the word, showed careful planning against the peril of fire ; the long corridor walls and other chief partitions were solidly constructed of brick ; fire-walls were placed

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between the kitchens and the corridor at the west end of the building. The library, directly beneath the chapel, was protected by the fire-proof floor above. The trunk-rooms, as the attics were called, were each separated from the fifth-floor center by brick walls. The roof, Mansard in style, was covered with slate, its irregular outline broken by graceful pointed turrets.

In 1874, as the long task neared completion, Mr. Durant wrote thus to his wife, absent from home on a brief visit :

“The work is very hard and I get very tired. I do feel thankful for the privilege of trying to do something in the cause of Christ. I feel daily that I am not worthy of such a privilege, and I do wish to be a faithful servant to my Master. Yet this does not prevent me from being very weary and sorely discouraged at times. Tonight I am so tired I can hardly sit up to write.”

The manifold disappointments, struggles with recalcitrant workmen, and exasperating delays, experienced by the builders of the humblest cottage, multiplied and magnified a thousand times, breathe in these simple words to his Pauline, who alone of all the world was ever permitted to understand or soothe this indomitable spirit. We do not know what had gone wrong on that particular day ; but we may be sure that the morning found him at his task again, with no visible token of the discouragement which seemed to have overtaken him in his weariness.

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One who as a young girl visited the Durants about this time, speaks thus of her early impressions of the founder of Wellesley :

My first thought about Dr. Durant was "Here is the quickest thinker," my next "and the keenest wit I have ever met." Then came the day when, under the long walls that stood roofed but bare in the solitude above Lake Waban, I sat upon a pile of plank—now the flooring of Wellesley College—and listened to Mr. Durant. I could not now repeat a word he said. I only know that as he spoke and I listened, the door between the seen and the unseen opened, and I saw a great soul and its quest—God's glory. I came back to earth to find this seer, with his vision of the wonder that should be, a master of detail, and the most tireless of workers. The same day of this apocalypse, or soon after, I went with Mr. Durant up a skeleton stairway to see the view from an upper window. The workmen were all gone but one man, who stood resting a grimy hand on the fair, newly finished wall. For a breathless instant I feared the flash in Mr. Durant's eyes; but he lowered rather than raised his voice, when after an impressive silence he showed the frightened man the disfiguring mark left on the wall. . . . Some one has said that every idea which has moved the world has first become incarnate, has taken possession of some man or woman, who has lived it and been ready to die for it. Life was keyed high in Mr. Durant's home, and the keynote was Wellesley College. At prayers I learned to listen night and morning for the prayer for Wellesley—sometimes simply an earnest "Bless thy College"! We sat on



WELLESLEY COLLEGE IN 1875

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chairs wonderful in their variety, but all on trial for the ease and rest of Wellesley; and who can count the stairways Mrs. Durant climbed that she might find the least toilsome steps for Wellesley feet.

As the great outer structure neared completion, and work on the interior began in earnest, our two founders held many spirited debates over the subject of its name. From the first, Mr. Durant had wished it to be in name, as in fact, a college, openly dedicated to the higher learning. "Why not Wellesley College?" he urged. Mrs. Durant demurred. The word "college," she thought, was too pretentious. It involved too much. We think she may even have quoted sentences from the current opinion of the day, bearing on the delicate health of American girls, and their consequent inability to endure the strain of the higher studies. Her objections were well founded: the American girl of the seventies, with few exceptions, was a frail, nervous creature as she neared her twenties, addicted to head-aches, back-aches and a becoming pallor.

The popular novels of the day, emphasized these characteristics: the heroine of "The Wide, Wide World" was always "bursting into tears," and her feminine allurements were all of the clinging-vine type. The eighteen-inch waist was the ultimate ambition of many an anæmic girl; while heavy petticoats, tight, stiff corsets, and the distorting "bustle" were the foundation of even the simplest costume. The writer remembers at the age of ten looking with envious awe

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upon a young lady who boasted not only the eighteen-inch waist, but who openly avowed that her pale, "interesting" appearance had been brought about by the consumption of unnumbered slate-pencils and dill-pickles. This young person wore five starched petticoats of voluminous dimensions, and as many switches on her fair young head. It was considered even more "interesting" to have acquired a slight cough, which further enhanced the appearance of extreme delicacy, with its romantic suggestion of an early "decline." It was hard to be only ten, with an impossible waist-line and an irresistible appetite for bread and butter. Slate-pencils were found to be most unpleasant articles of diet; it seemed difficult to form a genteel taste for them.

We cannot suppose that our founder was fully aware of this all too prevalent state of things; but he was a shrewd observer; and it may be that in these as yet unspoiled ten-year-olds he saw the college girl to be. In any event he carried his point with Mrs. Durant. We think by this time she may have been placidly accustomed to his vehement decisions. Under the date of March 6, 1873, we find recorded among the several proceedings of the legislative body of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts "An Act: To change the the name of the Wellesley Female Seminary." We quote this in its entirety because in its brief simplicity it is an eloquent treatise on the intent and purpose of the man who created Wellesley. We can almost see

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his face, the half-smile we so well remember relaxing his stern features, as he writes :

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows :

SECTION I. The name of the Wellesley Female Seminary is changed to Wellesley College.

SECTION II. This Act shall take effect upon its passage."

XV

THE date of the opening of Wellesley College was now fixed for September 8, 1875. Work on the interior of the great structure had already begun, and the number of workmen, now increased to three hundred, quickened the pace as the goal came in sight. Four years before the first foundation-stone of the building was laid, landscape gardeners had begun their labors on the estate. Though it was unrivaled for its natural beauty, with many of its noble forest trees unspoiled, there was much to be done in the way of improving and unifying the various holdings which Mr. Durant had from time to time added to his original purchase. In the deed of gift, between Wellesley College, party of the first part, and Henry F. Durant, party of the second part, made and executed October 3, 1873, we find noted "parcels of land" deeded to "said Durant," from John S. Blatchford in 1855, from Francis A. Brooks in 1855, from Eunice Smith in 1856, from Reuben Ware in 1859, from William Carhart in 1862, from the City of Boston in 1862; three several parcels from Henry Wood conveyed in 1862; from Seth Dewing in 1868, from Gilbert H. Sea-graves in 1868, from Charles B. Dana in 1869 and

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from Solomon F. Smith in 1870—each and every one duly recorded in the Norfolk Registry of Deeds.

Also [proceeds the indenture] all the said Durant's rights in and to Lake Waban and the waters thereof, and the brooks which flow into and out of the same, and the land under the brook which flows from Lake Waban, beginning at the west side of the highway bridge, and continuing to a line twenty feet beyond the dam, across said brook, with the right to maintain forever a dam across said brook, and water-wheels, pumps and hydraulic rams. . . . To have and to hold the premises hereby conveyed, with all the rights, easements, and privileges thereto appertaining or belonging to the Wellesley College aforesaid, their successors and assigns forever upon the trusts, and for the uses following:—

The property above described is conveyed for the purpose of maintaining thereon forever a College for the education of females, and the property shall be used for that purpose only. The property aforesaid is conveyed and accepted upon the express condition and with the express covenant that the grantees and their successors shall not defeat or change the trusts and uses for which the premises are conveyed . . . but all of said lands shall be appropriated to and used by Wellesley College forever for the uses and trusts aforesaid. The farmlands, pastures, wood-lots, mowing fields, as well as the pleasure-grounds and cultivated lands, may be used for the convenience and benefit of the College; and such changes and improvements in the cultivation may be made, and such new buildings may be erected thereon for the purposes of the College, as the Trustees may think best.

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A reservation, conveying to Mrs. Pauline A. Durant the right "to use and occupy the dwelling-house where she now lives, during her natural life," follows, with property boundaries minutely defined. But, we read:

The three barn-buildings called the "Cow barn," the "Sheep barn," and the "Tool barn," with the land under the same, are not so reserved to Mrs. Durant, but are and are to be the property of Wellesley College, and they [the students] have the right of way to pass to and from the same, and to their convenient use and improvement.

The Wellesley College, on their part, and for themselves and their successors and assigns, do accept of the above specified trusts, conditions, reservations, and agreements, and do covenant that they will hold the premises in good faith, according to the provisions of this indenture, and they will not, and their successors shall not, in any way or under any pretext, violate, evade, or avoid any of the covenants, trusts or uses mentioned in these presents.

The Wellesley Female Seminary had been duly incorporated in the year 1870, and under date of April 16, 1870, we find the members of the first board of trust named as follows:

At a meeting of said Corporation, duly notified and called, on motion of Rev. Edward N. Kirk, it was unanimously voted that Hon. Wm. Claflin, Rev. E. N. Kirk, Rev. Austin Phelps, Rev. Howard Crosby, Rev. N. G. Clark, Mr. Abner Kingman, Mr. Henry F. Durant and Mrs. Pauline A. Durant, being all the persons who signed

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the petition to the Legislature for the foregoing charter, are members of the Corporation.

We find the deed of gift, which conveyed to Wellesley College forever every acre of land Mr. Durant possessed, signed as follows :

In witness whereof, the said Henry F. Durant has hereto set his hand and seal, and the Wellesley College have caused these presents to be subscribed, and their seal to be hereto affixed, by Edward N. Kirk, their President, the day and year first above written.

Seals and signatures follow :

Boston, October 31, 1873. There personally appeared the above-named Henry F. Durant, and acknowledged the above Instrument to be his free act and deed. Before me,
WM. H. FARBER, *Justice of the Peace.*

In such dry, legal terms is set forth an act of faith and astonishing good-will such as the world has seldom witnessed. So long has Wellesley College been ours ; for so many years have we ceased to think of its giver, that we need a strong effort of the imaginative faculties to picture to ourselves the scene. The founder of Wellesley College was not an old man, dismissing the vanities of the world with a weary gesture of satiety ; he was but fifty-one, in the full strength and vigor of manhood. How many, think you, of the great landed proprietors of your acquaintance would

so strip themselves in middle life for an ideal of betterment almost entirely unrecognized by the world? His world sought vainly for an explanation of this unparalleled act.

One man thought he had found a very obvious one: "You are erecting here a magnificent monument for yourself, Mr. Durant," observed this sagacious individual, after a personally conducted tour of inspection about the grounds and buildings.

Quick as a flash came the answer: "I am not in the monument business, sir."

Mr. Durant's reply has a wide but seldom considered significance. Here and there, dotting the human landscape with their ambitious attempts, we may, if we will, see men, and women, too, deeply engaged in "the monument business." Books, libraries, collections of all sorts, schools, statues, town halls, fountains—each labeled with the name of the giver. More than one bromidic individual has asked, "Why was n't Wellesley called Durant College?" Because our founder was not—*emphatically* not—in the monument business. He was simply and *really* trying to do God's will. We hear a great deal about people who are said to be "endeavoring to do God's will." The phrase has become sadly hackneyed, conveying little beyond the picture of a disagreeably pious person, with a perpetual "I am holier than thou" air.

"Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven," is repeated daily by thousands of tongues. If the world

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could realize for one transcendent moment what these words really mean, we should have no further need for dubious misgivings over our "crumbling civilization." If in truth it is crumbling, we should be joyously glad to see the vast tissue of existing unheavenly conditions giving way to the new and better day. Mr. Durant's name is not found in our Halls of Fame, among those of the great educators of the world; he is not even enrolled among its noted philanthropists. He was not in the monument business. Like the boy Christ, he was going about his Father's business. It has been said of him that the college motto was "graven deep in his own life before ever it was placed on the college walls: *Non ministrari, sed ministrare.*" And this is literally true.

Not long ago the writer of these pages was bluntly asked: "Why are you writing a book about Mr. Durant? Don't you remember that he didn't want to be written about, and that almost his last word was a positive request that no picture or bust of himself should be placed in any of the college buildings? He wanted to be forgotten."

So it would seem, friend, on the face of it. But he had a definite aim in founding Wellesley College; and he did not want the purpose of Wellesley buried with him. That aim and that purpose it is the writer's deliberate intent to set forth—lest we forget. To make plain, beyond pretext or evasion, the reasons why Wellesley College exists to-day, it is first necessary to

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make you, and others, see the man. For, as always, the man stands back of his work and explains it. Mr. Durant's thought, when he uttered his dying prohibition, was not concerned with such a book as this. Realizing his wife's deep affection, and the exaggerated hero-worship with which many of the young students might enshrine his memory, almost his last breath was given to emphasizing his often-repeated statement that Wellesley was not his college, either by deed or gift, or toil, or even life relinquished. Wellesley College belonged to God, forever. And in God's hands he left it, with simple faith. If I seem to repeat this statement, over and over again, it is because there are others like yourself, friend, who need to be reminded of the man behind the gift, and of his unalterable purpose, a covenant from which Wellesley College can never be released, while she continues to have and to hold his great-hearted sacrifice.

XVI

THE year before the college opened was crowded with labors, incident to the completion of the building, its furnishing and equipment: and added to this was the more important task of selecting the teaching force. Publicity, too, of the right sort, there must be, and to all this Mr. Durant gave himself with the concentrated energy which, as we already know, characterized everything that he did. As one who knew has said, "The task of engaging teachers competent to carry on work of an advanced grade, and the task of buying Wedgwood pitchers and Wedgwood bread-plates for every table, were coincident." But we think, as we look back, that the Wedgwood plates and pitchers were less coincident than incidental. The gathering of the twenty-eight teachers, who were to compose Wellesley's first faculty, involved almost numberless letters, journeys, and interviews.

Mr. Durant's ideas on education had grown and developed during the years spent in building the visible Wellesley. The method, in vogue at the time, of committing to memory as nearly letter-perfect as possible the contents of the various text-books, appeared to him both puerile and inefficient. Close, systematic observa-

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tion, at first hand, he decided, was the one and only way to study science. Mathematics was the means through which to develop the original thinking and reasoning powers of the student; hence there should be no parrot-like repetitions of demonstrable propositions. Literature could not, he knew, be administered in compressed tabloids, however admirable, but must be sought for and found at its original sources. Language was indeed "dead" which consisted merely in laborious examination of verbal structure; it must be understood as the vehicle of the thought and culture of past ages.

But where, in all America, was he to find those who agreed with his views, and who could carry out his ideals? These conceptions of education may sound commonplace enough now; but in the seventies they were no less than revolutionary. That the faculty of Wellesley should be composed exclusively of women was in itself an astonishing innovation. But upon this policy he was bent from the start. Remembering the incomparable Mrs. Ripley, he sought first for those rare pioneer scholars—not, indeed, college-bred but learned in all that was highest and best, for the veritable love of learning. Such fine fruits of toil and aspiration have been aptly likened to hand-made lace, less regular in texture, perhaps, than the product of the soulless machine, but all the more precious in its exquisite uniqueness. He found, after arduous gleaning amid educational fields, several women of this

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type, who served Wellesley with rare success during its first decade—and beyond.

In a home letter our beloved Miss Whiting¹ gives us an informing picture of Mr. Durant. Under date of March, 1875, she writes:

Mr. Durant—who is starting that wonderful college for women we have heard about, of which he urged Miss Brigham to become president—followed his letter closely, and came to see me. As I went down the stairs and looked through the parlor doors, I caught a glimpse of a most striking looking gentleman, sitting on the sofa to await me: a wonderful face, set in gray hair, and eyes that looked not on things, but through them. . . . The interview was most interesting. I had heard of some difficulty between Mr. Durant and some of his faculty the first year, and I wanted to be sure that I could work with him. He answered my questions in such a way that I am sure I should have understood him and worked with him sympathetically instead of antagonistically in the matter at issue.

In a personal letter to the writer of this volume Miss Whiting adds:

Do not fail to make clear Mr. Durant's absolute faith in women. When asked why he appointed no men on his faculty of Liberal Arts, he replied, "If I appointed any men, they would naturally have the chief places, for they

¹ Miss Sarah F. Whiting, Professor of Physics, Wellesley College, 1876-19.

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have had the opportunities for regular training. Women can do the work, and I give them the chance." So he picked his women from those who had enjoyed highly exceptional opportunities, and opened the way for further study. I am an example: I had had an exceptional training from my father (a teacher), and Mr. Durant arranged that I should be a guest of the Professors at the Institute of Technology; the first and then the only place where Physics was taught by the new laboratory method.

In his quest for teachers Mr. Durant turned first to Mount Holyoke; later, Oberlin and Michigan universities furnished strong additions to the growing list. In the meanwhile, the finishing and equipment of the great new building went on apace. The furniture was being manufactured from special designs, made expressly for the college, and into its construction entered the same careful craftsmanship which was to be found in every detail of the nearly completed building. On more than one occasion, work which appeared to be good, and which undoubtedly would have passed the inspection of the ordinary contractor, was ordered removed and done over, since it did not measure up to the exacting requirements of the man who was paying for it. Nothing less than perfection was his ideal. Among the mottos which afterward became familiar to early students was "Carelessness is Selfishness." It was first brought to the attention of every man who laid a brick or set a timber in the building. The workmen, with few exceptions, entered

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into the spirit of the great undertaking, and each was made to share the conviction that this was indeed a sacred task. In the earlier work on the walls a man was injured one day. It is related that after tenderly caring for the hurt man Mr. Durant helped to lift him that he might "lay one more brick."

If, as some idealists assert, every building—as every living being—has its aura, Wellesley, our first Wellesley, was permeated and crowned with spiritual exhalations of unselfishness and holiness. In its fresh, astonishing beauty, in its exquisite setting of woodland and meadow, the college began to be widely known beyond the confines of the little town of Wellesley. Reporters of the leading Boston and New York papers, clergymen, business men, educators, and besides these the daily increasing throng of sight-seers, many of whom brought their lunches, and littered the banks of Lake Waban with the resulting debris. When the latter circumstance was reported to Mr. Durant, a righteous anger blazed up in his eyes; but only for a moment.

"We must be seen, to be appreciated," he said quietly. "Tell the gardeners to clear up the litter, and see that it is n't repeated."

In a news-letter, pasted in a scrap-book by a former student, and hence preserved to us through the half-century which has elapsed since it was written, we find an excellent example of the carefully prepared material given out to the various newspapers

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and magazines of the day. Each publication was at liberty to publish as much or as little of the text as it chose; but Mr. Durant saw to it personally that the public received accurate information on the subject of Wellesley College.

There is evidence of the editorial blue pencil in what follows, coupled with occasional *ex-cathedra* comments on the subject-matter. But we have little difficulty in recognizing Mr. Durant's clear, vigorous English, as he describes in loving detail the building over which he had toiled so long and faithfully. The end had gloriously crowned the work, and he wanted the world to know it, that the greater achievement might follow in due course. Wellesley, like the fabled *Undine*, awaited her soul, and through the press of the country her creator called from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south the invisible spirit of the college to be. The writer vividly recalls the kindling face of her mother, a student at Oberlin College in the old days, as she read the description of Wellesley in "Harper's Magazine." "You shall go to Wellesley," she said, with an emphasis which admitted of no argument.

We find Mr. Durant, with his accustomed self-effacement, giving the credit of the work to Hammett Billings, the architect, who died before the great building was entirely completed. But those who know tell us that the plan, almost in its entirety, existed in Mr. Durant's mind before an architect was chosen, while

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all the exquisite details flowered into beauty under his watchful eyes. It seems to us, therefore, altogether fitting that we give as nearly as may be in his own words the picture of the Wellesley College that was—and is no more:

. . . Wellesley College offers to young women opportunities for education equivalent to those provided at Harvard and the other leading educational institutions in the land for young men. It is neither sectional nor sectarian in its character. . . . The location selected is one which it would be difficult to surpass or even equal in New England. The grounds, comprising about three hundred acres, are entered by a gateway flanked by a granite porter's lodge, and are about a half mile south of the Boston and Albany Railroad Station at Wellesley. A winding drive through the grounds, which affords a delightful diversity of forests and lawns, forms the approach to the College buildings. These are located on a beautiful knoll on the border of Lake Waban. The lake itself, which the College overlooks, is one of the most charming bodies of water in Eastern Massachusetts. It is a mile or more in length, with a forest-bordered shore of irregular but graceful outline. The College owns over a mile of water front on the borders of this lake, which takes its name from John Waban, who was one of the associates of the famous "Apostle to the Indians"—John Eliot.

The site of the great building, whose foundation is some forty feet above the level of the lake, affords a view almost unsurpassed for its quiet beauty. Every window

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looks out upon a delightful scene. Even the outlines of Monadnock are clearly visible from the upper stories on a clear day. The most extensive vista is to the southward: here the silver surface of the lake, with its setting of emerald and the graceful terraces of the Italian gardens of Mr. H. E. Hunnewell's estate on the opposite shore, form the foreground; while over and above the tops of the forest the view includes a portion of the town of Milton, with the clearly defined Blue Hills in the distance, Pegan Hill in the town of Natick—the home of Vice-President Wilson; the spire of the village of South Natick—where the scene of Mrs. Stowe's *Oldtown Folks* was laid, and also glimpses of the towns of Dover, Dedham and Medway.

Eastward the foreground is a beautiful sloping lawn, bordered by the circular driveway of approach. Beyond is a forest crowned hill, and on either side glimpses of the towns of Milton and Weston. To the north the scene is for the most part forest, interspersed with meadow lands, dotted by white farmhouses. Separated from the building by a border of oaks there is an extensive lawn on the College grounds in this direction. To the west the eye takes in a gleam of the lake, and beyond a bit of the town of Natick. . . . There is a farmhouse on the grounds, at some distance from the College, and near it a large conservatory, which with its surrounding flower-beds forms an attractive feature. Beyond the farmhouse there is a ten acre plot devoted to a well-cultivated kitchen garden. It is the intention to supply the College with vegetables and dairy products, fresh from its own borders. . . .

Approaching the main entrance of the College Build-

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ing—which stands as one of the best examples of the artistic skill and cultivated taste of the late lamented Hammett Billings—we pass through a portico, supported by massive granite pillars, which leads to the central hall of the building. This hall is a hundred feet in length, from north to south, and fifty feet wide. It is crossed at right angles by a corridor, extending the entire length of the building, a distance of four hundred and fifty feet. The entrance hall opens through five stories of the Central Wing to its roof covered with glass. It is surrounded, on the ground floor by a colonnade of ten polished Hallowell granite pillars, surmounted by foliated marble capitals. These pillars support the upper story of the first floor, which in turn bears up succeeding stories upon fluted columns with Corinthian capitals. The protecting balustrades of the upper stories are carved in distinctive, harmonious designs, no two balustrades being of the same pattern. The central Court, flooded with light from above, reminds one of the cloistered gardens of mediaeval convents, or the airy courts of southern palaces. Directly under the glass roof is a shallow marble basin surrounded by a marble plinth eighteen inches in height. This Jardiniere contains a group of rare exotics, including a palm tree twelve feet high, many smaller palms of different varieties, banana plants and exquisite ferns, the whole forming a scene which strikes the eye most pleasantly from the corridors and the open landings of the floors above, and will shed a perennial influence over the College.

The general finish of the interior is of western ash, which displays a beautiful grain, surprising to one not familiar with the excellent effect produced by the use of

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our native woods. The doorways of the recitation and other public rooms are arched, and the casings are, in many instances, covered with more delicate tracery and design than the pencil of an artist could produce. The main reception-room, on the right of the entrance, is wainscoted with black walnut and ash, and opens into the office of the President, where all the business of the College will be transacted. Both are spacious, handsome rooms, neatly frescoed and furnished, the office being provided with a large safe and other business conveniences. The flooring of these rooms, as well as that of the corridors, is cherry, and presents, when oiled, a very hard and handsome surface.

There are, in all, sixteen recitation rooms, which on the average are about twenty feet square. The Latin recitation room is at the left of the main entrance, on the first floor, and adjoining this is the Greek recitation room. These two are among the finest rooms in the building; both are handsomely and tastefully furnished. The walls of the Latin recitation room are adorned with large and excellent photographs of the ruins of Rome; similar photographs of the ruins of ancient Athens are provided for the walls of the Greek recitation room. Each of these rooms open into the main corridor. Several of the other recitation rooms are on the upper floors of this central section of the building.

The most attractive and the most elaborately finished department of the whole building is the library. . . . It is seventy-five by eighty feet in size, and has a large bay window on either side, one of which is hexagonal, the other square, the one fronting the sloping lawn, while the other looks toward the main entrance. The entire

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finish of the library is black walnut, of the very best workmanship. The alcoves are unique in design, and by means of narrow galleries the books in the upper tiers are easily accessible. These galleries are reached by spiral staircases of novel construction, which produce a most pleasing effect by their lightness and symmetry. . . . The steps leading down to the library floor, which is two or three feet below the main floor of the building, have balustrades of very elaborate workmanship. The entire finish of the room is remarkable for its beauty and convenience. It has shelf-room for one hundred and twenty thousand volumes—nearly as many as the library of Harvard contains. The library has already been supplied by the projector of the College with some ten thousand volumes from his private library—including a collection of works in German and French, which professors of other colleges have admired, and which constitutes one of the best libraries for reference in the whole country. It is expected that the shelves will speedily be filled by donations from friends of the enterprise.

Opposite the library there is a large, well-lighted and very pleasant reading-room, which is to be devoted entirely to the periodical literature of the day, and which will be kept constantly supplied with the best American and European newspapers and magazines.

The chapel is directly over the library. It has seating accommodations for seven hundred and fifty persons. In the chancel is a beautiful window of stained glass, painted in Munich; it was given to the College by Ex-Governor Claflin in memory of his daughter Agnes, who died in Rome. The chapel is finished throughout in black walnut and has a choir gallery, which is to be provided with a

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large pipe organ. One notices that the roof of this chapel is supported by ornamental trusses of black walnut, interlaced over the chancel, and connected by transverse beams which divide the ceiling into panels. Divine services will be conducted in the chapel by clergymen of different denominations. It will also be used occasionally for scientific and other lectures, and is provided accordingly with a drop-scene for dissolving views, and with arrangements for producing the hydro-oxygen light.

Instruction in chemistry will be combined with practice in the laboratory, and ample conveniences are afforded by a large lecture-room, with a completely equipped laboratory adjoining. Both are spacious and well-lighted, and are located in the East Wing in the front of the building. There is a fine lecture-room for physics in the West Wing. Botany and biology will be carried on each in its own quarters, and largely by means of experiment and observation. The course of study is intended to be as complete and thorough as that at Harvard, including full courses in the higher mathematics, Latin, Greek and the modern languages. The resident teachers, from the president down, will be women. Paramount to every other qualification in a teacher is that of vital Christianity. She must be one who, having consecrated herself to Christ, will seek opportunities to win the students to a loving, trusting faith. The total number of the faculty already engaged is twenty-eight. Their names are as follows: Miss Ada L. Howard, President; Miss Mary Horton, Professor of Greek; Miss Sarah Glazier, Astronomy and Mathematics; Lucia F. Clark, Helen Stork, Catherine Worcester, and Esther E. Thomson, Latin; Jennie Nelson, Latin and French; Sarah Willard, French, German and

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Italian; L. C. Hall, French; Bessie T. Capen, Chemistry and Mineralogy; Susan B. Hallowell, Natural History; Sophia B. Horr, Grammar, Physical Geography and Drawing; Sarah P. Eastman, History; Frances Emerson, History and Algebra; Ellen Gow, Mental and Moral Science and Composition; Elizabeth M. Benson, Arithmetic and English Literature; Mary M. Burnham, English Literature; Gertrude E. Randall, Music; Mary Currie, Elocution. There are in addition two non-resident Professors of Music, Messrs. Edward A. Paine and Charles E. Morse, of Boston. Professor Walter Smith will give advice and lectures in the department of Art Education.

Miss Howard, the President, is a graduate of Holyoke Seminary, and has had much experience as the head of educational institutions. Mrs. H. A. Hurd, formerly in charge of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association will administer the domestic branches of the institution. A chief baker, an engineer and a porter will constitute the entire force of the masculine sex in the College. This is believed to be the only College in the world of which the entire faculty is composed of women.

The College has rooms for the accommodation of three hundred students. The rooms are in suites of a bedroom and parlor, both occupying a space about twenty by fourteen feet, and are intended for two young ladies. All these rooms, owing to the convenient arrangement of the building are very pleasant. There is an agreeable variety in their style and form; in a few cases there are large parlors, with two bedrooms leading therefrom, intended for four pupils. These rooms are beautifully carpeted and supplied with handsome black walnut furniture. They are furnished with two single beds, two bureaus of

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extra size, a washstand, study-table, wardrobe, bookshelves, all of black walnut, and two black walnut and two rattan chairs. . . .

The drawing-room is in the East Wing, opposite the library. It is about fifty-feet square with a large hexagonal window to the south, fronting the lake. This window has two granite supports, capped with foliated capitals of Vermont marble, producing a very pleasing effect. The dining-hall, which is of sufficient size to accommodate the entire number of teachers and pupils, is on the ground floor of the West Wing. It is furnished with chairs made expressly for it, after a design which is to be known as the Wellesley College pattern. The dining hall communicates directly with a department which is known as the Domestic Hall. Here are to be found facilities to enable the students to aid to some extent in the domestic work of the family, thus giving them practical experience in systematic housekeeping. The kitchen, located in a separate hall, is fitted with the most convenient modern ranges, and other approved equipment."

And so the description continues, *con amore*, to the minutest detail of the heating and ventilating systems, the plumbing, the laundry,—with its "eight laundresses,"—the music-rooms "for the practice of beginners," carefully shut off from the main corridors, "to avoid noise." Nothing in the great building had been too small or too insignificant to pass unnoticed by this master builder. And to parents who have daughters to be educated he gives particulars with the same conscientious exactness which he had bestowed upon the

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work itself. We note in particular this modest paragraph:

The full course of study will occupy four years—the same as at Harvard—and the charges are placed at the moderate sum of two hundred and fifty dollars per annum for board and tuition. The privileges of the institution are available to those only who have good intellectual ability, and the settled purpose to improve their opportunities.

Those of us who are prone to make mental pictures for ourselves may see, if we will, the closing interview between the business-like representative of the press, who had come to Wellesley on a special news assignment, and Mr. Durant. The correspondent, we think, may have paused near the main entrance, with a final comprehensive glance at the beauties of The Center, that visible poem, which expressed to us so clearly our founder's passionate love of beauty.

"And now, Mr. Durant, will you kindly give us your name in full," says the newspaper man, his pencil poised in air. He is feeling very complacent, for the "write-up" in all essential particulars is snugly bestowed in his pocket. He sees seven columns at least in it. Quite an idea of the fine old chap to have the stuff all written down for him. But of course he must add a few quasi-editorial remarks on the munificence of the giver and the value of the property. But the paragraph he was already mulling over in his mind.

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to be enlivened with a few telling touches of personal description, is never written. Instead, almost ruefully, we think, he adds the following:

This entire property, which cost, we are told, upwards of a million dollars, has been given by the projector, who is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Master's command "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth," that he will not even allow his name to be given to the public, in connection with the enterprise. We are compelled, therefore, in deference to his expressed wish, to suppress it—though very reluctantly. as we are thorough believers in the maxim "*Suum cuique tributo*," and know that many in the land would like to honor this Christian philanthropist. He has placed it in the hands of trustees (reserving to himself only a humble place among them) who are, as will be seen, representative educational and Christian men.

The names of the first board of trustees follows; and these names must have furnished the strong endorsement public opinion is prone to demand,—whatever the face-value of any educational or religious scheme,—while it as notoriously permits itself to be exploited and deceived in affairs of state and finance. Since these famous names of a past generation must forever be associated with the foundation of Wellesley College, we give them here in full:

The Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College, President of the Board; the Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University of

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the City of New York, Vice-President; the Rev. John Hall, D.D., Pastor of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York; the Rev. John S. Stone, D.D., Dean of the Episcopal Theological School of Harvard University; the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D.D., Rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston; the Rev. William F. Warren, D.D., President of Boston University; the Rev. Joseph Cummings, D.D., LL.D., President of Wesleyan University; the Rev. Horatio B. Hackett, D.D., LL.D., Professor of the Rochester Theological Seminary; the Rev. Galusha Anderson, D.D., Pastor of the Strong Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, New York; the Rev. Austin Phelps, D.D., Professor of the Andover Theological Seminary; the Rev. Nathaniel G. Clark, D.D., Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; the Hon. William Claflin, LL.D., Ex-Governor of Massachusetts; the Messrs. Abner Kingman, Elisha S. Converse, and Henry F. Durant; Mrs. William Claflin and Mrs. Henry F. Durant—all of Boston. "The board is to be self-perpetuating."

XVII

THE great day of opening, September 8, 1875, has been often described. For months previous to this date many of the teachers and officers had been at the college, busily employed in receiving and answering letters of application. The stream of visitors also had been steadily increasing. Many of them came to inspect the college and enter their daughters in person. Mr. Durant spent every day and all day at the college, except when forced to go to Boston on necessary business. This was before the day of quick communication by telephone and automobile; but after the four years of unremitting toil nothing seemed hard in view of the imminent fulfilment.

There was a great book in the brand-new office, in which the names of applicants were entered in the order of their receipt. Mr. Durant was more than once heard to speak happily of the fact that the first name entered in this book of remembrance was that of a missionary's daughter. He was not in any wise superstitious, but he was observed to brood over this first name, with kindling eyes. He had built Wellesley for just such girls, and here was the first fruit of his long endeavor.

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But applications crowded thick and fast, from almost every State in the Union. Then came the day when the registry list was completed, with three hundred and fourteen names. Yet still they came—more than two hundred of them.

The writer still remembers the disappointed face of her mother, as she read aloud the letter stating the hard facts.

“Not till next year,” she sighed; “and perhaps not then. . . . Why did n’t I write sooner?”

It was n’t so much of a disappointment to the predestined Wellesley girl, who was pursuing her studies in old Whitestown Seminary, a school for boys and girls; where the young idea was taught to shoot, and along with it, quite untaught, sprouted youthful romance and sentiment. The otherwise dull class-room periods—given over to reciting geometry “by heart,” and laboriously digging out the wholly uninteresting details of the wars of Cæsar and the orations of Cicero—were greatly enlivened by the covert exchange of glances between the boys ranged on one side of the recitation room, and the girls opposite. There were only two girls in the Latin class, and fifteen boys, most of whom were preparing for Hamilton or Cornell. The boys seemed (to the two of us) to be extraordinarily dull in their translations and “construction.” Gentle old Professor Ellis paid very little attention to the two specimens of the weaker sex in his class room, seldom calling on us to recite, and seemingly concentrating his

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entire energies on the fifteen boys. Well, they needed it.

But there were compensations: loitering walks under Whitesboro's immemorial elms; "socials," so-called, when the girls and boys paired off, in the manner also immemorial, and talked endlessly about the all-absorbing details of seminary life. Why Wellesley, indeed? Some of the girls were even engaged to be married! And already they were wearing trails and bustles. To a girl in the middle seventies, a trail, a bustle, and a beau appeared to be the three requisites of happiness. And all three were in sight of the author when the Wellesley idea became fixed in the maternal mind.

"You must study hard where you are, for one more year," pursued my mother, firmly, "but you are to go to Wellesley next September; your name is registered for eighteen seventy-six, provided there is a vacancy."

And so it came about that the writer must describe that glorious day of opening from the words of others. She was n't there on that September day when, as one writer puts it, "Every train stopping at Wellesley on the eighth brought large accessions of fair students, in all the radiance of youthful beauty, many accompanied by their parents and other relatives."

More than seventy forehanded girls had arrived on the previous day, and were already unpacked and settled in their rooms when the great influx of Wednesday began. The story has been repeatedly told that the

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first girl came in at the front door on a plank, the steps being unfinished. But this we believe to be apocryphal. It is n't in keeping with Mr. Durant's known character. No; the front steps, like everything else about the great building, were ready. And Mr. Durant himself, eager as a boy, played the delightful and delighted host to those first Wellesley girls. Why did n't my mother write sooner? It was like being a charter member of some great and distinguished society to be one of those first girls.

At the station, we are told, coaches were in readiness to convey the "fair" students (observe the condescending note in the oft-repeated use of this despicable adjective, as applied to women students) to the college. Yes, we remember well "the old barge," as we afterward called it, drawn by two stalwart bays, and with "Wellesley College" inscribed on its side; the driver, too, reserved and even haughty of demeanor, as befitted his high office. The "barge," then brand-new, with the aid of every "hack" in town, was needed to bring the more than four hundred girls and their attendant relatives to the college.

We quote further from a local newspaper:

Bailey's Natick Express had eight horses employed all day in drawing trunks from the station to the College. And judging from the number and size of some of the outfits, fond and indulgent parents must either have failed to receive the circular of the President, or turned a deaf ear to its appeal for simplicity in dress.

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What a *Paul Pry* of a reporter was he who, notebook in hand, beheld the labors of Bailey's Natick Express on that eighth of September! The circular referred to appears to have been lost amid the wrecks of time; but the "Boston Journal" kindly gives us excerpts which cast a light on the reportorial comment quoted. The circular to parents states:

It is especially enjoined that the dress of their daughters should be neat, simple and adapted to the season; and in this the Faculty asks the co-operation of parents in their efforts to discourage elaborate wardrobes as in very bad taste for schools.

Wellesley College was intended for poor girls. Mr. Durant said so. He said it repeatedly and pointedly. There were schools a plenty for the daughters of the rich, where the polite smattering of languages, a genteel handwriting, and the various so-called accomplishments were taught. But the public, with its accustomed obtuseness, did not at once realize the earnest—nay, the passionate determination of the man who gave Wellesley to the world. Why, Wellesley was a veritable palace of learning, upon which a million of dollars—and a million was a million in those days—had been spent! "It was not," as a fashionable matron was heard to declare, "at all suitable for poor girls." Of course the price of board and tuition was absurdly low; but even this circumstance did not tend to keep out the rich girls. Nor did the fact that "domestic work" was

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required discourage their presence. Mothers there were who came to Wellesley bent upon "talking Mr. Durant out of his absurd notions." And here again, reading between the terse lines of historical fact, we may depict to ourselves a scene typical of many which actually took place.

Mrs. Saratoga Beaconstreet, on that famous eighth of September, drove haughtily up to the great entrance of Wellesley College, in her own carriage, thereby delaying the progress of the plebeian hacks waiting to disgorge their loads of "fair students." Mrs. Beaconstreet's footman, attired in plum-colored livery and a level stare, assists Mrs. Beaconstreet to alight, which she does with enormous dignity. She is followed by her daughter, a tall, pale, anæmic-looking girl. Both are rustling with protuberant draperies, and scintillating with bracelets, watch-chains, and other gauds of fashion. Mrs. Beaconstreet pauses near the great entrance and looks about her through her lorgnette—at that time a very ultra token of station.

"Really, Millicent, my love, this is quite—er—attractive," she observes. "But where is Mr. Durant? I must speak to him at once. Ah, there he is! See, my dear, the distinguished looking man in black, with the white hair! He will know me."

Mr. Durant is particularly busy at the moment, talking with a shy little girl in black. He is finding out that this child, with her large, appealing eyes and smooth dark hair is really prepared for his freshman

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class. With a pleasant word or two he introduces her to Miss Howard, enthroned in the reception room. "Be sure to give her a south room," he says, and turns to behold Mrs. Beaconstreet, waiting, with a politely tolerant air, to engage his attention.

The preliminaries of introduction being over, Mrs. Beaconstreet begins:

"My *dear* Mr. Durant, I have brought my daughter Millicent, and *hope* to leave her with you,"—with significant emphasis on the word *hope*,—"but I must speak with you—quite in confidence of course—about the—er—*domestic work*. Millicent has *never* been accustomed to anything of the sort; she is *very* delicate, and while your establishment is really *quite* what the most exacting mother could wish—quite magnificent, indeed; really I *was* surprised! How *could* you do it? I know what such things *cost*."

Mr. Durant, that consummate student of human nature, smiles, and slightly narrows his eyelids. The showy ornaments, the aroma of costly perfume, the bouffant avalanche of silken draperies are all in vain. He is impressed, to be sure, but not in just the way Mrs. Beaconstreet intended.

"Your daughter Millicent is delicate, you say? Perhaps domestic work will do her good," he remarks, with a courtly gesture which seeks to include Miss Beaconstreet, who is looking somewhat wistfully at the crowd of girls, some awaiting their turn to speak

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to Miss Howard, others hurrying about with laughing, excited faces.

"Oh, no; no indeed!" protests the lady. "Pray, *don't* misunderstand me, Mr. Durant. I was talking with Mr. Beaconstreet only this morning, and he told me to say to you that he will be quite willing to mail you his check for—" Here Mrs. Beaconstreet's voice descends to a discreet murmur. "I am sure you will find other Boston mothers who feel just as I do."

Mr. Durant shakes his head decidedly, mirth struggling with indignation in his dark eyes.

"I have n't a doubt of it, madame," he tells Mrs. Beaconstreet. "But our regulations admit of no change. Every student who enters Wellesley College is the absolute equal of every other student. And every girl here will do her share of domestic work. There's a principle back of it."

"Do you mean you won't *allow* Mr. Beaconstreet to pay more, and excuse Millicent from dish-washing and that sort of thing? My *dear* Mr. Durant, don't you *realize* that our best families will not endure that sort of thing? It will *ruin* your college!"

But Mr. Durant at this point excuses himself politely. Miss Howard—she of the stately black silk and the puffs of silver hair, setting off to perfection her pinky-white complexion—wishes to confer with him on a subject of importance. And Miss Howard is— Just what is Miss Howard? She is set down in

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clear print as the President of Wellesley College. She is a beautiful figure, certainly, and she understands her position to a nicety.

Now before going farther, the writer wishes to quote from a letter of Miss Whiting's,¹ which bears on this very subject, but without a taint of fiction. It seems to shore up—so to speak—the foregoing account of Mrs. Beaconstreet's fruitless interview with Mr. Durant. Miss Whiting writes:

Mr. Durant's idea of having the students assist in the domestic work, was not so much to save expense, as to develop character: "Devoting one's self entirely to study," he used to say, "is, in a way, selfish. But an hour of domestic work each day affords a much to be desired opportunity of doing something for the common good. Also"—he would add—"it teaches mutual interdependence. Each girl has a task in our little community; if it is not performed the community suffers."

Not a few times, mothers tried to pay extra, and have their daughters exempt from domestic work. This was invariably refused, and Mr. Durant would remark afterward that it was a good way "to keep out snobs."

It may be of interest to know that when Mrs. Beaconstreet, with an air of haughty displeasure, strove to detach her daughter from a group of girls, into which she had drifted as naturally and sweetly as one more bluebird in a bevy of bluebirds, Miss Millicent

¹ Miss Sarah F. Whiting, Professor of Physics, Wellesley College.

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Beaconstreet, for the first time in her short life, was found to differ radically with her maternal parent.

"But I want to stay, Mama," she said, with spirit. "I don't wish to go to Madame de Poté's, or any other school. . . . I sha'n't mind the domestic work a single bit. Just think! one girl told me she and her room-mate are going to wash the silver after breakfast. And that girl with curly hair says she helped scrape the plates after dinner to-day. But I shall need some gingham aprons. Papa said I was to be game and stay if I wanted to."

So Millicent Beaconstreet won out (with the aid of Papa) and we are happy to be able to state truthfully that many girls like her, known personally to the author, laid aside the superfluous insignia of wealth and learned to scrape plates, wash silver, glass, and china, sweep, and dust, and all with the highest good humor.

On that very first day, domestic work was in process of organization under the smiling, tactful superintendence of Miss Sarah Eastman,—afterward the Principal of Dana Hall,—who sat at her table, eyeglasses perched on her amiable nose, and with discernment little less than miraculous fitted each girl to her place in the great household.

"Now, my dear," she would say, with the winning smile for which she was famous, "I believe you would enjoy serving on the dish-circle after dinner. It is quite a large and merry circle; but if you find it *too*

hard, after two weeks, I'll find something else for you to do."

And the girl would pass on,—dismissed she hardly knew how,—wondering if, after all, she was n't especially privileged by being put on the after dinner dish-circle. Later, she knew she was n't. But there were few who had the temerity to demand a change before the specified two weeks were over. Domestic work has long since been abandoned at Wellesley College; but in those early days it loomed large. Mr. Durant had seen the system in successful operation at Mt. Holyoke, and it had appealed to him at once. While the saving of expense was not primarily the object in view, it certainly did save enormously, and helped make the low charge for board and tuition possible. None of the cooking was done by students, however, as was the custom at Mt. Holyoke. Mrs. Durant thought the work too involved and difficult to be carried on by students alone, and Mr. Durant was quite decided in his determination to give the girls plenty of good, wholesome, well-cooked food. He had always in mind the alleged delicate constitution of the American girl, and its corollary, her inability to pursue the higher branches of learning. In advance of his time, in this as in many other directions, he argued the case with his accustomed shrewdness and good sense. If the American girl was too delicate to study Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics, there must be reasons for it. He had speedily lighted upon two.

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Watching keenly the habits of the genus girl, whenever and wherever he had opportunity, and with Mrs. Ripley in mind as his model woman student, he observed first the food habits of the girl of the seventies. Principals of boarding-schools, proprietors of restaurants, and mothers of daughters were in turn subjected to his keen cross-examination. Cake, pastries, confectionery, and ice-cream were found to be the comestibles most in favor; and in boarding-schools the eagerly awaited arrival of the "box from home" was oftener than not followed by illness or languor on the part of the recipient and her friends.

"I really dread to see one of those home boxes come in," testified the head of a seminary near Boston. "We have a following crop of sick headaches and poorly prepared lessons every time."

"Why not forbid the boxes?" was Mr. Durant's incisive question.

The lady principal—to use the term most in vogue at the time—shrugged her shoulders.

"We have advised the mothers of our pupils *not* to send food to their daughters. We certainly furnish an excellent table, as they know very well. But it is apparently useless; the boxes come just the same."

The second count in Mr. Durant's indictment against American mothers concerned fashionable clothing.

Waists, he contended, were too small; skirts too heavy and too long. Hats did not fulfil their function

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as coverings for the head. Shoes were too narrow, heels too high and soles too thin.

But on this subject Mrs. Durant counseled discreet silence. She knew her sex too well. Dress-reform, so-called, was being talked about, but chiefly by short-haired, masculine-looking females, truly objectionable to the sensibilities of refined ladies of the better class. The word *lady* had not gone out of style in the seventies; we find it conspicuously in evidence in the literature of the day. As for the fashions in dress, look back, if you will, in your bound volumes of magazines. In her search for Wellesley material the author has passed enjoyable hours among the pictured "ladies and gentlemen" of the eighteen-seventies.

In an article called "Wellesley College," well-written and carefully censored—published in "Harper's Magazine" for August, 1876, with excellent cuts of the buildings and its surroundings, many of which can be found in no other place—she was especially interested in the view of a stairway, showing details of the exquisite woodwork upon which Mr. Durant had lavished such scrupulous attention. The illustration evidently shows us one of the main stairways leading upward from the ground floor. In its graceful curve stands a splendid palm, whose foliage tops the balustrades of the second story; but our attention is focused upon the two figures in the act of ascending the broad steps. The man is wearing a tall hat and flourishes a massive walking-stick, while the woman, whose back is

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turned toward the spectator, displays a structural amplitude of contour astonishing to modern eyes, wonted to the attenuated post-war silhouette. On another page is an example of the waist of the period, in the case of the lady seated at the desk of authority in the library.

Mr. Durant's findings on both counts were set forth in the previously mentioned circular to parents, for whose preservation we must thank the "Boston Journal" and the compiler of a certain scrap-book of precious memories: "Students," we read, "will not be permitted to receive boxes of food, the table being abundantly supplied, and regular hours of eating enjoined." There is more to be said on this subject, later on. It should be remarked, however, that this brief though explicit statement meant business. Neither maternal arguments nor girlish pouts were destined to move the rock of determination upon which it was founded.

A reason for this and other regulations—later voted intolerable and not to be borne by college women—should be sought for and found in the student body of that early day. Of the three hundred and fourteen girls who arrived at Wellesley on the memorable date of its opening, only thirty were found to be ready to enter upon the scheduled work of the freshman year. There existed for a few days only a tentative class of '78. But its members gladly subsided into '79, which was glory enough to satisfy the most ambitious. All

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the others, after exhaustive examinations, from the three R's up, were graded in preparatory classes. Wellesley College was, in fact, a boarding-school, with one college class. It must be said.

But we say it with pride. It would have been easy to establish that mythical class of '79, and equally easy to organize a large and flourishing freshman class out of the unused increment, which boasted more than a hundred high-school graduates from many parts of the country. Boys from those very high-school classes entered the various colleges for men that year, with no demurrers on the part of the faculties. These gentlemen were sadly accustomed to the indifferent preparation of their incoming freshman class. It was the business of the professors and instructors to cope with deficiencies, and they did it as part of their routine work. All this might have been done at Wellesley. But such a course was not even considered. The first calendar of the college states:

Wellesley College is intended for those students only who desire to give themselves faithfully to the pursuit of knowledge, and to discipline and develop their minds by arduous study.

The ideals of Wellesley were keyed high, and there was no dissonant compromise anywhere along its gamut.

XVIII

A STUDENT who entered Wellesley College on that first day of its first year tells us in "The Wellesley Prelude" (April, 1890) of her own initial experience:

The boarding-school idea was not easily to be shaken off: and tender-hearted mothers fluttered about their timid chicks to an extent that would amuse our serenely independent young women of the present day. Yet, as our particular student settled herself in the coach and looked about at the faces of her future companions, she could detect little home-sickness there. That would come later. But now there was such a consciousness that all were new together, such an exhilarating sense of romance and discovery, such wild surmise that all the thrilling situations in all the boarding-school stories might be rivalled or even surpassed in the untried life before them, that our travellers were on the whole very merry. . . . When the coach stopped before the vast and imposing building, our student joined the throng, who were already gathered in the reception-room and about its doors, waiting to have their rooms assigned them. But a gentleman at once approached the new arrivals, with a quick, decided step. "Have you had any dinner, girls? No! Then come right with me to the dining-room." So the slight,

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well-knit figure led the way, saw that their wants were supplied, and exemplified to them at the very outset that "*Non ministrari, sed ministrare*," of which all his life thereafter was one constant expression.

After dinner our student returned to the reception-room door, where she had abundant leisure to study what was going on about her. Tip-toe views over the heads of those in front occasionally revealed the beautiful face of the young teacher, who was distributing the keys with words of laughing reassurance. It was she whom Mr. Longfellow afterwards compared to his own ideal of Evangeline. "If all our teachers are like that," thought our friend, "we're in good luck indeed!" Later she caught a glimpse of a stately figure in black, with a handsome head, crowned with abundant white hair. "That's the president, Miss Howard," was the awed whisper. Seats were few, and our student was glad to share a chair with the future Preceptress of Northfield Seminary.

At last her room was assigned her. She climbed the broad stairs to the fourth floor, for there was no elevator then, and paused with some trepidation at the open door of a pleasant room overlooking the lake. For there already was the new room-mate, she so longed, yet dreaded to meet, and the room-mate's mother and the room-mate's mother's friend, bustling about and putting things in order. . . . At supper, the two girls succeeded, to their great delight, in getting at the table of the Evangeline-faced teacher. Afterward they had a cheery talk with half a dozen new acquaintances, and then went up to their room and sat in their window-seat, looking out at the glory of moonlight flooding the silent lake, and exchanging the

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confidences so dear to girlish hearts, of home, of friends, of tastes and hopes and aspirations.

That was the student side of the opening day at Wellesley. But as the light-hearted children of that memorable time have grown into sober women, and entered upon their share of the world's work, many a thought has come to them of the other side. They have considered the mighty effort that set all that complicated machinery in motion, the infinite detail that demanded such untiring care as love only could give, the great purpose that lay behind all, the deep suspense that attended so important an experiment, the hopes and prayers that made that day's exhausting duties sacred to so many hearts.

In the short history of College Hall, which preludes a book of photographs happily preserved to us after the fire which destroyed our first Wellesley, we read:

All that day confusion was inevitable. Mr. Durant hovered about, excited, anxious, yet reassured by the enthusiasm of the students, who entered with eagerness into the new world. He superintended feeding the hungry, answered questions, and studied with great keenness the faces of the girls who were entering Wellesley College. In the middle of the afternoon it had been discovered that no bell had been provided for waking the students, so a messenger went to the village to beg help from Mrs. Horton, who promptly provided a large brass dinner-bell. At six o'clock the next morning two students, side by side, walked through all the corridors, ringing the rising-bell,—an act, as Miss Eastman says, symbolic of the inner

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awakening to come to all those girls. . . . The routine of the early days seems rather exacting. . . . At six-forty every student was expected to be dressed and ready to observe Silent Time, a period set apart for private devotion. Even room-mates separated, one occupying the study, the other the bedroom. Very soon, Silent Time was observed after the seven o'clock breakfast had been eaten and the work of the breakfast 'circles' had been completed. Chapel service, held at eight-twenty, was followed by "section" Bible class meetings, which were really recitation periods of fifteen minutes, led by the different teachers. In the evening chapel service was held at seven-thirty, and a second Silent Time was observed at twenty minutes past nine. Lights were to be out at ten o'clock, but even the members of renowned early classes confess that they often went to bed in the dark.

The recitation periods were sixty minutes long, with five minutes intermission between classes, during which the room was thoroughly aired, no matter what the temperature. It required Mercury-equipped feet on the part of students whose rooms were in remote corners of the upper floors to reach a recitation room within the specified time. Each girl's daily schedule was supposed to be arranged to comprise three recitation hours and three study periods of two hours each. Added to this was a sixty-minute period for domestic work and another of equal length for out-of-door exercise; morning and evening chapel, a morning Bible lesson, and two silent periods of twenty minutes each, as noted above. The time for meals varied; but there

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was little dalliance at table. Besides all this, students were expected to keep their rooms in perfect order, ready for rigid inspection.

As the writer of these pages looks back to her own student days at Wellesley, it is with wonder, mingled with no slight amusement. Knowing the stern habits of our founder, who never indulged himself, we may suppose that it was he and no other who arranged this strenuous program. Miss Howard, of the stately black silk gown and the crown of silver puffs, may have demurred. But if she did, her counsels did not prevail. Her own health was "frail," and sometimes for days she would be invisible to students. At such times Mr. Durant would conduct the morning and evening chapel services, and set forth in clear, incisive language the things which must be said.

Whether or not Mr. Durant ever considered from an arithmetical point of view the hours demanded of students, the girls certainly did: behind closed doors, pencil poised in air, the amazing schedule was voted impossible. What! nine hours devoted to study and recitations; two to domestic work and exercise; meals an hour and a half, certainly; chapels, silent hours, and Bible classes,—call it roughly an hour and twenty minutes,—a grand total of about fourteen hours! When were we going to have fun? If they—(meaning Mr. Durant and the faculty) thought we were going to live like that, week in and week out— Well; we just could n't, and we just would n't. But, as far as the

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writer knows, no one had the temerity to set forth this determination in words. We "managed," with truly feminine duplicity. Domestic work, for example,—being tasks assigned for the average girl of average inexperience,—was presently found to be surprisingly elastic; a little practice by the "glass-circle" and three hundred and fifty glasses could be washed, rinsed, polished, and put away in thirty-two minutes. The bread for supper could be cut and stacked in plates in thirty-seven minutes—if the bread-knives were sharp. And woe to Dominick Duckett, if they were not! The sweeping of the matting in a corridor was accomplished in a twinkling, before breakfast. Dishes could be swished through soapy water, then plain hot water, dried, and set on the shelves in a way little less than cataclysmic.

A visitor once remarked upon the absolute order prevailing at Wellesley. "No one ever seems to be doing anything," she said; "yet everything appears to be perfectly done." And so it was. Efficiency, that word so hackneyed now, was quite at ease in the dictionary then. It began to come into its own in the early days of Wellesley College. We invented efficiency. Our consciences were at peace; we had no scruples and no qualms, not one. Yet we once had a sermon—preached, I remember, by a tall, lank, yellow-complexioned clergyman—on truthfulness; or was it lies? Anyway, he took occasion severely to censure those students who did not give "an honest sixty min-

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utes to their domestic work." And poor, dear Miss Eastman was put to it to discover the naughty clever ones who could do an hour's work in half an hour, and were making no bones about it.

The arrangement of the daily programs alluded to was fraught with difficulties and problems. Numerous conflicts arose which involved faculty and students alike in a state of turmoil. This was manifestly unavoidable, since the girls were unevenly prepared, and could not, therefore, be uniformly graded. A freshman in mathematics would appear before Miss Howard and report that her Latin had failed to satisfy the rigid requirements; she might also be deficient in Greek or Roman History, and anxious to begin French or German. The best that could be done with such recalcitrant schedules frequently left a student with four, or even five, recitations on one day, while on another there were but one or two. Thus we were accustomed to talk about our "hard days" and our "easy days." And sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof, for most of us.

Mr. Durant was keenly interested in all these intricate details, and frequently took a hand himself, working for hours with some distracted girl, who might be on the point of giving up and going home. The statement has been made that he was tempted to favoritism. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? The girls who were best prepared for college work, and who appeared genuinely in earnest in the pursuit of the higher

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learning, naturally drew his attention. He had built Wellesley for such as these. He trusted, moreover, his wide experience, and read in many of the faces of these first students a delightful feminine expression of his own towering ambitions. But the smooth, indeterminate features of youth yield little, even to the practised observer, as this matchless student of human nature was presently to discover. Perhaps his most trying experience was with the nostalgic student, whom he was apt to come upon, nursing her tears and grievances, in sundry nooks and corners.

Letters from a certain "Elizabeth," preserved to us from those pioneer days, give us the picture of a thoroughly conscientious young woman, struggling with the problems of her new environment without an enlivening gleam of humor to cheer her drooping spirits. She writes:

Wellesley College, September 12, 1875.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I wrote to you once before, but was ashamed to send the letter, it was such a blue, homesick one. I don't know that I can do much better today, but I will try. As I told Mother, I found everything very much unsettled. The Domestic Department is in great confusion, and consequently our meals are not only very irregular, but rather meagre. Half the time I am so hungry that I am almost destitute of strength. My work has been assigned me and it is to help wash and wipe the china-ware after breakfast. There are six or eight girls to help me, but even

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then it takes up more than an hour of time. . . . I have struggled and tried my very best to keep up my spirits, but I cannot tell you how homesick I have been. I have felt sometimes as though I should be perfectly willing to endure almost anything to be able to start home. I think of how you have all sacrificed so much that I might come and enjoy these advantages, and I try to be brave and to laugh at my weakness,—but it does no good. The tears will come, in spite of all that I can do. . . . We had service in the chapel this morning at half-past ten, Dr. W—— of Boston preaching the sermon. It was exceedingly profound, and not at all calculated to comfort homesick girls. . . . The same minister preached again in the afternoon and his sermon was more doleful than ever. Here is his text: “Thou hast hedged me about so that I cannot get out: thou hast surrounded me with hewn stone.” . . .

I have been examined in arithmetic, United States history, grammar and geography, and so far the examinations have all been written. The examinations have been quite hard, and many of the girls are exceedingly anxious and fear they have not passed. . . . This morning I was examined in Greek. Miss Horton took us first into a room where she gave us a passage to translate and read. After this she took us into another room, where the blackboard was covered with questions which we were to answer. I wrote steadily for three hours, and then being almost blind I gave my paper in without having finished. . . . Suppose I should fail to enter the Collegiate department! It just seems to me if after all my study I am not able to enter as a Freshman, I had better go home and devote myself to something a little more profitable. Quite a number of the girls who are trying to enter the Fresh-

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man class do not intend to stay if they are unable to enter. . . .

Wednesday morning. Yesterday while I was washing dishes two letters were handed to me, one from father and one from grandpa. I was so rejoiced that I almost dropped them in the dish-water. . . . I was told this morning by one of the teachers that I am considered a member of the Freshman class, unless I choose to take further examinations and become a Sophomore. The Freshman class was called together and their year's work laid out before them. It will be a very severe one. . . . In mathematics we shall do the work in one year, in most schools given in two. It seems incredible to me that we will be able to do it. . . .

Last week, more from curiosity than anything else, I took some small things down to the laundry and washed them myself. I found things about in this shape: two large rooms, each having a long row of stationary tubs. These tubs are arranged in sets, two to each set. Hot and cold water faucets are in each tub. In the rinsing tub there is wound around the inside a pipe, and by turning a small handle steam is forced through this pipe, so that if the tub is filled with cold water, the water will be boiling hard in a moment or two. All that one has to do when the clothes are in the rinsing water is to turn on the steam, and they will boil beautifully. Wringers are provided for every tub. Then there is the drying room, in which any article will dry in less than ten minutes. And then the ironing room, where plenty of irons are furnished to any one who wishes them. Besides all this, the soap, bluing and starch are furnished by the College, the starch being made and boiled, ready for use, by the laundry women.

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Having discovered all this I have been very much tempted to do my own washing, and if I can find time for it I shall do so. . . . My kitchen aprons are the most indispensable articles of my wardrobe. If they should wear out I don't know what I should do!

Subsequent letters from "Elizabeth"—from which we shall quote hereafter—show us the distracted father of three hundred and fourteen daughters, endeavoring to cheer, counsel, and guide this particular member of his beloved first college class, the famous class of '79.

There can be little doubt that a painful process of disillusionment was going on during that first crucial year. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Durant had any first-hand knowledge of girls. Mrs. Durant constantly sought in the reminiscences of her own girlhood clues to guide them in the study of these new and varying personalities. But those of us who have studied the early life of Pauline Adeline Fowle know that she was a *rara avis* among girls: who else at sixteen would have studied with rapt attention the theological works of the Rev. Dr. Doddridge; and been ready, thereafter, to subscribe herself as a sinful worm of the dust? Mrs. Durant's well-seasoned character betrayed no outward token of dismay. Her face, still framed in smooth brown hair, was placid and cheerful as ever, as she moved noiselessly about the halls and corridors. If she was tempted to shed tears in private over the havoc wrought in the well-stocked china-closets of

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Domestic Hall, no one was ever the wiser. But the pretty decorated china and Wedgwood plates and pitchers presently gave place to plain white crockery, better calculated to sustain the repeated assaults of the "dish-circles."

As for Mr. Durant, he must have mourned a shattered dream when told that a bell was required in his exquisitely appointed library to curb the buzzing whispers and explosive giggles of students assembled there. Where now was the ideal Wellesley girl, who was to have reverently handled his beloved books, while delving like some industrious bee in the corolla of a half-closed blossom? It became necessary again and yet again for Miss Howard, in her sweet persuasive voice—which could convey the sting of the lash—to remind students not to turn down leaves of costly books; not to remove books from the library to their rooms; not to talk out loud where others wished to study; and a thousand other thou-shalt-nots suited to the occasion.

Yes; there was certainly disillusionment meted out to our founders. But there was also the splendid fact of fulfilment, to cheer them on. They had spread the feast, and their house was well furnished with guests.

XIX

SECTION II under Article I of the Statutes of Wellesley College reads as follows:

Design. The College was founded for the glory of God and the service of the Lord Jesus Christ by the education and culture of woman. To realize this design it is required that every Trustee shall be a member in good standing of some evangelical church; that every teacher shall be of a decided Christian character and influence, and in manifest sympathy with the religious spirit and aim with which the College was founded; and that the study of the sacred Scriptures by every student shall extend over the first three years, with opportunities for elective studies in the same during the fourth year.

Whatever the future of Wellesley College, it must rest till the end of time upon the one foundation, Christ Jesus. Its obligations to God and to the man, who, under God, gave Wellesley to the world, are forever binding upon its board of trust, its faculty, and its students.

To the Boston clergyman,¹ who preached the initial

¹ The Rev. William Fairfield Warren, D. D., President of Boston University, and member of the Board of Trustees of Wellesley College.

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sermons in the chapel at Wellesley College, we owe an account of Mr. Durant's first formal meeting with the members of his faculty. This took place on Saturday evening in the room afterward known as the Faculty Parlor. It appeared that night to the eyes of the invited guest merely as "one of the large empty rooms." He writes:

I wish I could identify it, for it ought to be evermore sacred. The lamps were lighted, and to it all the teachers were summoned. They were to meet the Founder and for the first time to meet each other. I was asked to offer prayer. In that presence you may be sure it was not hard to comply. Then followed an address by Mr. Durant, informal in manner, but most memorable in matter. In it with heart-born eloquence he poured out his soul. To these elect women he communicated the ideals and aspirations, in the light of which he desired them to begin and evermore to carry forward their sacred work. The charges he laid upon their hearts and consciences no one who was present can ever forget. Then he closed with prayer. And such a prayer! It was as if the pent-up aspirations and hopes of all his Christian years had suddenly found a voice. It was as if we and all heaven were present witnesses of the initial consecration of a new and immortal Sisterhood for Holy Service, whose ever-living and ever-present head should be none other than that Lord Christ who, born of woman, through His incarnation and redemption brought saving light and life to women and to men, world without end. In that prayer I discovered why the opening of the College was

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without demonstration before the public eye. "Lord, we cannot dedicate it to Thee," he said. "Thine it has been from the beginning; Thine these beautiful woods; Thine the lovely lake; Thine all that has entered into the house we have builded." I saw, as never before, how completely everything had been dedicated and rededicated through all those silent years he had spent in planning and preparing for that day. And from that day to this, that unforgettable hour in the evening of September eleventh, year of our Lord 1875, has seemed to me, as it must also have seemed to those then present, the birth-hour of Wellesley College. All before that, however sacred, was private and as it were prenatal; all thereafter was service to a child full-born.

Neither students nor faculty were to be left with any uncertainty as to the aspirations—nay, more, the firm conviction—upon which Wellesley College was founded. In a sermon delivered from the chapel platform one Sunday morning, early in that first year, Mr. Durant set forth the eternal principles of education, as he conceived them to be. This was no hastily prepared address; during all the years, while he labored on the visible Wellesley, these thoughts stirred within him, coming, as he believed, from the deep sources of the All-Wisdom. The sermon was delivered entirely without notes; but a little sheaf of manuscript, labeled "The Spirit of the College," was found afterward among his papers and published¹ just as he left it,

¹ For private circulation only, among members of the faculty and student body.

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nearly a decade after his death. His noble presence, the power of his eyes, the deep, musical tones of his voice—all are lacking. Yet in these words of his we must seek for and find the eternal verities. All that he had and all that he was, he gave without stint to Wellesley. In these days of our towering material ambitions we should beware lest we reject the stone, not made with hands, which our founder cemented into place at cost of his life. And so, let us read:

Colossians ii. 3: "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

The Wellesley College plan of education may properly be made a lesson for the Sabbath day, because it is religious throughout. It asks the co-operation of teachers and students in the revolt which is the real meaning of the Higher Education of Women. We revolt against the slavery in which women are held by the customs of society—the broken health, the aimless lives, the subordinate position, the helpless dependence, the dishonesties and shams of so-called education. The Higher Education of Women is one of the great world battle-cries for freedom; for right against might. It is the cry of the oppressed slave. It is the assertion of absolute equality. The war is sacred, because it is the war of Christ against the principalities and powers of sin, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wellesley College desires to take the foremost place in the mighty struggle. All our plans are in outspoken opposition to the customs and the prejudices of the public. Therefore, we expect every one of you to be, in the

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noblest sense, reformers. It is difficult in the midst of great revolutions, whether political or social, to read rightly the signs of the times. You mistake altogether the significance of the movement of which you are a part, if you think this is simply the question of a College education for girls. I believe that God's hand is in it; that it is one of the great ocean currents of Christian civilization; that He is calling to womanhood to come up higher, to prepare herself for great conflicts, for vast reforms in social life, for noblest usefulness. The higher education is but putting on God's armor for the contest.

We have no time now to discuss woman's mission. One fact only, as we leave it: there are three hundred thousand women teachers in the United States. Who is to govern the country? Give me the teachers!

If we are to have a higher education for women, we must have five great essentials:

First: God with us. No plan can prosper without Him. The one vital question of the morning is: *God first in the higher education of women. God first in Wellesley College.* But to see the question in its proper harmony, we must group it with other great truths, which may be considered at some later day.

Second: Health. No system of education can be in accordance with God's law which injures health. Our war-cry here is the old proverb, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" We seek freedom from the physical chains which enslave women. Health is a religious duty. This wonderful human form God calls the temple of the Holy Ghost. And the physical ideal of womanhood is a noble, beautiful form, healthful, vigorous, graceful,—not "pretty," not a confused compound of vanity and senti-

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mentality and shams. Remember while you live, that the most beautiful woman is the one through whose face shines the pure, noble soul, the educated intellect, the brave, true, unselfish, unsullied radiance of lofty purpose. Trample in the dust forever the old loathsome ideal of the gushing story-paper and silly novel, with the baby face and the small waist and the small brain and the small sentimentalities. Shake off those poisonous, false ideas which make girls destroy health for show; and be reformers and preachers of the new evangel of health.

Third: Usefulness. All beauty is the flower of use. Make war against the old sham notion that women are to be trained only in accomplishments,—to become the toys, the trifles, the amusements of their lords; to shine outwardly, not to be filled with inner light. That has been for centuries the ideal in old Circassia. Let us have education with a purpose, for a purpose.

Fourth: Thoroughness. Be reformers against the lies and frauds of easy, slipshod, smattering, so-called education. Girls are trained to say, "We hate mathematics," and to choose easy studies.

Fifth: The one great, true ideal of higher education which the noblest womanhood demands; to wit: *the supreme development and unfolding of every power and faculty*; of the kingly reason, the beautiful imagination, the sensitive emotional nature, the religious aspiration. The ideal of the highest learning is in full harmony with the noblest soul, graced by every charm of culture, useful, and beautiful because useful; feminine purity and delicacy and refinement giving their lustre and their power to the most absolute science; woman learned without infidelity, wise without conceit; the crowned queen of the world by

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right of that knowledge which is power, and that beauty which is truth.

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

But, as has been said, the one great question is, whether, in this new crusade against darkness, chaos, and old night, we are going out to war with God on our side or not. Is it a victory planned and organized in the Holy of Holies up yonder, or is it a failure and a dream?

Distinctly, positively, without any intention of compromise, without fear of defeat, we plant ourselves upon the Rock of Ages.

No plan for the higher education of woman can make head against ignorance and sin and darkness, unless it is shaped according to the laws of the Creator and Sovereign of the Universe; that Creator, that God, must be Sovereign in the plan. Or—as we love to say—God must be first in everything in Wellesley College.

Now, this is right athwart the currents of popular prejudice, of indifference to God—calling itself liberal, and of the surface froth and foam of the newspapers. The cry is, "Education is secular." Religion must not be mixed up with it. The two are in essential nature separate and distinct." Mr. Facing-both-ways, the politician, with a crooked eye turned over his shoulder for votes, is very positive that education is secular, and that it is sinful to read the life of Christ in the presence of an unfledged voter who has been told that the Pope is Christ's viceroy. Mr. Blind-as-a-bat, the infidel, who publishes an

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infidel newspaper preaching the gospel of Tom Paine to all the world, is indignant at the bigotry and fanaticism of teaching children to ask God to bless our God-given bread, and to bless our enemies in the sublime anthem of the Lord's prayer. The modern self-styled "educator" agrees with them, and propounds, with looks unutterably solemn, that all true, scientific education must be forever divorced from religion.

Now it is a joy to maintain—right in the face of this unreason and prejudice—that education without religion is a rayless night without a star—a dead world without a sun.

Let us reason for a moment about this. First, then, if education means anything, it means, according to its etymology, to lead out, to unfold, to develop, the great God-created, God-given powers and faculties of this immortal somewhat, beneath the flesh garment, that we call soul, mind, intellect, God-likeness. To take the unformed, ignorant child and unfold its noble powers into the glad sunshine of truth; to waken the dreaming bud and develop it into the rounded, proportioned, harmoniously perfect flower,—that, purely, is education.

Its true purpose is to prepare this God-given, immortal creation for living, working, creating—if you will; for being somewhat and doing somewhat in this our God's world. This is the purpose of education, unless we are all fast asleep, dreaming drearily.

Now, religious truth is, in one word, the knowledge of God's laws for man. To state the whole question in one form then, it would be this: Is a God-created child to be educated for living, being and doing in God's world by keeping it in ignorance of God's law? You may hammer

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away at these adamantine links of logic until you are weary, but only one answer is possible. Religious truth is knowledge of God's law. More than all things else I must and will know this truth. Everything else is small beyond comparison. I must be on God's side; I want Him as my friend; I must know His will, His truth. I am to live in the world. I am to be something in the world. I am to do something in the world. All true unfolding of my God-given soul, all true preparation for living in God's world, demands, must have, the knowledge of God's law—religious truth.

But let us consider objections: "There are a great many denominations; there are different beliefs about religion; liberty of conscience demands that varying religious opinions should be respected."

Well, there are six hundred or six thousand religions in the world—besides Mormonism, spiritualism, and the worship of the golden calf, and pious cannibalism, and impious Tom Paine-ism. What of that? There is only one true religion.

Take an illustration from mathematics—that pure reason—those inevitable, unanswerable laws of God—that magnificent training for the human mind. "God always geometrizes," says Plato; and God's laws in mathematics can't lie. There is one truth in every problem. There may be ten million crooked lines between two points; but there is only one straight line, and that is the shortest distance between them. What would you say to the mathematical professor of tender conscience who should teach, "There is, to be sure, one great truth in the problem; there is but one true answer; God who made our thinking brains, God who made Mathematics, will have

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but one true answer. But we must be tender to human frailty, with its ten million false answers; we must have a loving charity for the ignorance and slothfulness and stupidity which will not see the one, great, plain, inevitable truth. And we must not insist too strongly—we must not teach *that!* We must be charitable; we must not be bigoted: all roads lead to Rome; all rivers run to the ocean." Yes; so do all foul ditches and common sewers. What of that?

"But how are we to know the one true religion?" Seek for it, as you seek for all truth; just as you seek for the real truth in your languages, in your Chemistry, in your Physics, in all science. Seek for it and teach it earnestly and fearlessly.

"But others will believe and teach differently." Well! twenty years ago the world believed in William Tell and the tyrant Gessler, and the story of the apple. Today it is an exploded myth. Will you fear to teach true history because China and the North Pole still believe in William Tell?

We follow Him who prayed, "Sanctify them through Thy truth." We must have the highest truth in education and religion, and the truth shall make us free.

"But making education religious infringes on liberty of conscience." That idea arises from false notions on the subject. Liberty of conscience is, indeed, the very day-star of Republican institutions. It produces political freedom, and political freedom produces it. The philosophy of history is God working out freedom in conscience and politics through human agencies. But does freedom of conscience mean that the teacher must be dumb about religious truth? The whole false reasoning

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on the subject, which has risen out of the debate as to the use of the Bible in the public schools, is based upon the illogical political principle: "Every one must have liberty of conscience; therefore the Bible must not be taught in the public schools." The Eliot School Case¹ may be remembered here. The obscurity lies in not distinguishing between worship and instruction. The error of friends of the Bible is in insisting on compulsory prayer. No one can compel me to an act of worship. I am free to worship or not. That is liberty of conscience. But religious instruction is not worship, and teaching religious truth does not infringe upon the sacred rights of conscience.

The great question: "Is God to be first in education?" reaches far beyond the mooted inquiry, "Shall the Bible be taught in the public schools?" There are thousands of schools where the Bible is read, but that great question does not enter in. Let us take one step onward, then. Religious truth is to be taught. Let us be fearlessly radical. What is religious truth? Not heathenism; not Mormonism; not sectarianism; not theology—in the ordinary and accepted signification of the word. If not these, what? What answer can there be but *The Great Protestant Faith!*

We are students of history; we are learners from the past. We are to be teachers because we are learners. And if there is any true religion in the world; if God has declared the truth to man; if man's conscience is to be free; if government is to be free; if property and life and conscience are to be safe in a home; if woman is to be

¹ Eliot School Case: The defense of the use of the Bible in the Public Schools, argued by Henry F. Durant before the Boston Court.

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elevated, and to elevate,—is it not under the Great Protestant Faith, which is the battle-cry in the world's warfare against tyranny and sin?

We have nothing to do with denominationalism, but we have a great deal to do with religion. And there is one central truth which is our only hope. Without it the world is a vast charnel of despair under a Godless sky. That great central truth is the one which the fearless monk of Augsburg stood forth alone against the world to teach,—stood forth alone with God to proclaim: *Justification through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ*. Unless God's Bible is a dream and a lie; unless we are living in a Christless, hopeless world; unless the dead sun hangs in a dead heaven,—that is the one hope of a sin-cursed world. And history proclaims it. Whenever and wherever justification through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ has been taught and believed and lived, there has come a steady growth of personal freedom, safety of home and property, equal and just laws, elevation of the poor, sanctity and elevation of woman, advance of knowledge and civilization. These are the signs of the times today, which let him that runneth read.

This is the religion of Protestant America today, and this is the religion of Wellesley College. Strip it of all outward forms, take away all denominational distinctions, separate from it all human creeds and metaphysics, and you have the religion that teaches "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Gather around it all wisdom and all knowledge. Bring to it the light of all science and all truth. Study over it; pray over it; live in it; love in it; suffer for it. It grows brighter and more bright. It draws around it by divine

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attraction all truth, all love, all joy, all that is great, and noble, and pure; all the sanctities of the Holiest of Holies; all the sweet charities of home; all suffering, and chastening, and living; all that is unselfish, and all that is beautiful and fair. It is the bending blue sky over all, the everlasting arms beneath, the victory that swallows up sin and death.

This religion is to be taught in Wellesley College in various ways. We are taking one great step in our daily Bible lessons, which are more far reaching than we are accustomed to think. But this is only a single way of enforcing the great truth. It is to be taught in Philosophy. One of the extraordinary aspects of modern thought is the apparently hopeless wreck of Mental Philosophy. I am going so far as to say that no true Psychology is possible, no Philosophy of the mind is possible, no Philosophy of our inner spiritual life is possible, if God is left out. Let us state the situation, as it appears, if we believe in God at all: young people are to learn the laws of the God-created inner life, which we call soul, spirit, intellect, reason, emotion, will, imagination—all that is created in God's likeness; and God is to be left out! This is not to be the method of Wellesley College. God is to be first in its Philosophy, and so in other studies.

That He is first in everything in this institution is to be shown practically by Sabbath-keeping; by the formation of character through discipline and obedience; by leading you to oppose frivolity, show, and worldliness, and to seek usefulness and opportunities for self-denial. The system of domestic work, we believe, will contribute to this. Your interest will be sought for the causes of temperance, of missions, of moral reform, in vital har-

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mony with the great advance of the age in Christian methods. We shall look to you for opposition to extravagant dress, to theatres, to promiscuous round dancing, to indiscriminate novel-reading, and to doubtful amusements in general.

And now let us summarize: Our religion is a religion of love. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." . . . Let us go up with Christ to the mountain-tops of love for God and man. . . . It is the religion of unselfishness, of self-sacrifice. It is to be shown in our daily lives. Our strength is to come from union with the Lord, who said, "I am the Life." There must be a personal sacrament. We must have God *within* our lives. The great need of our country, of ourselves, is consecrated lives. I appeal to your inmost consciences, to the very heights and depths of your souls,—is not this the religion you need? Will you not accept it?

Dante wrote at the beginning of his record of that sacred love which guided him to God, "*Incipit vita nova*"—"Here beginneth the new life." Will you not write that inscription, in all its noblest meanings, at the beginning of your course in Wellesley College, thus making it also the beginning of the beautiful ideal life?

XX

AND what, one is moved to inquire, was the effect of this sermon—delivered, we know, with all the power of the speaker's heart-felt convictions—upon the audience of young, and, for the most part, immature girls who heard it? If the spoken words had been all, the result might have been negligible. As the old saying has it, the sermon would doubtless have gone in one ear and out the other. Perhaps the older members of the faculty may have smiled dubiously, knowing better than the preacher the heedless mind of youth.

As the speaker's dark gaze passed from face to face of his girlish audience, catching a wandering look here, a drowsy eyelid there, did he feel that he had forced his argument home upon this new and untried jury? Did they at all understand what he had so earnestly tried to make clear to them? And if they had comprehended his argument, would any of them essay the new life he had pointed out? Pink cheeks, dewy eyes, dimpling smiles, where smiles were not in order, fluttering ribbons, slight coquettish gestures, suggestive of thoughts far afield—how was he to bring to pass his beatific vision of a Wellesley College, pouring out

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streams of life-giving influence upon an arid world? Mr. Durant could not have answered one of these questions on that historic Sunday morning. But behind the sermon—which was, in effect, a manifesto—he was proposing, to himself and to them, actually to inaugurate that new life. The word was to be made flesh, tangible, visible, living. Each girl in his presence was to become an incarnation of that life. “Impossible!” some would say. Some did say. But to the inspired poet, wrapped in his dream, nothing appeared impossible. Never once—we think, who knew him—did he lose the vision splendid, during the years that followed, the pitifully short six years. Dark clouds of discouragement lowered at times; but always one could pray. He brought others to pray with him. And, after all, it was God’s college, not his. It was this transcendent thought which went with him, like the pillar of cloud and fire, clear to the very end.

And so let us try to see him, in the midst of his college, working with consuming energy to bring to pass his ideal of the new education, the new life, in which God was to be first.

“I would rather,” he once cried passionately, “see Wellesley College in ashes, than that God should not be first in everything!”

When in 1914 Wellesley College, his college, lay in ashes, some of us recalled this saying, and wondered sadly if God had answered that prayer—for who can deny that it was a prayer?—in the dark portent of a

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visible fulfilment. Who yet has measured the power of the spoken word?

There were those who coldly censured Mr. Durant for his dominance during those first plastic years. "He has built a college," said the ubiquitous critic; "he has hired a president and a faculty to conduct it. Now why not retire and let them run things?"

As well ask the creator of some universe to retire and let it run itself. His heart was bound up with Wellesley; and until it ceased to beat, it was the heart of Wellesley.

"I hope," he once said, with a touch of wistfulness, "to make Wellesley so beautiful that the girls will forgive it the work and the prayer."

Beauty, to him, was a veritable expression of God. Stooping to pluck a white clover blossom, in the midst of an argument concerning miracles, he said, "I need no other miracle than this!" So miracle upon miracle of leafage and bloom surrounded us on every side; beautiful surprises, in slopes sown with the purple and gold of early crocus, "enough for every girl to pick." Bowers of rhododendron, azalea and wild roses, hardy annuals in hidden nooks, carefully nurtured violets in their native haunts—oh, the beauty of Wellesley! In song and story it soon became known as "The College Beautiful." The most beautiful college for women in the world, declared a titled Englishwoman who was a guest of the college.

Who could resist such wooing toward the new life?

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Those who were worthy entered in to the glories prepared for them. The others, who would not understand, and who were content to remain "dolls and drones," soon disappeared on one pretext or another. Wellesley was not for such as these. And yet one dares to say that no girl ever remained at Wellesley for even part of a term, who did not carry away with her ineffaceable impressions. It was a veritable palace of enchantment, this college where God was first in everything.

The writer of these pages has frequently had occasion to regret, during the progress of a longish life, that she lost the first great year at Wellesley. And yet, coming to the college the second year, one came in for the earliest vintage, the first-fruits of that new life which had by then become firmly established. The first vision of Wellesley, to the eyes of that seventeen-year-old girl, is one never to be forgotten, in this or in any world. The Center, with its towering palms and delicate tree ferns, its shining columns, its marble floor; the sense of space as one's eyes rose from floor to floor to the sunlit roof above; the surprises of beauty at every turn; the pictures, statues, beautiful aquariums flashing with goldfish in the great north windows of the upper floors,—all this for one but lately emerged from a dingy little parsonage in an equally dingy little village of middle New York State!

For the first day or two one could do nothing but gaze and gaze, in the intervals between examinations.



THE CENTER, FROM THE SOUTH DOOR

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What possible difference did it make if Sallust's "Jugurthine War" and "Conspiracy of Catiline" were not accepted in lieu of three books of Cæsar? The class of '80, or the class of '81; either would do. She did n't care which. Wellesley was the great, splendid, heart-satisfying reality, and the parsonage girl was there. No homesick letters, à la Elizabeth, traveled back to the New York State village, but a sort of pæan of joy, continued from day to day and from week to week. Her first "Domestic Work" was to dust the carved woodwork and pictures in the Center. What an opportunity to look one's fill at the lovely things under one's hand, and to help take care of them!

The girl who entered the second year found the elevator, under process of construction, and presently glided up and down in it, under the beneficent rule of "Tommy," the freckle-faced lad who was never guilty of an indiscretion. She found the first-year girls slightly superior, it is true, and visibly aurioled with their seniority, yet on the whole inclined to benevolence, and ready to give needful information generously. There were more boats on the lake, and the newer ones were not quite so massive and unwieldy as the *Mayflower*, the *Argo* and the *Evangeline*. The boating rules were simple but efficient. Every girl might go out on the lake; but there must be a captain in each boat, whose duty it was to see that no girl changed her place in the boat away from the shore. The list of captains, composed exclusively of first-year

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girls, could be found in the office. Then the adventurous explorations about the grounds and the neighboring country; one could almost lose oneself in the Wellesley woods in those days.

The parsonage girl, who had formerly been lured by visions of trailing gowns and adoring beaux, took to her gymnasium suit for general school wear, and straightway forgot the adolescent youth of the old seminary. A new star of the first magnitude had arisen on her mental horizon. And that star was the founder of Wellesley. From the day when one of the first-year girls whispered excitedly, "There 's Mr. Durant—see, over there! Is n't he splendid?" she found all the currents of her life deflected from the old channels. One could indulge in a bit of sly fun at the expense of certain teachers: the romantic one, who on a Sunday morning wore the miniature of a long-dead lover; or the severe one—who was n't so severe, after all, when one came to know her—with the two pairs of eye-glasses, perched one in front of the other, astride a diminutive nose. Even Miss Howard, the gracious yet aloof president, could be turned into a peg to hang a joke on; but Mr. Durant never! At first one saw him at a distance, seated at the office desk, where he appeared absorbed in vast ledgers; or in chapel, where he sometimes read from the Bible, with cogent, illuminating flashes. The library, too, exacted much of his time. He seemed always to be putting new books in place, where the smallest girl could reach them easily.

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Often, too, he would be found superintending the hanging of some new painting or engraving; for Wellesley did not gather its art treasures in the formal seclusion of a gallery, but spread them all about with lavish generosity, so that we lived and moved and had our being environed with beauty.

One night with an air of mystery, he approached a group of girls. "A mother and daughter have just arrived," he told us. "Do you think we can accommodate them? For the present I have put them in the corner by the main staircase."

A general demure rush in the direction of the main staircase presently revealed the heroic statue of Niobe and her daughter, with the result that every girl straightway refreshed her memory of that tragic old myth.

The parsonage girl did not at first understand the relation of Mr. Durant to the college. She only knew that he—as one girl expressed it—"appeared to dominate everything, from the hash in the kitchen to the class-rooms and laboratories." His relation to the kitchens was never fully understood by the students, for not once did he mention the fact which became obvious to him long before the first year was over: Wellesley college girls were not paying for their board, to say nothing of their tuition. Whether or not he had ever supposed they would, is a mooted question. Once only was he heard to refer to what doubtless seemed to him our astonishing appetites: "If Waban Mere

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were filled with chicken soup," he said, with the delightful suggestion of humor in his brown eyes with which some of us were already familiar, "you girls would drink it dry in a twinkling."

But our rosy health (the parsonage girl gained twenty pounds during her first year) delighted him. For was not here the concrete answer to the dismal prognostications which heralded the opening of Wellesley College? Girls could study hard and "day by day in every way" get "better and better." Yet figures did not lie, and the big ledgers which so often occupied his attention made it only too plain that a deficit of at least fifty thousand dollars a year must be met. Very well; he would meet it. And he did, not only the first year, but in every succeeding year of the six. But who would take his place, if—?

The first board of trustees, as has been noted, were mostly clergymen, with ponderous letters of dignity trailing their names. They were ready to advise him, being in the business of advising. "Raise the price of board and tuition, till the scales balance," they said. But to this suggestion he always opposed a decided refusal.

"Wellesley College," he repeated, for the hundredth or thousandth time, "is for poor girls."

When a few years later, he spoke at the laying of the corner-stone of Stone Hall, he voiced his convictions in other words: "One calico girl," he declared, "is worth two velvet girls."

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Perhaps this is n't the time and the place to say it, but only last summer the writer, in conversation with a bright young girl, suggested Wellesley as her own choice among colleges for women.

"I 'd like to go to Wellesley," the girl said soberly. "I 've always wanted to; but Wellesley is the rich girl's college."

"The rich girl's college!" I repeated, somewhat dazed. "I have never heard that before."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a little shake of her curly head. "Everybody says so. You can't go to Wellesley unless you 're rich."

A subsequent visit to Wellesley confirmed this melancholy lapse from the noble ideals of Mr. Durant. Rows of automobiles belonging to students were parked in front of Founder's Hall.¹ The "velvet girl" was everywhere in evidence. It is true that there is a flourishing Student's Aid Society; that there are numerous scholarships. Yet Wellesley to-day is unmistakably "the rich girl's college." There is plenty of room on the land Mr. Durant gave to Wellesley for yet another great quadrangle, where "calico girls" and parsonage girls and the daughters of obscure missionaries might have what the founder of Wellesley meant them to have: "the glorious new learning" at a low cost. Is n't there somebody who will build and liberally endow such an addition to Wellesley College?

¹ Founder's Hall: the new recitation hall, first unit of the Academic Center.

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One result of Mr. Durant's early conference with the Board of Trustees appeared in a Boston paper, under the date October 26, 1875. It was headed "An Appeal for Wellesley College":

It seems desirable that some statement should be made to the public in regard to Wellesley College. It is generally known that it was opened in September, and is now in successful operation with more than three hundred students. The college is a legal corporation, established under a special charter from the State of Massachusetts, and is to be governed by a board of trustees. The college and three hundred acres of land have been conveyed to the corporation. The college has no endowment. It is now before the public, depending upon their approval for students, and upon the benevolent for funds to sustain and increase its usefulness.

A mistaken impression prevails that contributions from the public are not needed or desired by the trustees. This is altogether erroneous. The wants of the college in certain directions are great and pressing and we shall be very grateful for help. We need very large sums for the purchase of books. There is shelf-room in the library for one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, and we have less than ten thousand. It is impossible that the college should take its proper position of usefulness unless very large additions can be made to the library. One hundred thousand dollars could be wisely spent in the purchase of books. Costly works are needed by the teachers and students in every department. Contributions in money for this purpose will be most useful, and gifts large and small will be gratefully received. Many persons may be more

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able to give books than money, and books will be very acceptable.

We also need funds to assist poor students. There are constant applications for aid, which we are compelled to refuse. There are many benevolent persons who would consider it a privilege to give money for scholarships to aid deserving students. All contributions for this object will be more than welcome. In addition to these most pressing wants, we need endowments for professorships, and we need an astronomical observatory. We also wish for contributions of all kinds to the museum of natural history and to the art gallery.

The cost of the college buildings has been so very great, and the annual expenses of supporting the college are so large, that we are not able to supply the wants mentioned above. The price of board and tuition has been placed at two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, in order to enable young women of moderate means to obtain a thorough college education. It must be obvious that at these rates the current expenses of the college cannot be paid. Under these circumstances we do not hesitate to ask all who are interested in the higher education of women to aid Wellesley College by their present contributions and by legacies in their wills.

In behalf of the Trustees,
HENRY F. DURANT.

The writer is not able to say whether or not this—the first appeal for Wellesley College—met with the instant and generous response which it merited. Professor Horsford, of whom mention has already been made, was by this time vitally interested in the great

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work of his friend, and his gift of \$120,000, known as the Horsford Library Fund, heads the list of our endowments, though it was not made at this time. In 1880 Mrs. Valeria G. Stone gave \$100,000 for erecting and furnishing an additional building "for the use of this institution."

Mrs. Stone's deed of gift closely follows the spirit of the original founder's in its purport. It begins:

Whereas my late husband, Daniel Perkins Stone, of Malden, Mass., was pleased to express his affection and confidence in me by committing to my disposal the large fortune he had accumulated, it is my desire, as a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, to devote a portion of this inheritance to the higher and distinctively Christian education of my own sex. . . . I wish the building to be always regarded and used as one that has been *sacredly consecrated to the promotion of a truly Christian education, and the development of Christian character and life.*

The italics appear in the original document, which goes on, at some length to set forth the donor's conviction that "*a symmetrical Christian character is the most radiant crown of womanhood, and a life spent in humble imitation of Him who 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' is the noblest of all aims.*"

In a private letter, written in 1884, Miss Whiting gives us further information concerning these early gifts. With rare impetuosity she writes:

I do not envy the people who will work at Wellesley

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fifty years hence, for they will not know the people who have founded it and shaped its policy, as we do. . . . Professor Horsford read to the heads of departments a wonderful plan, which will add to the Library fund enough for a system of Sabbatical years and pensions for teachers. Mr. Farnsworth¹ has left a hundred thousand dollars in his will for an Art Building. The origin of these—and, so far, of every gift to Wellesley—has been personal friendship for Mr. Durant and belief in him. Mr. Farnsworth was an old friend. As young men he and Mr. Durant boarded together; and when Mr. Durant married (Mr. F. never married) Mr. and Mrs. Durant always made him welcome in their home. He gave all the plastic statuary which adorns the halls, and said he intended to do something better.

One day the two friends attended an art auction in Boston. Mr. Farnsworth was obliged to leave after a little time, but directed the auctioneer to bid a hundred dollars on some bronzes he especially wanted. The bid proved quite inadequate, and Mr. Durant bid the things in for a much larger sum, and directed them to be sent to Mr. Farnsworth. Mr. Farnsworth was delighted, and went to the auction-rooms with his check, to find what had happened. He said he would be even with Durant, and the next day put a hundred thousand in his will for Wellesley!

¹ Isaac D. Farnsworth of Boston, donor of Farnsworth Art Building.

XXI

“**H**ARVARD UNIVERSITY for girls!” I was just coming out of my room on the top floor overlooking the lake,” writes a member of the class of ’79, “when I heard these emphatic words in Mr. Durant’s voice. As often happened, he had brought a little group of visitors to the window of the broad hall to show them the view.”

Of course the modest ’79 girl hurried right away with only the four words she had overheard by mistake; but she never forgot them. It was natural enough for our founder to look back to his own college days at Harvard, natural enough for him to aspire to greater things for Wellesley. Besides, through Professor Horsford, we were kept in touch with our two-century-old neighbor at Cambridge.

Certain members of the class of ’81 will not soon forget the thrill of honest pride with which they heard Professor Horsford’s comment on a certain examination paper in Latin—prose and poetry, in which original verses were demanded, illustrating the various meters, as well as renderings of Latin, previously unread by the students. All this is the veriest commonplace of the Latin class room now; but in that early day

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it carried with it a proud sense of adventure. "I'd really hate to put our Harvard Sophomores up against that set of questions," our good friend remarked, with a dubious shake of his gray head. "They'd undoubtedly flunk it." Whereat the Wellesley Sophomores exulted visibly; for they had passed it.

A member of the class of '79, in an address given at Wellesley in 1912, referring to this period, states:

While Harvard University was still using the textbook method, Mr. Durant was equipping Wellesley with student laboratories in physics and chemistry, botany and biology, with extensive and expensive apparatus for independent research.

And what he sought to do for us in science, he was bringing to pass also in the classics and in the great and as yet incomplete Department of English.

Katherine Lee Bates writes: ¹

In the last year or two of his life, Mr. Durant was arranging for the upbuilding, on a grand scale, of work in the English language and literature, with foundations deep-laid in the Teutonic. He began in his impatience to stock the library shelves with Icelandic books. He gathered a company of young teachers into an Anglo-Saxon class. Here, as everywhere, he projected greater plans than the College, without his inspiration and substantial aid, has yet been able to realize. No words can overstate the value to Wellesley of that teeming brain which mapped out her first pathways.

¹ Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College.

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Mr. Durant has been spoken of as "a dreamer of splendid dreams." And so he was. In these latter days the world is learning as never before that the dream must precede its fulfilment in the actual; and that every splendid achievement on earth or in heaven is first the vision glorious. Yet he was, of all men, most practical in the working out of his prophetic mind-pictures. He did not dwell apart from us young toilers in the valley, disdaining our ignorance, smiling loftily at our mistakes. "Generous in sympathy, daring in aspiration, sound in scholarly principle," he met us more than half-way. Was it the question of a modest Professor of Greek, presiding over a desolate class room filled with empty chairs:

"What! the girls don't want to study Greek? I'll talk to them!"

One of the class of '80 tells us of the September morning, when Mr. Durant spoke to the college on the supremacy of Greek literature:

He urged, in conclusion, all who would venture upon Hadley's Grammar, as the first thorny stretch toward that celestial mountain-peak, to rise. . . . Perhaps a dozen of us Freshmen, all told, filed into Professor Horton's recitation room that morning.

And, among those present on that memorable occasion, still another recalls Mr. Durant's shining eyes, as he presented this trophy of his own winning

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before the shrine of the Greek divinities, otherwise known as Room C.

When we consider the fact that Mr. Durant had not retired—as the saying is—from active business, but was still carrying on with all his wonted sagacity the various concerns identified with his name, we wonder where he found the time to know what each girl in the advanced classes was thinking and planning. He would sometimes be absent from the college for a day or two. Seldom longer, as the writer recalls the facts. At such times, as we know now, he was working with ceaseless energy to earn more money for Wellesley, that Wellesley might grow into ever grander usefulness and beauty. Then he would appear, full of enthusiasm; and ready, as ever, to impart it to us who were sometimes tempted to surrender before some seemingly insurmountable difficulty.

A member of '79, which boasted the unique distinction of being the senior class all the way through, had been absent from recitations for a week on account of illness, and, as she puts it:

That dreadful Spherical Trigonometry [her *bête noire*] was relentlessly rolling on without me. . . . The task of making up seemed hopeless. I began to see lions in the way of returning for a full course, anyway; and if so, why should I toil over this uncongenial study? Sympathizing friends, thinking only of the need of the moment, echoed "Why, indeed?" And thus convinced I stated

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my case so strongly to the necessary authority that in a moment the deed was done: I was transferred from the rank of the Regulars to that of the Specials, and thought myself well content. That evening Mr. Durant heard of it and sent for me. It needed but very few of his hopeful, helpful words to make me feel strong enough to see how weak I had been; and his hearty assurance that some way would surely open for me to return to College to finish my course left me no alternative but to meekly agree to go on fighting my fight. I returned to my room to have my day's experience startlingly impressed upon my mind by the verse for the day. It read: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel which sent thee this day to meet me, and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou." Words which I am sure can be gratefully adopted as the language of many and many a heart that has been helped, cheered, uplifted and ennobled by personal contact with our personal friend, our Greatheart.

It was this positive genius of Mr. Durant's—for we can think of it in no other way—for entering with zest into the affair of the passing moment, while never for an instant relaxing his grip upon essentials, which marks with starry surprises the study of his character. With his own glowing love of poetry, he delighted in seeking out among the girls those who frequented the Poet's Alcove, and who in secret might be making callow flights of their own.

One of our best-loved Wellesley poets ¹ writes:

¹ Katherine Lee Bates.

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How impetuously he would tear down armfuls of bound "Blackwoods" and "Fortnightly Reviews" to find for his girl-companions some song or ballad that had pleased him long ago. A lyric in Coleridge's *Zapolya*,

A sunny shaft did I behold,
and another in the "Remorse,"

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
were prime favorites of his.

"Now listen to this stanza!" he would exclaim, glancing up vividly from the reading of the latter. "Just listen to this:

"Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domini!"

"Do you heed that word moonlight? Why not moonlit? Because we want a long, slow, lingering word for the rays that lie on the quiet water through the long, slow, lingering night. Sunshine is bright and restless, belonging to the busy day. So the poets make a short epithet for that—sunlit. But, what kind of a poet would he be who should write moonlit? I wouldn't have his works in the Wellesley library. And mark the melody of that refrain—*Miserere Domini!*"

Little wonder that poetry, as well as science and mathematics, has flourished lustily at Wellesley from the very beginning! The gentle twitterings and trill-

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ings of these youthful aspirants interested our older poet as did little else. They dared to show him their verses, concerned mostly with the lake, the mystic Waban,—which we preferred to call Waban Mere in our poetic flights,—and with the dying year, and the snowy pall of winter, and the first tiptoeing of spring across the storied hills of our horizon. And he would read them with an interest and respect which added inches to the height of the poets, making a suggestion here, correcting a faulty rhyme or rhythm there; sometimes, indeed, counseling annihilation and a fresh start.

Already we had our Greek-letter societies, Zeta Alpha and Phi Sigma. Mr. Durant was the founder of these nurseries of the Muses, presenting them to us—as one of the charter members tells us—“as a pleasant prospect upon which we were glad to enter.” Later the Shakespeare Society was organized; and all three have since prospered exceedingly, though not without the vicissitudes proper to all great undertakings. But it is of the school of Waban poets we wish to speak, of the noble five constituting a wheel within a wheel—for all five of them were already under the magic spell of the Lamp or the Owl. Their membership was limited to ten, their aims threefold: “The study of poetry, while in College; the continuance of mutual helpfulness in whatever literary work the members might attempt after graduation, and the establishment of a succession.” A formal constitution, preluded by a fanciful and poetic preamble, was drawn up, with a more or less

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practical program of work, and, according to existing regulations, presented to the faculty for approval.

The historian of this ambitious plan says :

It lay on the table, through a summer vacation, and after much personal solicitation was approved on the special pleading of Mr. Durant, *who remembered that he had been a boy.*

The italics are our own.

In the presence of one of us, our Latin Professor remarked to her colleague, "O let them have a little nectar and ambrosia if they want it!" "I'm afraid they 'll kill themselves," was the prompt response.

Somewhat later, when Mr. Durant inquired after the welfare of this nursling of the Muses, he found the little band had almost given up. They had discovered that they could not live up to their constitution, they explained, so *cui bono?*

Mr. Durant was sympathetic. He understood; and it is just possible that he detected a hint of pathos and the mist of unshed tears. His advice was so characteristic that it must serve as the excuse for this bit of unfamiliar history. "Never mind your constitution," he said. "Be a comet, and come around when you like. Let me know when you meet and I'll send you a bouquet of flowers."

Thus encouraged, the girls resumed their work,

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more in the spirit of play, which was undoubtedly needful in those strenuous pioneer days. In a subsequent interview with Miss Howard, the ostensible head of government, who frequently acted the part of an efficient brake on undergraduate activities, one member remarked with delicious naïveté:

"We don't want you to think, Miss Howard—we would n't have you think that we mean to write much ourselves while we are in College. We understand that it would not be wise. You will see by our plan that we propose to spend nearly all our time in studying the work of *other poets*."

Hence the familiar and mirth-provoking nickname O. P., which well-nigh obscured the more dignified Kappa Alpha, bestowed upon the adventurous group by Mr. Durant.

The historian pursues:

If we were our own satirists, Mr. Durant was our fairy magician. He told us how he and his college comrades copied and passed from hand to hand in manuscript the early poems of Tennyson. He called our attention to poems which we were not likely to discover for ourselves—sometimes to bits of lyric, inserted in dramas we would not have time to read. He gave to each a special poet, as one choses a flower for a friend. The poets thus allotted were Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley and Mrs. Browning. With possible foresight of his own near departure, he introduced some of us to well-known authors and publishers who visited the college, giving them

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private recommendation, of which we knew not till long after, that they should lend us a hand in the fields of our chosen endeavor if we proved worthy of it. Finally he gave us our greatest pleasure in a visit to the home of Longfellow, in company with Mr. Fields. The Society was not talked of on that occasion; but our little souvenir books were bound in its color.

An amusing coincidence occurred when one of our teachers—knowing nothing of our existence as a College Society—called the five of us together by some natural selection of her own, and requested of each a bit of impromptu verse to celebrate the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Durant.

Our triumphant moment was when our most gifted member received a brief but all-sufficing note from none other than the prince of realists himself, accepting her finest dream-poem for the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which it appeared early in her Senior year. Three others of us saw ourselves in print, though under humbler auspices, while still lingering near our Alma Mater. . . . So runs the story of the dearest bit of folly ever cherished in heart of girl student. Broken by death, baffled by illness, wearied by the necessary work of the years, the little band now say softly one to another:

“What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me.”

Of the five “bits of impromptu verse” written in undergraduate days for the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Durant, we cannot forbear quoting:

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SILVERN

A silver gleam creeps over yonder lake
At morning when it smileth to the sun;
Let silver gladness o'er the waters break,
Along whose winding, widening path has run
The swift-sailed boat wherein these twain embarked,
And, dipping first the happy, mated oars,
Still left each daily voyage whitely marked
With a pure, silvery wake betwixt the shores.
O silver, silver fall the crystals bright
Of founts that cool the weary traveller's lip!
O silver, silver drop the deeds of light
From hands of these two sailors in one ship!
Here fold thy pinions, Music, and awake
A silver symphony for this night's sake.¹

As one looks back to those opening years of Wellesley College,—the closing years of the life we have been studying together,—one is reminded of the basic theme with which the great masters of music introduce their majestic creations. The theme, simple, yet a perfect musical expression,—coming, it may well be, from sources invisible,—an integral part of all that follows; appearing and reappearing; always fraught with deep meaning; blending and unifying all—such a theme, it seems to me, we find in the life of Henry Fowle Durant, and his relation to Wellesley College. Surveying thoughtfully the half-century of Wellesley's growth and development, can we not perceive in all that has

¹ By Mary Russell Bartlett, class of '79.

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been, in all that is,—yes, and in all that is to be, this deep, dominant note, sustained and sustaining all? Wellesley's clear, true tone of being: the love of beauty, the love of truth, and the love of God.

Listen to these words of his, singing in simple cadence of the beauty he loved, and which he strove to teach us to love in every word and act of that vanished life:

The world is overflowing with this wonder and mystery, which for want of another name we call beauty, and the beautiful. We see it in the fading sunset, in the vanishing clouds, in the haunted shadows of the forest, in the delicate wild flowers—more beautiful and more rare, if we would but examine them, than our coarser garden flowers. It is heard in the sounds of the lonely wind, mourning among the pine boughs, in the music of wandering brooks, in that morning concert of birds—when in full orchestra they welcome the dawn, in the voice of the solitary thrush, singing alone amid the woods in the deep quiet of noontide.

The ancients in their beautiful fables symbolized this beauty, and told of nymphs who dwelt in the shadows, and who haunted the trees, the mountains, and the waters. That beautiful fable has vanished, but the more beautiful reality remains. We hear everywhere voices from the spirit land, we recognize everywhere the footsteps of angels. . . . Listen then to those voices, learn those psalms of life. Let them instruct you in the dignity of labor and the duties of living. Let them teach you by the serene, silent influences of beauty. Let them steal gently

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into your hearts, and shape your lives by their sweetness and by their sympathy—for those voices of life and nature are not given without purpose, nor in vain. They are the angels' songs, which are sung on earth and in the sky.

They are the sacred oracles of heaven.¹

¹From "Address on Rural Life," by Henry F. Durant.

XXII

“**I** HEAR,” remarked a Utica friend, in vacation time of the year 1877, “that you are required to pray six times on week-days at Wellesley, and nine times on Sundays.”

Unfeigned indignation inspired the Wellesley girl's retort. “We are not ‘required’ to pray at all. Who told you anything so absurd?”

“Well; you can't go to the theater, anyway. And you are not allowed to eat candy.

“Who wants to?” countered the other girl, as always, an ardent champion of Wellesley. “I'm sure I don't. We can eat candy in vacation, if we want to. It's a horrid habit, like men's drinking or smoking.”

“That Mr. Durant must be awfully queer,” pursued her inquisitor, swooping gracefully into another tack. “I would n't go to Wellesley for anything. The idea of not being allowed to eat candy! I simply adore chocolates!”

The critic was n't Wellesley material, the Wellesley freshman mentally agreed. “You probably would n't like it there,” she murmured. But the saying about Mr. Durant recurred to her mind, in periods of reflec-

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tion. Was Mr. Durant really "queer"? she pondered.

In the autumn the girl's domestic work was changed to office work, which meant that she must be present in the main office for sixty minutes by the clock, attending to various matters of registration cards, boat captains, and keys, but oftener doing nothing at all. It was an opportunity to be improved in various ways; reading, for one thing, out of a fat little volume of Shakespeare's plays, which possessed a strong fascination for the office girl.

It chanced that the period assigned was one frequently chosen by Mr. Durant to look over his ledgers and go through his correspondence. So he sat one day at the big desk, his intent face bent over his work; and the office girl, behind a small table by the window, outwardly applied herself to the study of her "Hamlet." It should be remarked that the office girl was not a member of that illustrious inner circle, known, to the initiated only as the "O. P." To her Mr. Durant was neither "other poet," playfellow, nor friend. He was simply and solely Mr. Durant, an uncharted mystery. But was he "queer," as the Utica girl had declared?

A minute examination of his face was easy, under existing circumstances; the office girl might have been the chair in which she sat, or the table sustaining the fat book. She was, apparently, invisible. She therefore discarded the vagaries of the melancholy Dane, in favor of Wellesley's founder, during this particular

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period in which she was "doing domestic work." She noted carefully (being somewhat skilled with the artist's pencil) the full, broad forehead, with the slight depression between the brows; the brows themselves, dark, strongly-marked, quick and mobile, over deep-set brown eyes. Those eyes traveled up and down the pages, a pencil in quick fingers making occasional notes. His nose—it was rather an austere nose, decided the office girl, following its curved line from base to tip. Was it the nose, or the firm, well-cut mouth, or possibly the slightly jutting chin, which gave him so terrifying an expression of sternness? But—was it altogether terrifying?

"He has a quick temper," decided the youthful student of physiognomy; though she could n't have told why. "He's proud,—tremendously proud,—but not stuck-up. No; he's not conceited; but he knows he knows; and—he won't be contradicted. Nobody would dare!"

His hair—well, in '77 his hair was gray, streaked with white. It was long, and wavy, and looked fine and silky. The office girl liked that hair. But it was n't fashionable to wear it quite so long. Yes; that much of him might be queer. But was he queer?—Really queer? She ventured to turn the leaves of the dictionary which shared her table with the fat Shakespeare. "Queer; being out of the usual, in minor respects," she read; "singular, odd." Yes, Mr. Durant—

She was arrested in her slowly maturing conclusions

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by a flash of consciousness. Mr. Durant was surveying her calmly. He was, actually, looking at her, his expression (she thought) tinged with amusement.

"Are you busy?" he inquired.

She had been, very busy. The realization of her occupation sent a wave of color to her forehead.

"N-no," she stammered untruthfully. "Not so very," she modified. One must tell Mr. Durant the truth, whether or no. Something in his eyes demanded and would have it. But must it be the whole truth? "I was looking up a word," she added.

He nodded approvingly. "It 's a good idea to look up words; to dig right down into their meaning; find their synonyms and their antonyms. It enlarges the vocabulary."

The girl gazed at him, fascinated; must she tell him what word she had been looking up, and why? She set her teeth, resolved to defend her secret.

He smiled from the desk of authority across to the table of humility, and the office girl met the brown eyes squarely. Suddenly she knew that she was not afraid of Mr. Durant. "I was wondering if you could help me a little," he said.

Could she! The office girl was possessed with unreasoning enthusiasm at the suggestion. She would rather help Mr. Durant than do anything else in the world. She dropped the fat Shakespeare on the floor, with a joyful thud. He was transferring a pen, an

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inkstand, and some quires of note-paper from his desk to her table.

"What I want is this," he explained: "You know we are going to have some company at the college—a number of distinguished people from Boston. We'll have a good time, showing them everything; and I want you to write some invitations for me. Here are the names, and here is the form to be copied. Wait, I'll read it to you."

The girl was staring in bewilderment at the page of crabbed script he laid before her.

"If I should write the notes," he went on, in high good-humor, "perhaps they would n't know what was wanted. And we want them to come."

He stood watching the girl for a moment, while her agitated pen raced over the first page.

"Don't hurry," he urged; "you've got all the time there is. I'll sign them. Just lay them on the desk when you go."

He picked up his hat and, with another of those delightful smiles at his amanuensis, left the office.

That evening the Wellesley girl wrote a letter to the Utica girl; after a specious introduction she proceeded to the all important crux of the letter:

You said one day last summer that Mr. Durant must be *queer*, because he objects to our going to the theatre, and won't allow us to eat candy. His reasons for both are perfectly clear to intelligent persons: the theatre is *not*

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improving—especially when you are too young to tell what is good and what is bad. I don't intend to waste much of my time on it, ever. As for the candy-eating habit, it destroys the digestion and the mind. We would n't think of such a thing as being so foolish. Why, the other day Emma Jane F—— had been cleaning her teeth, and her tooth-powder is flavored with wintergreen. We were out on the south porch walking up and down (I wish you could see the view of the lake from there) when out came Miss H——, one of the teachers. She began to talk to Emma Jane; but in a minute she got very solemn. "Miss F——," she said, "I'm sorry to be obliged to ask you; but have you been eating candy?" You ought to have seen the horrified look on Emma Jane's face. "Why, no, Miss H——!" she stammered, "it must be—it is my tooth-powder." I just tell you this so you can see how we feel about candy here. I don't like it any more, really. Last week a prep's mother (prep is short for a girl not in the College. There are hordes of them) sent her, with her laundry, a box of home-made cookies. Laura is quite an intelligent girl, so she asked me what she had better do with them. "Give them to Mr. Durant," I suggested. But she screamed right out, "I'd rather die!" It's perfectly absurd for anybody to be afraid of Mr. Durant. He's the grandest man I ever knew. But some people can't seem to understand him. "Very well, then," I said, "throw them in the lake. The swans can eat them." And she did. She waited till it was almost dark, then took them down the hill and threw them into the water. I don't know whether the swans got them or not. They looked good enough for swans.

I have n't told you about the swans, for I have n't writ-

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ten to you for quite awhile. Mr. Durant is always doing something agreeable to make us feel happy and at home here. Some days he hangs new pictures—splendid great paintings by the best artists; other times he has plants and flowers set in the windows, and he's always putting new books, and autographed photographs and things like that in the library. That's the sort of "queer" he is, my child. *Non ministrari, sed ministrare*, our College motto, just expresses Mr. Durant. I forgot that you don't know any Latin. Well, study it enough to find out what that means. It's out of the Bible. But I started to tell you about the swans. A lot of us were in the south corridor one day after dinner and along came Mr. Durant; he looked at us and smiled.

"Come down to the shore, girls," he said, "some distinguished strangers have just arrived from England, and are rather anxious to see the lake. Run down to Domestic Hall and bring some crusts of bread."

We thought this an odd way to entertain distinguished guests from England. But we hurried and got the crusts. Down on the lake shore was a big wooden crate. A man was opening it just as we got there all out of breath, and out stepped slowly six big swans. They were very dirty and seemed stiff and tired. But the minute they saw our beautiful lake they lifted their wings and just hurried into the water.

"Throw them some bread, girls," said Mr. Durant.

We did; and you ought to have seen how glad they were to get it, dear things!

The story of the six swans is one of those exquisite romances of Wellesley which tend to become myths, as

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the years enfold them. One is sorry to remember what became of those distinguished strangers from England. After the manner of swans, they made their way into the various inlets, to feed upon the vegetation. In course of their explorations they lighted upon the drainage from a paint factory, where poisonous dye-stuffs were used. One by one the beautiful creatures developed ugly bunches in their graceful necks; one by one they died, first the leader, stateliest of all, then two of the others. The three survivors were found one day making their disconsolate way across the meadow to the farmstead. They knew better than we the story of their fatal temptation and fall. The farmer caught them, took them back to the lake, and soon all were gone.

Sometimes one finds the breezy comedy of college life mingled with darker threads of something like tragedy. Mr. Durant's faith in the girls was so deep and sincere, his longing to have us find the path of the just—that path that shines brighter and brighter as it winds upward toward the eternal day—was so heartfelt, that when Miss Howard, from time to time, informed him of various deceitful doings on the part of students he was divided between wrath and sorrow.

Miss Whiting puts it thus, in one of her home letters:

Mr. Durant is just heart-broken over certain of Miss Howard's discoveries. He thinks every girl who comes

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to Wellesley will live up to his ideal. He wishes to banish all shallowness and dishonor, outright and at once. When he sees that some are not perfect, he is humiliated and disheartened about all.

That we were far, very far from being perfect is merely to confess our humanity. We lived, after all, in a narrow albeit beautiful world; and at times our spirits, after their kind, threatened to burst all bounds. One day Miss Howard discovered that certain Wellesley students had actually had the temerity to meet some *men*, at a Boston hotel, and *dine* with them, on a Sunday at that! One can almost see the tremulous indignation of the silver puffs and catch the rustle of the trailing black silk gown of authority.

Certain others also had permitted their ebullient spirits to lead them far from the drab routine of daily duty. The parsonage girl almost regrets at this late hour her inability to report this adventure from first-hand experience; but one of the naughty ones contributes from the safe plateau of late middle life the following:

One afternoon in early fall—in one of the later seventies—several of us put on our waterproofs (you remember the kind; long, dark enveloping capes) and went down to the farm and helped ourselves to as many small watermelons as we could conveniently tuck away under our sheltering capes. We argued that they—the melons—were “provided by the College,” hence were legal food.

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K——W——roomed diagonally across from the chapel, and we left our booty there, safely hidden under the bed, and went to dinner; and from thence to chapel, intending to devour our melons directly after prayer. Mr. Durant was at the desk when we came in. He read a portion of Scripture about Lot and Abraham, to which we paid our usual divided attention; then he repeated one verse, his eyes travelling slowly from face to face (we thought he looked straight at us) "And they pitched their tents toward Sodom." For a half hour or more he preached from that text. Well! I've never heard anything like it. It was like a terrible mirror held up before our consciences. I'm sure every girl remembered every sin, big and little, she had ever committed. And five of us had *stolen watermelons!*

It was a sorry crowd who met in K's room—to consult. Being a Junior, K could use a boat when she chose; and I was a Captain and had privileges. So we decided to dispose of our plunder immediately. We again donned our guilty waterproofs, gathered up the rotund tokens of our undoing and crept down to the lake. We pushed off as noiselessly as possible and rowed over to the cove near the Paint Mill, a secluded spot, well out of sight of the College. There we cast the melons into the water, supposing they would sink. But, alas! Like Banquo's ghost, they would not down, but gaily floated, glistening in the moonlight. We were horror-stricken, and sat stupidly watching them bob up and down.

"You'll have to catch them, girls," said K. in low, poignant tones. It was a struggle, involving wet sleeves, and breathless suspense; but finally the last melon was retrieved. Somebody suggested returning them to the

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melon-patch. K. was in favor of leaving them at Hunnewell's landing. We finally compromised by tossing them on shore, in the woods beyond the Paint-Mill. Then we went back, still shrouded in guilty and apprehensive gloom.

"How do you suppose he found out so soon?" propounded K, as we toiled up the hill in our flapping cloaks. And Echo answered, how?

Nothing happened for a day or two. Then we heard two things bearing on the text of the discourse: one was that Mr. Durant had asked a very good girl, a great favorite of his, not to come to chapel that night. He was afraid, I suppose, that her sensitive spirit might be bruised by his devastating words, and wanted to spare her. The other was a dark rumor, deepening into certainty, that a girl had been expelled from College for spending Sunday in Boston with a man. She had pitched her tent in the wrong direction, certainly; but our own private experiments along that line were never discovered. I have been told since that Mr. Durant did not again speak before the students in that conscience-harrowing manner. The Faculty, it was rumored, labored with him on the subject, no doubt thinking the sermon rather strong meat for Wellesley babes. It proved to be an arrow shot into the air, in our case, at least. If Mr. Durant had searched for it, he might have found it, long afterward, still rankling. For we did n't forget either the sermon or the melons.

XXIII

AS the historian recalls the occasion, it would seem that Mr. Durant's discourse, while it startled the more sensitive, passed over our heads as harmlessly as a summer thunder-storm. Our consciences were young and elastic; and as one girl said: "Somebody has been up to something, and has been found out; but as long as he did n't mean me, I guess I can stand the Sodom stuff." There may have been a larger assembly than usual of the younger "preps" in Dr. Jones's room that evening. "Dr. Emily," as the girls called her affectionately, was our college doctor. We were all fond of her, for she was sweet, wise, and pretty as a bit of Dresden china.

There was no resident physician at Wellesley, in the beginning.

"We'll have no lame ducks at Wellesley College," Mr. Durant had announced proudly. "We'll feed the girls so well, and take such good care of them in every way that nobody will ever be sick."

To his consternation, within a fortnight after the opening of the college a general epidemic, involving the digestive tract, broke out. In sudden panic Mr. Durant went to Miss Eastman and Miss Gow.

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"We've got to have a doctor," he said excitedly. "I want a woman; I won't have a man. Do you know of any woman?" He added that she must be a homeopathist, since homeopathic medicines could at least "do no harm."

Miss Eastman knew a young woman medical student, a Dr. Emily Jones. She was sent for at once, came promptly, and stayed two years: then left to finish her course, returning to Wellesley in 1881. One recalls Dr. Jones's cozy office as being literally carpeted with girls during the hour after chapel; girls in their early teens, who could n't stand it another minute without mother; girls from the South, who had never tied their own shoe-strings, and were now suddenly confronted with the dire necessity of keeping themselves and their rooms tidy—to say nothing of "domestic work." To all such Dr. Emily administered comfort and liberal quantities of unmedicated sugar pellets, which "tasted something like candy" and appeared useful in cases of obstinate nostalgia.

But Dr. Jones was away pursuing the studies of her senior year in the medical school on November 19, 1877, when twenty-seven girls were suddenly taken sick with sore throats and a rash. It was on Sunday,—a dull, dark day, one remembers,—and most of us were snugly ensconced in our own rooms, writing to Mother. If we had a resident doctor at that time, we do not appear to remember her. It was Miss Sarah Eastman—afterward for many years Principal of

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Dana Hall—who carried the bad news across the meadows to Mr. Durant. Scarlet fever was a formidable menace to adolescent life in those days; virulent forms of it often carrying off half the children in a village; a shrouded presence of fear in isolated homes, it loomed a very monster of terror in the great crowded school.

At sound of Miss Eastman's words Mr. Durant turned pale.

"I don't believe it," he said. "How do you know it is scarlet fever? I won't believe it!"

He sat down suddenly, as if unable to stand, his hands covering his eyes. What anguished visions of the past, what terrifying fears for the future visited him, in that moment of weakness, we never knew. Certain it is that once more he committed "God's college" to the Everlasting Arms. Then he sprang up, fully armored, and announced his intention of at once bringing out a famous physician from Boston. Before dawn the great doctor had come and gone, confirming the local physician's diagnosis. The cases already developed promised to be light, he encouraged the frightened teachers. But in his opinion the building should be cleared of students at once.

One remembers vividly what happened the next morning: tasks, left unfinished the night before, were being intensively gone over in the dull light of the November morning, while we were waiting for the breakfast-bell. But when that cheerful tocsin, usu-

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ally more punctual than the tardy sun, failed to summon the hungry to food, the corridors began to fill. Something had happened. A faculty-meeting was being held in Room A! The subdued excitement grew, as it spread, and door after door gave up its inmates. Then the president of the college, calm and dignified, perfectly gowned, with every silver puff in place, swept into view. A slight bow and a wave of the hand toward the dining-room, and we all followed, still curious, but meek as the proverbial lamb.

In chapel, whither we were bidden immediately after breakfast, Miss Howard quietly informed us of the presence of scarlet fever in the building, and of the decision of the physicians and faculty to at once dismiss the students to their homes. She added that money in suitable amounts would be furnished to those not having sufficient funds in hand for their journey. Telegrams of explanation would be forwarded to parents, upon request. Trunks would be brought down from the attic immediately and placed before our doors. Whereupon, for the most of us, the whole affair took on the aspect of a gigantic lark. We were n't altogether heartless; but even sedate middle age may picture oneself arising with the guilty consciousness of an unwritten theme, or an imperfect math. lesson to be recited the first period, and then being told one could go home that very day!

Almost before we were aware of it, a group of the New York State girls were comfortably ensconced

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in a special car, whirling westward through the late autumn landscape. Of course we could not know that all this seeming magic, this total elimination of worry over money, baggage, and trains, had kept Mr. Durant anxiously busy during the dark hours while we had lain cozily asleep. And, not content with all that he did for the convenience and comfort of the departing travelers, he did not forget to care for those who remained forlornly behind. One of the teachers writes :

He went to Boston and bought pounds and pounds of white grapes, which he washed with his own hands and arranged on trays for the sick girls. And every day, thereafter, while the fever lasted, he devoted all his time and attention to the stricken ones, procuring for them daily fresh fruit, and despoiling his conservatories of their choicest blooms.

No one has remembered to tell us what Mrs. Durant was doing during those days of suspense. But we may be sure that in her own quiet, efficient way, she was planning and accomplishing many details which might otherwise have been overlooked. And that she continued to spread about her that sustaining sense of peace and well-being which had only grown and deepened with the years.

A circular to parents, stating the happy outcome of a circumstance which might have proved so disastrous, recalled the students to Wellesley on December 27th. The girls, including most of the scarlet fever patients,

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came back in the teeth of a great blizzard, which retarded all trains eastward bound for many hours. Miss Howard, describing the return, in her annual official report, says quaintly, "all were evidently profiting much in health and spirits by the enforced vacation." So we spent New Year's Day of 1878 hard at work; for there was no time for further holiday merrymaking. One recalls the suppressed groans which greeted the announcement of examinations to be held, without the customary reviews, in the first days of January. This was before the well-established season of mid-years, with its mingled joys and sorrows. Forthwith ensued a mercifully brief period of cramming, during which the average girl gorged herself hurriedly upon the indigestible contents of note-books and lectures.

Mr. Durant fairly beamed upon his recovered treasures, and in chapel thanked God in our behalf, with fervor and pathos. It was not to be expected that we should enter into his thoughts and emotions with any real understanding. But, looking back with eyes made wiser by the years, we know that during those weeks of care and toil he had grown visibly older, also gentler and more patient. No further thunders of the law came from his lips; but he applied himself ever more earnestly to his appointed task.

A favorite axiom of the founder of Wellesley was the obvious one, so seldom acted upon in the ordinary career: "Put first things first." There was never any

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doubt in his mind as to what should be first in our lives at Wellesley. We were professedly there to achieve the higher learning; but if we did not understand what it meant to be a Christian, all the rest of our knowing and learning was vain and empty. "Christ first, in all things and always," was not merely a death-bed utterance; it was the Rock of Ages, upon which all his later life was securely founded. He desired fervently and with a deep passion of longing, not easily understandable by a colder nature, to set our young feet in the first steps of the new life. He himself had found it late. But why should we waste our youth, as he felt he had done? Why suffer the bitter regret of a clouded past? Why run the awful risk of never finding that shining road of peace? So he believed; and so he prayed, without ceasing, that he might not fail in this high commission of his Lord.

"Mr. Durant appeared unable to forget his rôle of the evangelist," comments a contemporary, coldly, "and he urged his personal convictions on religious subjects upon Wellesley students with an insistence, often pushed to the limits of good taste."

This is, doubtless, one way of looking at it. We cannot deny, even if we would, that Mr. Durant pursued, to the very last day of life his ardent quest for souls. Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end. He had seen for himself the great light, and he was determined that we too should see it. With eyes fixed upon far horizons, he perceived both his oppor-

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tunity and its end. He did not seek to evade either. But how was he to do the work? With Paul the captive he may have realized that the hour of his departure was at hand. It was no time for the banal observances of so-called polite society. As ruthless as the chained apostle in his impatience, he put first things first. Going over the list of students he set a mark opposite the name of every one not already a church member. Church membership, as he well knew, did not argue the complete consecration which to him meant salvation. Nevertheless it pointed to some former experience of religion. But these others—he must try to bring them into the Kingdom. If they came joyfully, willingly, even supinely, well and good! But there was that in his Bible which spoke of *compelling* them to come in. He was prepared to try all methods.

The question of good taste, as applied to the *summum bonum* of life, never entered his mind. One might as well question the good taste of a fireman who drags a half-insensible child from a burning building. Mr. Durant believed, without shadow of doubt, that the supreme good for every human being was the life attuned to harmony with God. No other life was worth the living. These young girls—these children, whom he had gathered literally from the east and from the west, from the north and the south—were here at his bidding, guests in the great house of learning he always called God's college. And should he withhold

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from them the paramount knowledge? Never while he lived!

And now for the methods, which he pursued without let or hindrance during the few years left to him. The writer of these pages has garnered many little stories, over which the reader may smile, or sigh. Several tell us how Mr. Durant spent his Sunday afternoons in the reception room, its wide doors open upon the much-frequented Center. Here he could be seen by the curious, seated on the sofa appointed to visiting relatives on week-days, in deep conversation with some girl in a chair drawn within easy range of his searching eyes and low voice. How many students were summoned thus to answer his clearly put, concise questions, we have no means of knowing. When one considers his far-famed success in the art of cross-questioning one may be sure that no girl escaped him without some new and clear conception of life and duty. The average girl in her teens does not think deeply on the great facts of human existence; she is as content as a baby to play with the toys life spreads so lavishly about her. Mr. Durant fairly compelled those pretty, girlish hands to drop all toys for the moment; compelled their owners to listen to him. Did they listen? Did it do any good?

They certainly did listen; and now, nearly half a century later, we find those who tell us, "I shall never forget how he talked to me"; "I was so frightened, I did n't dare look at him; but I remember every word

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he said as if it were yesterday." Even those who resented his "interference" or were ruffled into quick anger by these semi-public interviews "never forgot."

An incident, almost startling in its revelation of his absolute disregard of time and place when "an immortal soul was at stake," comes from a New England woman, once a student at Wellesley. She writes:

Your questions brought vividly to mind something which happened at Wellesley, which made a lasting impression on my mind. I was sixteen years old when I entered Wellesley in 1876. Of course I was a "Prep." Not long after returning from the spring vacation I was going along through the east trunk-room, which I had visited in search of articles left in my trunk which I now needed. On my way to the stairway I passed the door of the little tower-room, always kept locked, and about which we felt much curiosity. It was whispered that Miss Howard was in the habit of going there for prayer and meditation. I was destined to know better, for when I came to that mysterious door, it suddenly opened and Mr. Durant came out. When he saw me he stopped short and looked at me with eyes that terrified me. "Are you a Christian?" he demanded. I had been brought up by a wonderful Christian mother, had always been to church and Sunday-school, and not being much more than a child, it had n't occurred to me that I was n't. "I—I don't know," I stammered, suddenly conscious of my unthinking acceptance of Christianity with all the other good things of life. The next I remember Mr. Durant and I were kneeling by a trunk, and he was praying for

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me. I was terribly frightened, and I think I cried. For a long time after that I kept away from the trunk-room.

But, first things having been put first, Mr. Durant never pushed his convictions to the point of fanaticism. He desired for each one of us the full, rounded life, which included wholesome fun and social enjoyments. There was never any dull, uninterrupted monotony of labor at Wellesley while he lived; but sparkling change and variety, and from time to time brilliant glimpses of the great realms of literature, art, and music with which he wanted us to link our aspirations.

"I want you to be a distinguished author, my child," he said to one girl, who had displayed signal talent in developing her college themes. "You can be a great artist, if you will," he remarked to another. And no one was more appreciative of our small individual successes in any department than Mr. Durant. To "Elizabeth," whose early homesick wails have already been referred to, he said one day, just before a holiday vacation which Elizabeth was planning to spend with the family of her room-mate. "I hear that you are to be with the H——'s. Will you take a message to Mr. H—— for me?" "Of course I said I would be glad to," pursues Elizabeth. "Then," said Mr. Durant, with a twinkle in his eye. "You may tell him that he is very fortunate in having such a room-mate for his daughter, and that she is doing a work for A—— that no one else could do." "Of course," com-

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ments Elizabeth, sedately, "it was a very foolish remark, and you must tell nobody about it, except father."

To "Elizabeth" we are indebted for several vivid little pictures of the founder of Wellesley at work upon his great task.

She writes to her mother:

Before I forget it, I want to ask you about the missionary map, upon which are indicated all the mission stations. Mr. Durant will purchase it for our use here, if I can tell him where to send for it. He has already placed in the reading-room a large bookcase, which he says he will fill with any missionary books which we desire. Can you tell me of some? . . . You can't imagine what domestic work has been given me. I am to spend three-quarters of an hour a day in the library, arranging studies in Shakespeare. Mr. Durant has sent for five hundred volumes to form a Shakespeare library. I am to read some fully detailed life of Shakespeare, and note down as I go along such topics as I think interesting, and which will come up next year when the Juniors study Shakespeare. For instance, each one of his plays will form a separate topic, also his early home, his education, his friendships, etc., etc. Mr. Durant came to me himself about it, and explained to me what the work would be, and asked me if I would be willing to take it. He said I could do just as I wanted to about it, and if I felt that it would be tiresome and too much like a study, and so a strain upon me, that he did not want me to do it. . . . Mr. Durant says that if I remain two years more the work will extend

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through all that time—if I wish to continue it—and an hour a day for more than two years spent upon Shakespeare will give no mean results. I think I am very much favored in having the work given me, for not only can I have its advantages, but there will be no fear of dish-breaking and such like. Another reason why I am pleased (and which I would tell to no one but you and father) is that I think it shows that Mr. Durant has some confidence in me, and what I can do.

Mr. Durant still further showed his interest in this favored member of the first Wellesley class, by inviting her to help him in the formation of a new society. Elizabeth, evidently depressed by a Saturday afternoon spent in preparing Monday's lessons, writes:

Mr. Durant wants a Shakespeare Society formed, with a very high standard. He said, "We must have honorary members in it, and one of them must be Mrs. Howard Furness, the wife of the celebrated Shakespeare scholar. It is in some measure to be a branch society of the great Shakespeare Society of London, and it will be in every way a wonderful thing." He wants me to help get up such a society. I felt in no condition to even refuse him, so I said nothing and got away from him as quickly as I could. . . .

Under a later date:

Mr. Durant came to me again about the Shakespeare Society, and asked me to be president of it. I told him I

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already had too much to do, and had begun to look around to see where I could cut down. He seemed quite reasonable and said that, after all, the society would not much more than get started this year; and that next year there would be no difficulty in the way of my being president, and taking charge of the exercises on a certain day that he intended should be given up entirely to the Shakespeare Society, when the celebrated Shakespeare scholars would all be here, and addresses etc., would be the order of the day.

But "Elizabeth" has already made up her mind to leave Wellesley. She adds, "I smiled a quiet smile to myself, and thought of the old proverb that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and said nothing." In May of that same year she turns her back upon her unfinished college course. "It will be hard work for me to keep from regretting that I did not stay, after all," she sighs, in conclusion. "But I know it is best, and am going to put aside all regrets."

XXIV

WE turn from the instructive story of "Elizabeth" to a piquant little episode contributed by a member of the class of '80, which shows us Mr. Durant keenly alive to the lurking danger beneath the dimpling waters of Lake Waban, and equally determined to guard the girls entrusted to his care. The massive construction of the first Wellesley boats, the *Mayflower*, the *Argo*, and the *Evangeline* have been a perennial source of fun since the beginning. They were built to order, and "safety first" was Mr. Durant's idea, communicated in no uncertain terms to the builders. "Look well at the *Mayflower*," writes a spicy historian of "Float." "She is immense, cumbrous, tublike, so rounded at stern and bow that one cannot judge when she is headed bow on." Mr. Durant, it would appear, had little confidence in the nautical skill of the girl of the period. One may imagine, therefore, his unfeigned dismay, as described to us by the chief actor in the following incident. She writes:

I have in mind an occasion when the entire student body assembled on the lake shore, where the boats were moored, in order to christen the part of the lake that runs

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under the Stone Arch off Tupelo Point. It was to be christened Waban Water, the lake itself Waban Mere.

Having borrowed from a village boy who frequented the lake a tiny, home-made, tarred-cloth canoe, and arrayed myself as an Indian maid in a rather scant costume of red calico, with hen-feathers rampant in my flowing locks, and face stained brown, I waited in said canoe, concealed in the bushes bordering the lake, the signal to receive the message to be carried by water to the part of the lake in question.

Mr. Durant was among the spectators, and when he saw me dart out from concealment and start paddling vigorously out into the lake, his consternation showed itself by frantic wavings of the hand, beckoning me to come back. When I kept obstinately on my course he raced along the shore, his white hair flying out behind, stopping finally at Tupelo Point, where he watched me consign the message to the water, and turn to paddle back. Then he firmly ordered me to land, waited till I touched shore, and was apparently much relieved as I set foot once more on *terra firma*. His disapprobation, expressed in pithy terms, was coupled with a stern command never to take such a risk again. I retired in some confusion, the hen-feathers drooping dispiritedly from my hair; and the incident closed.

We are reminded by the same contributor of Mr. Durant's dictum that three things, pies, lies, and doughnuts, should never have a place in Wellesley College. Doughnuts, at least, as far as one can remember, never intruded their sluggish presence in those halls

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devoted to the higher learning; but one distinctly recalls our sedate mirth over mince-pies, environed with the richest of puff-paste, which were occasionally set before us at a Sunday dinner. As for lies, an older authority is on record with the despairing cry: "I said in my haste all men are liars!" Commenting on which damaging statement an old Scotch minister adds dourly, "An ye need na' ha' been in ony haste about it, David."

But if we could not all show an unsmirched page each day of our Wellesley lives, it was not because Mr. Durant did not try to lead us into the presence of the great white truth. Most of us, to our credit, stood a little in awe of him. Even in the hours when he came nearest to us, we realized what some one has called "the scintillant flame of his spirit."

Writes one who perhaps of us all best understood Mr. Durant:

He was terrible in his anger and his scorn, imperious in his decisions, irresistible in his enthusiasms, benignant in his kindness, radiant in his mirth. As a play-fellow he had no peer; and when on an April day, long past, we saw the erect, slender figure coming with quick step down the grassy hollow by the pool, we sprang up gladly and went to meet him.

"It is spring, children!" he called, flourishing his hat to us across the sunshiny water, while the wind lifted the clustering white hair, long and wavy, that gave him the

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look of having stepped out of some old Colonial picture. As he drew nearer we could see that his dark eyes were dancing and his delicate face all aglow with the rapture of the April noontide. "It is spring, and we must have a poet to tell us so. Who shall it be? I've invited him already by telegram. Guess!"

Of all our neighbor bards Longfellow was the one whom Mr. Durant most delighted to honor. The poet, a very prince of courtesy, had already borne several times with our exuberant greetings, our posies and our poesies of welcome, even our autograph albums. He had been stoutly splashed about Lake Waban in one of our clumsy boats; and if he was a bit dismayed on landing to find that the crews of the rest of our tub flotilla had formed themselves into a double line up the steepest and roughest part of the hill, so that he might make the ascent to College Hall under a triumphant arch of crossed oars, he never told us so; but gallantly undertook the climb, panting a little and leaning on Mr. Durant's arm, and smiling back to the beaming faces of the girls. So, knowing that the answer was Longfellow, we guessed Tennyson.

"That reminds me," he flashed back, "a member of the faculty said to me the other day that she thought all poetry was mere foolishness. I made her promise to read *In Memoriam* through. And if she didn't tell me yesterday that she had finished it, and was shocked that an able bodied man should spend his time, with all there is to do in the world, fretting in verse for years and years because a friend had died; and, besides, some of it sounded to her as if Tennyson was no better than an unbeliever."

A laugh at the expense of a member of the faculty had

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a peculiar relish; so we enjoyed it to the full. Then duteously guessed "Longfellow," acquiescing with delight in Mr. Durant's rapidly shaping plans.

"We must have a fête for him, an out-of-door festival. There must be a central feature. We might plant a row of chestnuts, name a path, or a hill—no, I have it! We'll dedicate a fountain to him, and this is the very place. We need a fountain here, at this upper end. There shall be a pavillion there, an open pavillion in the college blue. We will have three thrones—oh, modest republican thrones—under the canopy. Our poet shall sit in the center, with Miss Howard on his right, and Mr. Fields¹—of course we must have Fields—on his left. Then the girls, all in white, shall march down from College Hall, singing songs. The songs must be original, and the music, too. The German students shall write German songs, and the French students French songs—yes, and the Greek and Latin students Greek and Latin songs—why not? And the music students shall set them all to original tunes. I'll go to the gymnasium and give word to have the march put into practice at once. There must be all sorts of circlings and interweavings over the campus, a perfect maze of harmonious motions, and finally the girls must be ranged, so as to make with the pavillion a complete oval, around the pond."

Mr. Durant paused, with a musing smile; but we, captivated by the picture, spurred his fancy on:

"And what then? What then?"

"What then? There must be something of a ceremony.

¹James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, an intimate friend of Mr. Durant's.

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Mr. Fields—these publishers really ought to do a little work for their living—shall make an address.”

“What about?”

“As if that mattered! About spring, fountains, poets—anything he likes. Oh, I have it now. There shall be a pageant—nothing theatrical, of course; just simple and natural. Fields shall wind up his oration with the question: But what shall this fountain be called? Then from a shelter of evergreen boughs that I’ll have built at the further end of the pond, over yonder, there shall spring—who but Minnehaha. Marion, you are Minnehaha. See that you write a poem this very afternoon, asking that the fountain be named for your poet Long-fellow.”

Marion gave a little gasp of joyful surprise.

“But what shall I wear?”

“H’m! Feathers, I should think. Yes, red feathers and black. You girls can sew them onto cloth or something, can’t you? I’ll go into town on the 2.40 train and get them. There must be some place in Boston where they sell feathers wholesale. If there is n’t, I’ll buy out the milliners. But why should we stop with Minnehaha? Let’s have Mr. Fields put his question again, and Evangeline shall appear on the south side of the pond, with a poem to the same effect; then let him ask a third time, and have Priscilla pop up on the north side, just where we are standing now. Good! When he asks it a fourth time, the fountain shall answer by beginning to play; then Mary must kneel before the poet, tendering him a crown of roses, and all the girls, like birds at dawn, must break out into sudden singing. Splendid! I’ll be over

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again this evening, and mind, I expect to find you in the Browning Room, with those three poems ready. Clara is best for Priscilla, and Kate shall be Evangeline."

With that he was off like an arrow, and we in blithe forgetfulness of class-room claims betook ourselves to favorite solitudes to invite the muses. The three poems were written by evening, and Mr. Durant, who was more easily pleased than satisfied, read them carefully, suggested a verbal or metrical improvement here or there; then bade the authors sleep on their work, and have by chapel time fair copies made for him to take to the printer. The day for the fête was set, and what a week ensued. Mr. Durant had duly delivered to us a plethoric bagful of red and black feathers, the most slippery, evasive, flyaway feathers ever worn by bird or girl. Half the Sophomore class had pricked fingers and tempers, before Minnehaha stepped forth superb in her barbaric raiment. The Glee Club, beset with weird ditties, warbled early and late, and the faculty were exasperated to the limit of Christian character. In the midst of our ecstatic labors came word from Mr. Fields that the poet had taken cold and could not leave his fireside. In deep dejection we turned to our trigonometries again, and led a savorless life until, on the very eve of the appointed day, Mr. Durant came dashing into College Hall, waving a telegram above his head. Mr. Fields had wired that Mr. Longfellow was better, and that we might expect him, as arranged.

How energy radiated from the sparkling figure that stood beneath the chandelier, the rain dripping from hair and coat. How messengers were sent flying hither and yon after the carpenters, cooks, gardeners, as well as the

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rhymsters, musicians and amateur artists in general of our small community. How hard it was to persuade Mr. Durant that the Greek, Latin, French and German songs, on which he had set his heart, must be abandoned, the brevity of the time giving the most reckless poetaster courage for nothing beyond the vernacular. . . . How sleepy we were in our early chemistry class the next morning, and what wry faces Mr. Durant made over our halting strains. How, as the forenoon wore on, all pretense of academic work had to be abandoned, and professors vied with light-footed maids running Mr. Durant's impetuous errands. And how, when the midday telegram arrived, saying that Mr. Longfellow was worse again and could not venture, Mr. Durant was taken with a fit of mischief and solaced his own disappointment by making light of ours.

But it did not go for nothing—all the zest, the spirit, the undaunted ingenuity, the instinct for beauty and grace that our Founder poured into those frustrated preparations for Wellesley's first Pageant. Thousands of passers-by have smiled back to the sparkle of the little jet of water, dancing to its own light song in a dimple of Wellesley's sylvan campus. For nearly fifty years this happy spray has been known as Longfellow's Fountain, yet few now remember under what circumstances it received its name.

The girl so happily chosen to present the crown of roses to Mr. Longfellow, when the faithful little fountain should begin to play, tells us of yet another occasion, when, all unexpectedly, she was bidden to honor the beloved poet :

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I think that our formal receptions, heartfelt as they were, were not wholly suited to Mr. Longfellow's gentle, quiet nature; and on his last visit to Wellesley, no such special preparation was made. He read to us once more in the chapel—those touching lines about the “secret anniversaries of the heart”; but the gathering was unannounced. There was to be an evening entertainment in the room, and several of us were in a corner, making festoons for its decoration. We sat where we were, and

proved our work
The better for the sweetness of his song.

As the guests passed down the aisle, a voice we never dreamed of disobeying said in my ear “Give him your wreath, Mary.” It was a modest circlet of oak-leaves which I gave to the poet as the token of my reverential love. But I know that my heart went out with more glad delight into this trifling and unexpected tribute than into any more ceremonious one, devised for our making.

The chapel at Wellesley, planned to accommodate the entire student body, the faculty, and a small number of guests, was the scene of many a notable occasion during the lifetime of its founder. On Sundays we listened to such distinguished preachers as Bishop Brooks, Dr. Munger, Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. John Hall, President Andrews, Dr. Cuthbert Hall, Dr. McKenzie, and many others, personally invited by Mr. Durant to speak to the girls he loved.



THE CHAPEL



THE LIBRARY

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During the second year a fine pipe-organ, the gift of Mr. William H. Groves, was placed in the chapel loft, and thereafter for many months, at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, Boston's finest organists gave to those who would stop and listen an hour of splendid music. It was a matter of deep regret to those of us who loved the organ that so few came. Friday evening of every week was the night when we assumed gala attire, trailing skirts and gay silk waists being *de rigueur*, and listened with equal delight to recitals given by students of the Music School, or to great artists of the day. One recalls the visit of Ole Bull, whose charming wife, in a black velvet princess robe, played his accompaniments. The music was ravishing, and after the concert the benignant *maestro* made the girls happy by dividing among them the broken horsehair from his famous bow with a twinkling diamond set in its end.

The lectures by James T. Fields, who always wore a red necktie when he came to Wellesley, were much enjoyed, for he told us all sorts of interesting facts about famous people, with gusto and high good humor. We used to wonder if the red neckties were worn for our especial benefit, or if Mr. Fields always lectured in a costume thus enlivened. We never found out. At frequent intervals one of the famous people he had told us about appeared on our chapel platform, and, what was better, supped with us in our big dining-

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room, which gave us further opportunities to study greatness.

The chronicler and her room-mate, a lively, black-eyed girl from Maine, in the course of various table mutations, found ourselves permanently located at Miss Howard's table at the top of the room. Without undue pride, we presently realized that our permanence was due to the fact that we had evolved into excellent waitresses. A nod from the stately head of our college and Margaret and I would slip sedately out of our places, and change the courses swiftly and without disastrous spillings.

It was an opportunity, and we made use of it. Renowned poets, authors, musicians, and clergymen, often entertained at the home of the Durants', oftener still accepted the alternative of dining at the college, "to see the girls." We think Mr. Durant was proud of the servantless dining-room, and of the way we did things. He frequently appeared at Miss Howard's table, where he would sit at her side, his dark eyes roving about the room. It was an experiment, this doing without hirelings; and it was a success. He had proved it.

So Margaret and I, with well-concealed glee, helped our founder to soup, meat—and sometimes *pie*, which he ate with no apparent recollection of his drastic words. And with him, there passed under our ministrations such splendid personages as the poets John Greenleaf Whittier and Longfellow, our beloved neigh-

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bor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Matthew Arnold, Julia Ward Howe, William Dean Howells, and a host of others, including titled individuals from England, who looked and ate "just like everybody else."

XXV

IF the Wellesley of to-day is rich in beauty, it is because the founder of Wellesley perceived that "all beauty is the flower of use." From the beauty of our sylvan surrounding of woods and glades, gardens and meadows, and the ever-changing glory of blue Waban, to the greater glory of high aspiration and sound scholarship, which must ever be paramount at Wellesley—all were embraced in his ideals for us. "We must have God *within* our lives," he said, again and again; and in a letter to our first president:

The Shekinah light must shine to the ends of the earth, and the light-carriers must be Christian women. I could see the College in ashes, but I could not endure to see it send out only intellectual women, without the radiance and the vitalizing power of the spirit of Christ!

Custom and precedent have built for us broad, beaten roads, where once existed only the first faint trail of the adventurous foot. It has been the chosen task of others to point out to us the vital thought of our founder as the germ and beginning of nearly every distinctive college custom. So the first Sunday of each year, glorious with its massed foliage and bril-

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liant autumnal flowers, its music of pealing organ and sweet young voices, and its sermon upon the greatest of all themes, in universes visible and invisible,—“God is love,”—this “Flower Sunday” of ours goes back to the very first of all Sundays, when Mr. Durant, observing keenly, as was his wont, the reddened lids and downcast faces of girls separated from their homes, perhaps for the first time, thought musingly: “These little ones need comfort.”

He did not forget. And on the first Sunday of the second year, we found the chapel platform decked with palms, ferns and flowers, and the Rev. George Penticost, a master of persuasive eloquence, there to speak to us of the Infinite Affection, ever ready to comfort, guide, and sustain, amid the passing griefs of youth, and thenceforth always, even unto the end of our lives—yes, and beyond, into infinite reaches of the Life more abundant. Our founder sat where he could watch us, himself unseen; and we have his word for it that during that hour he prayed for us, every one, as a father might pray for his children, dearly beloved. We were visibly uplifted; and an afternoon in the great outdoors, whose claims upon us Mr. Durant was always urging, completed the cure, if cure we needed.

The class historians of those early days tell us of the first tree-planting, when '79 and '80 amicably handled the spade in turn, on the same afternoon. It was the custom in men's colleges to plant a tree as a

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sort of valedictory gesture to Alma Mater. Our first class was two years from graduation, so nobody had thought of class trees as among present possibilities, until Mr. Durant pointed the way. Perhaps he noticed that some of the girls looked tired and weighed down with the strenuous labors of the spring term. We needed, he thought, a holiday or a fête of some sort to relieve the monotony of class-room toil. The faculty, we recall, never supposed anything of the sort, and Mr. Durant's eager solicitude in our behalf frequently came into active conflict with their stern New England consciences. On the day in question our neighbor of the Italian gardens across the lake had sent over two rare evergreens. Why not invest their planting with literary pomp and ceremony?

Mr. Durant himself conducted chapel that evening; and at its close requested the members of the two college classes to remain. When, with envious backward glances, the last "semi-collegiate" girl had filed out after the unthinking majority of "preps," the favored few of the College Department perceived at once that something agreeable was on foot. It was no new experience. Mr. Durant was a daring originator and promoter of happy surprises. He leaned over the desk, and in a low, confidential voice, acquainted his eager listeners with his ideas, rapidly maturing, as he spoke, into well-formed plans, which embraced the evergreens,—suddenly elevated to the important rôle

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of "class trees," the first of a series,—the girls, a holiday, and many other delightful corollaries. Our youthful spirits were never hampered with tiresome delays, when Mr. Durant headed an enterprise. Quite as enthusiastic and impetuous as the youngest freshmen, he directed the class of '80 to remain in the chapel and prepare their programs; while the sophomores, he pointed out, would find in the library, the strict privacy required for their plans.

We had not even tentatively considered "class spirit," beyond a timid and irresolute meeting or two; but that powerful emotion had its birth at that very moment, and grew and flourished amazingly from its natal hour. A detailed account of the first tree-planting is fittingly set forth in a small blue book entitled "Traditions of Wellesley." Unlike the disappointing pageant of the Longfellow Fountain, this beginning of great things actually took place; parts were quickly assigned, programs arranged, and "banners with streamers and things" manufactured behind locked doors.

But the historic spade, now kept sacredly under glass, did not grace the occasion—"Traditions of Wellesley" to the contrary. "Something happened in 1881," declares the "Traditions" loftily. "Let one who was there tell of the event." Thus challenged, we seize the opportunity to state authoritatively that the class of '81—that meek, long-suffering class of small reputation, bought and paid for the Wellesley

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spade, in a village store; emblazoned its own date, in its own black and yellow, in the place of prominence; then generously, and without blare of trumpets, handed it down to an appreciative posterity. The class of '81 was not led by the hand to its tree-planting, as were the classes of '79 and '80. Mr. Durant did not ask to see us in private, and tell us what to do. We went to him, boldly disturbed him at his work, sustained unflinchingly his "lightning glance"; then acquainted him with the fact that we wanted to plant an elm in a conspicuous place. One of the committee of two, detailed to the interview, recalls it distinctly. Neither of us was in the public eye. We did not write poetry, nor even study Greek. Our founder doubtless loved us, broadly and inclusively, since we were Wellesley girls; but for three minutes, at least, he did not show it. When he had swiftly comprehended our temerity he said:

"Your tree-planting? Yes: I'd planned to give you girls of eighty-one a choice evergreen; and as for a place for it: What do you say to the plot on the north side, just under the library window?"

We were ungrateful, unappreciative, and stubbornly opposed our own ideas, preluded by a tactless remark to the effect that we had heard of his plan, and did n't like it. When the interview was over, we *loved* him! He had not only smiled genially upon us; he had fallen in with our plans, as if he vastly preferred them to his own. Especially did he appreciate our original

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idea of a spade, to be handed down from class to class.

"Have you got your spade yet?" he wanted to know.

We replied firmly that we meant to buy it in the village that very afternoon.

He understood. It was to be our spade, bought with our own money. He was (we thought) almost respectful, as he led us out to select our own place in the sun, and our elm.

When the time of the first commencement drew near, Mr. Durant discovered that the Board of Trustees of Wellesley College had not the power to confer degrees. This vital prerogative had been entirely overlooked in the original charter. With his usual energy, he lost no time in bringing the matter before the state legislature. He had not foreseen any unusual difficulty in the matter. To his amazement, a strong opposition was found to exist. The President of the Board of Trustees was the Rev. Noah Porter, L.L.D., President of Yale University; other eminent divines and educators were included among its number, yet the obstructionists opposed a stubborn majority to the petition of this board. A public hearing was finally appointed at the State House, and Mr. Durant himself conducted the case for the college.

The Rev. William Fairfield Warren, D.D., President of Boston University and a member of the Board of Trustees of Wellesley College, was present on this occasion. He tells us:

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My acquaintance with Mr. Durant did not reach back to the years of his activity as a lawyer. This experience, however, gave me a glimpse of his skill in the management of a case. . . . It would surprise you were I to mention by name some of the parties remonstrating. They, as well as we, are glad that their protests have passed into deep oblivion. Mr. Durant conducted the case for the petitioners. His penetration in forecasting the strong points of his opponents, his skill in giving effective sequence to the rebutting testimony introduced by him; most of all his closing plea, impassioned, yet cool and self-controlled, showed us who were present in a vivid light the brilliant pleader, who but a few years before had suddenly won a position of acknowledged leadership in the Boston Bar, and more suddenly resigned it for the better service of Christ and his cause. It is needless to add that this, the last of the cases conducted by Mr. Durant, was triumphantly won, and the College was given to the end of time the indefeasible right of conferring appropriate degrees upon the students it might train.

On June 24, 1879, the first commencement took place. To Mr. Durant the launching of this first class appeared almost in the light of a sacrament. So all the exercises of the day were unostentatious, almost solemn in their character. The Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., of Brooklyn delivered the address on the subject "The Influence of Women in the Future." The degrees, so lately wrested from a reluctant legislature, were duly conferred, and eighteen of

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Wellesley's daughters went forth to their work in the world.

One of the outstanding events of the year 1880, a year crowded with important growth and achievement, was the transformation of the Latin recitation room, on the left of the main entrance, into the Browning Room, thenceforth second only to the famous Center, in interest and beauty.

"This is for the girls," Mr. Durant said. "I want them to live in an atmosphere of beauty."

One of the faculty writes in a home letter :

When I have seen a few palaces, perhaps I shall have a standard of comparison. . . . The frieze is a series of paintings of the flowers of Wellesley, by Ellen Robbins, a well known flower painter of Boston. The walls are covered with a fine reproduction of the embossed leather found in palaces of the old world. The three stained glass windows represent scenes from Mrs. Browning's poems: Elsa and the Swan's Nest, Lady Geraldine, and Aurora Leigh. The room is, perhaps, over crowded with beautiful objects. But Mr. Durant says he hopes it will be "an educative influence."

When College Hall burned, in 1914, most of the costly furniture of this room was saved, as was also the portrait bust of Mrs. Browning by Story and the Palmer Collection of Browning editions. But the beautiful Reading Girl, an inspiration to every beholder, was lost. When this statue was being set in

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its place between the front windows, Mr. Durant turned, with one of his rare smiles, to the girls who were looking on.

"She is not intent upon light reading," he said, "for it requires twelve men to lift her. And observe, she wears no bangs!"

It was the first time we suspected that Mr. Durant did not admire the fashionable fringe which at that time concealed many studious foreheads. To one of the younger girls, who was examining the seventeenth-century carved bridal chest, with its bas-relief pictures, her eyes wide and wondering, he observed, "That looks like Ginevra's chest to me, Annie. What? You don't know about Ginevra? Suppose you go to the library and find out."

And one girl straightway added to her treasure the thrice-told tale of the hapless bride, laughingly eluding her pursuers, and nevermore seen on earth.

An educative influence—yes, the Browning Room proved to be that and more, to every student. The poems, pictured in its glowing windows, were read again and again; wistful eyes feasted upon the beauty of frieze and ornament. And when, in 1911, a complete collection of editions of works by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and by Robert Browning was presented to the college by Professor Palmer, this library found a fitting shrine in the Browning Room.

May 27th of this memorable year witnessed the laying of the cornerstone of Stone Hall, the Rev. Noah



THE BROWNING ROOM



"THE OLD BARGE"

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Porter delivering the address on the subject of "The Christian College." It was on this occasion, also, that Mr. Durant uttered his memorable words on the calico girl and the velvet girl. The historian has come upon numerous references to this speech, wherein one calico girl is variously rated as being worth from one thousand velvet girls, through dozens, down to the "two," previously mentioned. Mr. Durant may have said something of the sort more than once. We know what he meant, whether in terms of thousands or twos: one plainly dressed girl, willing to work, anxious to succeed, was, in his thought, worth any number of the indolent, expensively clad young persons who cared for nothing but pleasure. Perhaps he misjudged some of us. We may have appeared to be "dolls and drones" when in reality there was stuff in us worth the salvage. We are told that "he did not suffer fools gladly"; he was, likewise, temperamentally impatient of those who appeared to be fools. But he was right, in the main; and his words should never be forgotten at Wellesley College.

Stone Hall was originally intended as a place of residence for the teacher-specials, as those more mature students, who presently appeared among us, were called. Many of them had already taught for years; hence the distinguishing appellation—irreverently shortened to T. Specs. The presence of these women in our class rooms proved somewhat unsatisfactory, more especially when some eager soul showed a dis-

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position to focus, if not monopolize, the attention of our professors. The T. Specs were voted a bore; yet one recalls a vague girlish compassion, undoubtedly wasted upon these earnest seekers after knowledge. "It must be dreadful to be a T. Spec," we said; and kindly excused their various trespasses on the ground that they were too old to know any better. But the ever-swelling tide of young students swept everything before it. Mr. Durant did not intend Wellesley College to take the place of a Normal School. Yet his sympathy with these belated ones led him to provide new quarters for them, when in 1879-80, "We opened" (to quote from Miss Howard's official report) "with every place in our College building engaged, even to the hospitals and the minister's room."

Shortly before this time the old church had been moved and equipped as a boarding-house. Mr. Durant and Mr. Dana bought it and gave it to the college. It was called Dana Hall from the beginning; but was first devoted to the use of the Teacher Specials. Miss Eastman tells us that "Mr. Durant thought the distance to the College, from this new place of residence was too great for the Specials to walk, so he had Mr. Bailey's omnibus call for them in the morning, and bring them home at night; and he paid the bill." One cannot resist quoting another of Miss Eastman's delightful reminiscences, though perhaps this is n't just the place for it:

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Mr. Durant thought there was nothing in the city of Boston too nice for the girls to have on the table. One Saturday afternoon he came up to my room. "What do you think I've got now?" he propounded, beaming with pleasure. Of course I could n't guess, so he told me, with every appearance of triumph: "We're going to have squabs for dinner tomorrow."

As the kitchen help consisted of one man and one woman, Miss Gow and I had to take hold and prepare the four hundred or more squabs for the Sunday dinner. It then became my painful duty to tell Mr. Durant we never wanted squabs again.

A second corner-stone was laid during that same year (1880), and another great gift of our founder was added to Wellesley's equipment, in the College of Music. A course of five years, which added to the regular studies of the various four-year courses the theory and practice of music, had already been arranged. It became almost at once so popular that the small practice-rooms over the gymnasium proved totally inadequate for the growing needs of the music specials. Mr. Durant quickly foresaw and promptly provided for this emergency. The inscription in the Bible placed in the corner-stone of Music Hall reads:

This College of Music is dedicated to Almighty God, in the hope that it will be used in His service.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—Isa. xxvi. 4.

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Sing praises to God, sing praises:
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
For God is the King of all the Earth.

Psalm xlvii. 6-7.

Mr. Durant had always regarded the "Preparatory Department" with marked disfavor. The incubus was dwindling from year to year, it is true; but applications from inadequately prepared students still persisted. Wellesley was fast becoming "fashionable." Its beauty, its unparalleled advantages, the good times the girls were having became topics of conversation in every town and city all over the country. One recalls certain young misses, with ambitions of a sort, walking rapidly from the great front door, via the Center, to the South portico, there to pause and exclaim triumphantly: "There! now I can *truthfully* say, I've been through Wellesley College!" But these "cakes unturned" beheld the finish of their "dear old college days," when in June, 1881, the close of the Preparatory Department was officially announced.

The growth and development of Wellesley had been as constant as the ideals of its founder. But its boarding-school atmosphere was hard to dissipate; and even after the "Preps" had been safely set down in Dana Hall, under the shepherding care of the Misses Eastman, we find the "Regulations" quite as stringent as before.

Mr. Durant had said at the first that there were to be "no rules." But the faint beginnings of the great movement known as Student Government might have

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been observed when the girls themselves asked for uninterrupted study-hours and quiet Sunday afternoons. The historian is constantly being drawn back to those first years, when Wellesley was like a newly planted garden-plot, showing glistening points of green, where the harvest was to appear later. Dr. Emily Jones (Barker) remembers with what satisfaction Mr. Durant watched the steady improvement in health and weight among the girls. He bought an elaborate set of scales and encouraged the girls to try it from time to time. One girl drew a picture of an ethereal creature, standing on the scales, with a registered weight of ninety-eight pounds. This was dated September. A second drawing, dated June, showed the same girl tipping the scale at one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Mr. Durant was so pleased with this cartoon that he carried it about with him in his pocket till it was worn to bits. Then he asked the artist to draw him another.

This may sound puerile in the ears of the student of to-day. But let all such keep well in mind the type of womanhood existing in the seventies, and persisting well on into the eighties. There were prophets of evil still steadily croaking in Boston and elsewhere. And the words "frail female" had not disappeared from the public prints.

XXVI

FROM the inception of the college idea, all through the period of its construction, and thereafter till the close of his life, Mr. Durant called Wellesley his home. His earthly treasure and his heart were there. It is doubtful if he would have chosen to live in Boston, even during the winter months. But Mrs. Durant still clung to her Marlborough Street house. Many of her most cherished possessions remained there; her work, too, as President of the Young Woman's Christian Association, and her active interest in prison reform, and the furthering of missions, in home and foreign fields, kept her busily engaged. Neither husband nor wife had ever cared to mingle in fashionable society; but both enjoyed a wide acquaintance among the worthwhile people of the sedate old town. One finds the doors of their spacious home opening wide to the famous personages of the day, already mentioned in connection with the hospitalities of Wellesley. It was Mr. Durant's greatest delight to say to the preachers, poets, and authors who frequented his house. "Come, I want to show you the college; you will like to meet the faculty and the girls." And not one, thus invited, refused, so far as we know.

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Thus, though we lived in our palace of learning, almost like cloistered nuns, the world came to us in the person of Whittier, Longfellow, Howells, Holmes, Matthew Arnold, and a host of others, whose names and books were linked henceforth with living memories of their faces, their voices, and their distinguished presence. One remembers still the joyous excitement over the advent of these chosen guests—for we always seemed to know, as if by magic, when our portals opened to some great one. We wonder, as we look back, if Mr. Durant knew just how much he was doing for us, when he thus bridged the chasm between our youthful crudity and the shining peaks of aspiration.

But the hospitable Marlborough Street home welcomed no less warmly the worn and disheartened in the world struggle. One was apt to meet there broken-down ministers, returned missionaries, workers from inconspicuous fields in the far West, distant relatives eager for a glimpse of Boston's far-famed culture; and latterly an occasional Wellesley student. Both Mr. and Mrs. Durant had come fully to recognize the inescapable wear and tear of life in the great house at Wellesley. The mere fact of living, month after month, under one roof with nearly four hundred other women was in itself fatiguing, even to the most light-hearted and robust; to the nervously organized student it proved insupportable at times.

After one girl, newly released from a sojourn in the

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hospital, burst into tears, because—as she explained to Dr. Jones—the knives and forks made such a dreadful noise that she could n't bear it, Mrs. Durant began to consider a house of smaller dimensions. Waban Cottage—first of all the cottages—was the result of her motherly solicitude for us. As we look back to the day when our founders were both with us, we know that Mr. Durant saw every rise of ground in our spacious campus crowned with the stately buildings of the university-to-be; while Mrs. Durant, with no less prescience, beheld home-like cottages nestled in every glade. In this, as in all other essentials, the thought and purpose of one supplemented that of the other with ever-growing perfection.

But there was no quiet retreat for the overtaxed girl in the Wellesley of that day; so we find among the guests at No. 30 Marlborough Street two temporarily invalided students to whom we owe an interesting account of the home life of our founders. One of these favored ones writes:

Few fathers or mothers could have been kinder to two young people than they were to us, though in those winter months of 1880 Mrs. Durant was one of the busiest of women, often out nearly all day on various errands of helpfulness, and working until late in the evening on books and accounts, this did not prevent a charming and complete fulfillment of the part of home-mother. One of her attractive traits was her love of flowers. A hamper of beautiful flowers would come to the house two or three

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times a week from the greenhouses in Wellesley, and however busy or tired she was, she seemed to find refreshment in arranging them in bouquets for distribution through the house. Once the servants were to have a party downstairs, and though she had been very busy, she took special pains to provide a liberal bouquet for them. Students at Wellesley during its earlier years will remember how lavishly she gave her choice plants and flowers to the College for Flower Sunday and all occasions of ceremony and festivity.

The family life at 30 Marlborough Street was of a happy simplicity. We breakfasted at about nine, in accordance with those Southern customs which were natural to Mrs. Durant. But she was usually up long before that time, bustling about in her wrapper, attending to many household details. We always had prayers in the dining-room after breakfast, and these were apt to be interrupted by a pet canary, whose cage hung in the same room, and who evidently took the beginning of Mr. Durant's prayer as his cue for bursting into song. On one occasion we were standing before this canary and Mr. Durant said to me in his alert way, "I will give you just half a minute to make a pun on that bird." I made but a feeble response. "He twits on facts." Mr. Durant instantly retorted, "That bird improves his opportunities."

After breakfast we scattered on various errands to assemble again at dinner, which was a movable feast, occurring anywhere from half past two to four or later, according to the exigencies of outside calls. Then there was another scattering, with a simple supper later in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Durant both believed in a strict

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observance of Sunday; but with all its old-fashioned quiet and greater formality, it was a most delightful day, and one which both their younger guests remember with special pleasure. We all went to church in the morning, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Durant to the Central Congregational Church on Berkeley Street, presided over at that time by Dr. Joseph T. Duryea; but we two girls were free to please ourselves by attending Trinity, and hearing Phillips Brooks, then at the height of his great ministry. After our early dinner Mrs. Durant would slip into a simple gray dress and go down to visit her prisoners; while Mr. Durant would sit before the library fire reading. . . . We girls, who had been indulging in naps, would find him later ready to talk; and taking low seats near him, would enjoy in the gathering twilight such beautiful and intimate converse as a father might have with his children. On these occasions he was always gentle and tender, and while he spoke freely of religious things, it was usually of the love of God and the joy of his service. Sometimes he would speak of his wife, and the faithfulness of her daily service, and compare it with the idle and less fruitful life which she might so easily have led. Mr. Durant was a lover of fire, to which he seemed akin in his swift ardors and impetuous leaps of thought. He loved to sit and brood over the open fire in his library. I remember him thus, his white hair touched by its glow, and his dark eyes intent upon the leaping flames, as if seeking to penetrate their inmost mystery.

In his own home Mr. Durant often showed a spirit of playfulness and gaiety, naturally held in abeyance in his more dignified role at the College. When he came home

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from the day's work there would be the sound of a quick latchkey in the door, then cheery calls to Mrs. Durant and us younger ones; at the sound of which we would run down stairs ready for an exchange of the day's news, coupled with all manner of merry jests and laughter. I found on my plate one morning at breakfast an old invitation to the Porcellian Club at Cambridge, freshly enclosed and formally redirected to myself; and the pun on the canary was only one in a long list of similar pleasantries. One recalls in this connection Mr. Durant, looking over a list of Freshmen in the College office. He came presently upon the rather unique name of Seraph E. Jones, and pausing over it, murmured whimsically, "Let us hope this is not one of the seraphim who continually do cry."

One day, that winter, as we were walking down town from Marlborough Street, through the Public Garden and the Common, Mr. Durant spoke with the utmost enthusiasm of his old friend Rufus Choate, comparing him to a spirited thoroughbred race-horse. He frowned indignantly, as he recalled the old rumor that Choate was addicted to morphine. "If you ever hear anyone speak of this," he said, "you are to deny it as totally false, and you may quote me as your authority for saying so." Mr. Choate's friendship for Mr. Durant was no less sincere. It is not as generally known as it should be that many of the choicest books in the library at Wellesley came to us from the library of Rufus Choate. His name upon the fly-leaf is in his own handwriting, but owing to the peculiarities of his script, one rarely discovers what the name is. Even Mr. Durant had his own difficulties in deciphering his friend's handwriting. He told us that sometimes on arriving at his office he would find a note from Mr.

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Choate, whose contents he would be quite unable to decipher; but he would drop in at Mr. Choate's office later in the day, and tactfully discover the business in hand, without wounding his friend's sensibilities. Mr. Durant's own handwriting would naturally incline him to charity.

In our walks Mr. Durant would often call our attention to the beauty of the leafless trees against the sky; or to a flaming sunset closing the vista of some dull street, as we returned home in the late afternoon. Mrs. Durant, too, was a lover of the sky. A Wellesley student remembers meeting her in Boston on a bleak winter day, and saying to her, "Wellesley is so beautiful now in its robe of snow. How you must miss it." And Mrs. Durant replied, "I am not looking at the slush under foot. One of the greatest pleasures of my day is walking down this street, facing the sunset. One never realizes how beautiful the sky is until one is shut up in the city."

Mr. Durant spent much time that winter in visiting picture-galleries and special exhibitions, being always on the lookout for fine paintings to add to the treasures of the College Beautiful. There was, that season, on exhibition a large collection of the paintings of Elihu Vedder, among which was that painting of the Cumean Sibyl, which for many years hung in the centre of College Hall, and has since been placed in the Art Building.

Mrs. Durant's constant memory of her little son showed itself not only in the fresh flowers always standing before his pictures and childish bust, but in her loving interest in boyhood everywhere. The Boys' Clubhouse in Wellesley is a concrete evidence of this affection. Even late in life, at the dedication of the monument which marks the site of Bullard's Tavern, at the entrance to the College grounds—

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the Tavern from which the local forces set forth for Lexington in Revolutionary times—Mrs. Durant displayed her understanding of boys in memorable fashion. It was in the morning of July fourth, 1911, and quite a throng of village and college people had gathered, awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Durant, who was to dedicate the stone. She was wheeled down from her nearby home by her colored butler; and at the moment when he brought the wheeled chair to a stop beside the monument, two small boys flew at each other and indulged in a most unseemly scuffle. Scandalized citizens separated the abashed urchins, whose self-respect was restored when Mrs. Durant smiled on them in her friendliest manner, and concluded her clear-toned address of dedication by saying: "I am glad to see that the boys of Wellesley know how to fight, for I feel sure that if anyone ever tried to deface this monument, these boys would be able to defend it." Then turning to the small antagonists, she said, "You have my consent, both of you, to attack anybody who tries to injure this monument, which now belongs to you and to your town."

Other memories of these two builders of Wellesley crowd upon us thick and fast, until the chronicler is fain to quote that quaint saying of John, in the closing words of his gospel: "And there are also many other things" which they did, "the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

XXVII

THE second period of Wellesley's evolution had its almost unnoticed beginning in 1879, when Miss Alice Freeman became the head of the Department of History. Mr. Durant's attention had been directed to Miss Freeman several years previous to this time, by President Angell of Michigan University, and he had already twice invited her to come to Wellesley, the first time as instructor in mathematics, the second time to teach Greek. Miss Freeman had been compelled for various reasons to decline both calls; but when she finally came, it was to enter upon a career of far-reaching influence and success beyond her expectations. She was only twenty-four when she became the head of Wellesley's Department of History; but she had already carried heavy responsibilities, and had won recognition as a teacher and executive. Her sparkling youth, together with sterling qualities of heart and head, won the admiration and love of every one who came in contact with her.

Miss Howard, never strong, had been steadily declining in health for more than a year. Her mere residence in College Hall appeared to tax her strength more and more severely, until she was compelled to

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pass much of her time in the seclusion of her own rooms. This failure of his chief executive brought ever-heavier burdens upon Mr. Durant's shoulders. He would have been more than human if at times he had not been visited by forebodings for the future. It was a relief to turn to the bright face of youth, to get once more the forward look, the exultant sense of hope and victory. The conservative, elderly woman he had chosen for Wellesley's first president had quickly lapsed into chronic invalidism; nor could he help being aware of the total lack of sympathy existing between the restive student body and its nominal head. A change was at hand. What should that change be?

Mr. Durant repeatedly called the attention of his trustees to the new Professor of History; and before the end of her first year he is said to have remarked to one of them: "Do you see that little dark-eyed girl? She will be the next President of Wellesley."

Temperamentally Mr. Durant and Miss Freeman appear to have been not unlike; and for this very reason several radical dissensions arose between them. The future chief executive of Wellesley did not altogether agree with the opinions of Wellesley's founder, and she did not hesitate to tell him so. But Mr. Durant never changed his mind about Miss Freeman's future. The fact of his decision regarding her was to prove a strong comfort to him in the dark hours just ahead.

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It is probable that no one, not even Mrs. Durant, knew when the warning knell sounded the beginning of the end. If Mr. Durant heard it, he merely shrugged an impatient shoulder and worked harder than ever. His physicians afterward stated that his fatal illness ¹ began at least two years before his death. It was not the day of early skilled diagnosis; and even had the necessary ounce of prevention been offered him in time, it is doubtful if he would have accepted it. He had always disdained illness, and had early formed the habit of riding his purposes roughshod over any form of bodily weakness.

Moreover, another more serious crisis threatened the future of Wellesley. He had no time to think of himself. Briefly stated, the situation was this: While many important bequests for specific purposes had been made to Wellesley, the college owned not a dollar of endowment; though, on the other hand, it had not a dollar of debt. As some one has said, "The sinking fund of Wellesley College was located in Mr. Durant's pocket." He had invested the bulk of his fortune in the college buildings and grounds, to begin with. But his various business enterprises still brought in large returns. And these returns must continue, if the college was to continue. There appeared, to him, to be no alternative. The middle course, so often urged upon him by the trustees, of making the income for board and tuition more nearly balance the

¹ Bright's Disease.

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outgo, he steadily refused to consider. Even this paltry expedient, as he impatiently pointed out, would leave no margin for the necessary expansion, aspiration, progress—in a word, the persistent quest for the ultimate good, which he conceived to be Wellesley's true aim and mission in the world. Turning a deaf ear to the ominous warnings which must have come to him from time to time, Mr. Durant applied himself with merciless energy to the old pursuit of money—money for Wellesley College. He must and would have it.

There was trouble brewing in the affairs of the New York Belting Company, which finally culminated in disastrous loss; and, what was worse, public accusations of crooked work on the part of the company. During the years of his engrossing labors at Wellesley, Mr. Durant, while retaining a large interest in the Belting Company, had left the general conduct of the business to other members of the firm. One of these men was found to be a heavy defaulter, and the honor of the firm—nay, more, in Mr. Durant's thought, the honor of Wellesley—was at stake. The exhausting night journeys between Boston and New York were resumed, to be followed by days of anxious and unremitting toil in city offices. Not a single creditor should lose a single cent, declared the senior partner. And to this end he gave himself, without rest, without an instant's consideration of any lesser matter, till the crisis was safely passed.

We are glad to know that many of Mr. Durant's

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friends rallied about him in this hour of his trouble. Professor Horsford, reading in the Boston papers certain damaging comments on the Belting Company's affairs, hurried over to Wellesley early in the morning. He found Mr. Durant, very heavy of heart, about to start for the city. It was hard work to deflect him from his purpose, but Professor Horsford finally prevailed upon his friend to return with him to Cambridge. He said that he had a pleasant secret to tell him about Wellesley. The pleasant secret proved to be the Horsford Library Fund of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; and it continues to cheer and hearten many lives to this day.

Not long after this, Mrs. Durant tactfully persuaded her husband to consult his Boston physician. Dr. Jones had long been apprehensive over Mr. Durant's changed appearance; and with that fine mixture of skill and intuition which always distinguished her, had already arrived at the correct diagnosis. The Boston doctor, unfortunately, disagreed with her. Mr. Durant returned from the city in cheerful mood.

"I told you there was nothing the matter with me!" he said to the wise little doctor. "It is only nervous exhaustion; I have overworked, and I am to go off somewhere to rusticate." He paused, with a wry smile, as if resenting the idea of the necessity of rest, then added quickly, "But I'm not one of the *rusting* kind, so stop your worrying about me."

A few days at Shelter Island, spent at Professor

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Horsford's summer home, were the most he would allow himself at the time. Professor Horsford begged his guest to stay longer; but Mr. Durant laughed at his evident anxiety.

"There's nothing to worry over, as far as I'm concerned," he insisted. "It's beautiful here; and I appreciate your goodness, as always, old friend; but I can't be idle just now."

His indomitable spirit was still captain of his weak body; and his work in many directions continually carried him forward with a momentum nothing seemed able to stop. He was especially engrossed in new plans for enlarging the scope of the departments of science; laying out new and varied courses of general study; enriching the collections of art objects, manuscripts, and books, already gathered. And with it all, he never forgot Christ, the pole-star of Wellesley's heaven.

Miss Freeman, in a letter to a friend,¹ writes as follows:

Mr. Durant preached today (Sunday). If only you could have heard him, all of you! It seems as if some great, strange thing had happened, and we must speak and walk softly—as when some one has died. There was an atmosphere of sacredness about it all. It is enough to break one's heart to see his grand white head among these hundreds of girls, and hear him plead with them for

¹ By permission, from Professor Palmer's "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer."

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“noble, white, unselfish womanhood”; to hear him tell of his hope and happiness in them, and his longing that the blood of Jesus Christ should cleanse them from all sin—that was his text. I never heard and never shall hear anything quite like it for clear logic and tender appeal.

During the winter of 1881 the Durants, accompanied by Professor Horsford and two of his daughters, left Boston for a trip to Mexico. Mr. Durant's physicians advised the change of climate, and he consented the more readily as he had business interests in Mexico; in particular a gold-mine which he wished to inspect. A postal card, mailed in St. Louis, was received by one of the teachers. “I think I shall be better,” he writes, “as soon as I get where the violets grow.” There is no existing account of this journey in search of the rainbow. We only know that the party returned in April, to be joyously welcomed by the teachers and students of Wellesley. “The Durants have returned from Mexico,” writes Miss Whiting; “Mr. Durant does not look as well as we could wish, but is all alive, and says the best part of being away is getting back.”

The students, under the leadership of the president of the senior class, planned a home-coming reception for the founders, to be held the Saturday evening following this memorable home-coming. The members of the faculty—again to quote Miss Whiting—ordered “a large round basket, filled with glorious roses, mixed with bunches of fragrant violets—the flower

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Mr. Durant best loves—with a border of pansies and ferns. It was the loveliest thing! The reception was held in the Center, its two long corridors curtained off. We made the whole place look like an elegant drawing-room.”

Mr. Durant, full of happiness to be once more with his beloved college, entered heart and soul into these festive plans; in the afternoon potted plants and an abundance of flowers were sent over from the green-houses, and in the evening to add to the pleasure of the occasion he unboxed two fine pictures and opened a great case of English books, just arrived.

It was all, to outward seeming, as it had been from the beginning. But the warm spring days which clothed Wellesley's sunny slopes with patches of fallen sky, could not bring health to the dying man. He struggled valiantly with his weakness; visited the college as usual; attended to troublesome business affairs; and entered into the plans of others with absolute self-forgetfulness.

Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins ¹ speaks with rare understanding of her last interview with Mr. Durant:

It was in the early summer before he left us, when pain, though she had become his guest, was never lord of his house and hospitality. I was about leaving for England with a few pupil-friends, to emphasize the work we had been doing during the spring term. Mr. Durant was eagerly interested, and begged, despite my protestations

¹ Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College, 1877-91.

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that he was unable to listen, that I should spend an hour with him and tell him the plan of the journey. The white and weary look gave way to the old expression of cordial interest, as he made suggestions and wrote letters of introduction. Afterward he followed me out and stood on the portico, as I went sorrowfully away knowing only too well that I should see his face no more. It was with this thought that I turned, when half way down the driveway, to look back at him yet again. He still stood there, the afternoon light touching with wonderful effectiveness the solemn beauty of those luminous eyes and that etherealized face which now bore the upward and onward expression of those last memorable days. He waved his hand once more and called, "Goodbye again! A happy journey!"

Of those painful days when Mr. Durant found himself compelled through sheer bodily weakness to lay down, one after the other, the burdens he had borne so long, we know little. The building of Stone Hall was now completed, and the work of furnishing went on apace. But all the joyous life of the college seemed hushed to a minor key. The commencement exercises of the class of '81 were given up, the graduates receiving their diplomas in sorrowful silence.

A member of the class of '79, who returned to Wellesley for the second alumnæ reunion, tells us of her last interview with Mr. Durant:

I called at his house on the chance of seeing him once more, and, to my surprise, was readily admitted. Marion P—— was just leaving when I entered the living-room,

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where he sat in an easy chair, looking frail and white, but seemingly alert as ever in mind and manner. He began almost at once to speak of the College, his thoughts dwelling eagerly on its future. "There ought to be resident fellowships," he said, "as there are in the English universities, for individual study and research. I believe the presence of such scholars would be a help and inspiration to the undergraduate students."

Then we fell into more intimate converse. I had recently succeeded in having one of my articles published, and this fact seemed to give him great pleasure. His eyes beamed warmly upon me, and I quite forgot his illness, as he said, "Your first success did more for you than all the criticism in the world! I have been thinking," he went on, "of a sort of scientific fairy-tale for children. A little girl—we'll say—who lives near an old mill, where she would see all sorts of interesting things in the way of plant-growth, insect habits, and the like—you get the idea, I know."

We both enjoyed the quaint conceit of fairies as biological instructors, and the time slipped away almost unnoticed. But some one on guard in another room evidently thought I was over-staying my time, for a maid entered:

"Mr. Durant, your gruel is getting cold," she said, with a reproving look at me. He glanced up, with one of his sweet, humor-touched smiles. "Gruel getting cold, you say? Well, well, give it some belladonna quick!"

Nothing was said of his illness; and his last words, as I rose to leave were, "Remember, you have always a friend. And if you want a school, I will get one for you."

XXVIII

MR. Durant—as might have been expected—was a voluminous letter-writer; and it has been one of the griefs of the present historian to be unable to quote freely from this best of all biographical material. Mrs. Durant, in her later years, destroyed much valuable correspondence, being visited, no doubt, with that unreasoning dread of having her precious letters fall into the hands of strangers. One who knew and loved her in her old age speaks of the shock of dismay which fell upon her at the sight of the venerable lady, seated in her arm-chair, surrounded by a litter of papers torn into hopeless shreds.

“If I had only asked her for them sooner,” she mourned, “I am sure she would have let me have them.”

A letter, written to one of his favorite “O. P.” girls, who had become an instructor of literature at Wellesley, has been happily preserved to us. It bears the date July 14, 1881.

DEAR MISS P——:

I spoke to Miss Hodgkins about your work and found an unexpected difficulty: She gives the Freshman Literature in lectures in the chapel, and the class work after;

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but it is not what I thought it would be. This disturbs my plans for you.

She suggests that you take the Dante and Homer for Juniors. This would please me very much, if it would suit you. The great question is as to your health. Nothing must be done to peril that. I think it would be inspiring work to take up Dante, and teach it after your own tastes and methods. If you would care to do so, I think you might like a few books to read in the vacation.

The stupid way is to teach the *Inferno*. The grand way is to teach the *Paradiso*. There is an undiscovered country in *Paradiso*, and you can enter in and possess the land. Will your class take Dante? If you say "yes" the College shall have the best working library on Dante in the country. They are starting a Dante Society at Harvard. We can teach Dante without a Society better than they will with a Society.

I hope you are well and looking forward happily to next year. Your room at Stone Hall is almost furnished. It will be very pleasant.

I am enjoying miserable health, thank you, but am full of hope for better things.

Yours sincerely,
H. F. DURANT.

The summer waxed and waned, and the eagerly expected day of opening for the college finally came. Mr. Durant was by now unable to leave the house; but he was still working and planning for Wellesley. Despite the protests of his wife and physicians he had continued to carry on the affairs of the Belting Com-

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pany, granting special interviews to business men ; writing letters ; outlining plans and expedients ; and all with a mental acumen and vigor which seemed to defy the stealthy approach of the inevitable. He wasted neither time nor strength in bemoaning his condition. "Better to wear out than to rust out," was the small, smooth stone with which he fought the solicitous anxiety of those who would have condemned him to the weary tedium of protracted dying.

Dr. Emily Jones, who had been absent from Wellesley for a year, returned in the autumn of 1881. She received one night a hurried summons from Mrs. Durant, begging her to come over to the house at once.

"I went," she said, "and found Mr. Durant suffering intensely. Dropsy had set in, and he had great difficulty in breathing. And from then on things went from bad to worse."

Writing from the college on September 20th, the day after President Garfield's death, Miss Freeman speaks of the chapel as being draped in black and white in honor of the dead President. Following this description are these words :

But we are in greater trouble over Mr. Durant than words can tell. He has been growing worse. Yesterday there was a council of four physicians from Boston and one from Philadelphia. Their decision is unanimous that there is little chance of recovery. They told Mrs. Durant, and when Mr. Durant asked what they had said she told him. In the afternoon—"in case he should become un-

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conscious"—he left final instructions about the College. Christ's College, he called it. All we can do now is to wait and carry on the work.

But the end was not yet. Mr. Durant's wonderful courage and vitality came once more to his rescue. When Mrs. Durant, in answer to his searching questions, told him of the physician's verdict, he looked at her intently, all his soul in his eyes.

"We have both trusted Christ too long not to trust Him now," he said quietly. Then after a pause, "I intended to say to the doctor that he need not fear or hesitate to tell me the exact truth. . . . It does not agitate me to talk about parting. It is just getting ready to go home."

Knowing how precious would be the records of his closing days, not only to herself but to those across the lake, who were waiting and watching with aching hearts, Mrs. Durant wrote down his broken sayings, as they fell from his lips. It is from this pathetic record that we quote. Evidently, he was thinking quite connectedly and clearly, though he already perceived the mist that was soon to close about him. After a little he spoke again to his Pauline. She was only forty-nine, and still beautiful in his eyes. His tender words, meant for her ears alone, were faithfully recorded with the rest. But one feels that they should not be repeated here. A little later in the day he spoke of his burial.

"I wish to be placed at Mt. Auburn between you and

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Mother," he said. "Have on my tomb the text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' "

After that he slept, and awakened seemingly refreshed, and at once asked for Miss Howard's daily bulletin from the college. Dr. Jones tells us that she was watching by his bed one day when a message was brought to her. One of the teacher specials had fallen on the hardwood stair at Stone Hall and broken her arm. Catching the import of the whispered words, Mr. Durant gave explicit directions that Dr. Townsend should be called to take charge of the case. Later, he asked to have fruit and flowers sent daily to the injured student.

"There are things, unfinished," he murmured, as if still busy with the multitudinous affairs of the college. Then, with a sigh of relinquishment,—and perhaps of relief, as the heavy burden was at last lifted,—"But He knows best. He will give the wisdom to take care of it all."

His thoughts lingered about the college beloved. The girls and the teachers would mourn his departure; they loved him, and the realization of their love was sweet. But they must not think too often of him. Summoning all his strength, he said to his wife with great earnestness:

"Say very positively I won't have any bust or picture or statue of me at Wellesley College. It is a

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matter of principle. The college belongs to God, not to me."

In the solemn middle of the night, September 24th, "He asked me to read the Bible," the faithful watcher by his bedside records. " 'Take the Psalm beginning: It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.' "

So she read to him in her clear, sweet voice the jubilant Ninety-second Psalm:

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:

To shew forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

And so to the end: "He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him."

In June, 1922, the writer of these annals spent a memorable day at Wellesley, stopping, as a guest of the college, in the old Durant homestead. On the afternoon of our arrival Dr. Emily Jones Barker and Miss Eastman, with others, had come in for a friendly talk. There were many questions to be asked, and answered, for the writer had left Wellesley as a student in 1879.

"Come upstairs with me, and I will tell you all about it," Dr. Barker said. "I spent nearly all my time with

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Mrs. Durant those last weeks," she went on, as we ascended the beautiful stairway, winding up past windows commanding a fine view of Lake Waban. "She wanted me, and Mr. Durant seemed pleased to see me about the room. . . . There, this was his room, with the bed facing the lake. Propped up on his pillows, he could see the blue water, and the shore beyond."

We looked out upon the scene which had once gladdened dying eyes, and listened as the silvery old voice went on:

"It was in this room that we had the prayer-meeting. Has any one told you about the prayer-meeting? It was on Saturday afternoon, I remember. And the day before—yes; on September thirtieth—he gave his last message to the teachers and students."

Some one repeated the never-to-be-forgotten words in a hushed voice:

"To the teachers: 'Have faith, work and pray: be co-laborers with God.' To the students: 'Work for one another. Try to lead souls to God. Christ first, in all things and always.'"

"Yes," sighed the little doctor, "and that same day he told Mrs. Durant to give his love to Professor Horsford. 'Tell Horsford I love him very tenderly,' were his words. His mind seemed perfectly clear. I remember Mrs. Durant said to me, what I had already thought, that his chamber seemed a holy place. His sweetness and purity and spirituality made one realize the almost visible presence of the Christ. The first

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symptom of delirium occurred the following day. He lay looking out of the windows. 'What beautiful flowers!' he exclaimed; 'the coloring is very remarkable.' There were flowers in the room, and I brought them to him. 'Do you mean these,' I asked. He seemed to get hold of himself then, and said, 'No, it is no matter; it is all right.'

"More than once we had heard him praying—for the college, and all its interests, for the faculty and students, for the workmen, for the friends of the college, and for the parents of the students. At such times he did not appear to be conscious of any one about him, and I thought him delirious. After he had seen the vision of flowers, he seemed to think he was about to lead a meeting somewhere! 'Won't you and Mrs. Durant place the chairs?' he said to me; there were only three chairs in the room; but he directed the moving of these from place to place, as if in a larger room or hall. When, finally, all was to his liking he gave out the opening hymn: 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me: let me hide myself in Thee.' I lost my voice completely, when he added, 'Let all sing!' Miss Cazenove, a cousin of Mrs. Durant's, stood just outside the door, and sang the hymn all through. After the singing, he asked Mrs. Durant to lead in prayer. 'Then Dr. Jones,' he said; 'let your prayers be brief.' Mrs. Durant was wonderful, so calm and sweet; but I was so choked with tears I could hardly speak. Almost at once he followed in one of the most marvelous pray-

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ers I ever heard. We seemed lifted with him to the very gates of heaven. His voice grew fainter toward the end, and I saw he was fast sinking into unconsciousness."

Mrs. Durant's record closes thus:

Saturday night he bade me "Good night," his last conscious words. On Monday night he departed from us, October the third, 1881.

The funeral services were held in the college chapel, the entire student body and the faculty being present, as well as many notable people who had come from Boston, and other cities to do honor to the man who had literally "laid down his life for his friends." We turn from the many contemporary accounts of the occasion, to words spoken long afterward. Better than the eloquent eulogies of the speakers of that day, far more significant than the costly floral gifts which were heaped about his casket, are these tributes of heartfelt affection which can never wither nor decay, and which should not be forgotten, as long as Wellesley remains a witness to his love and his sacrifice for us.

In a recent reunion of one of the early classes, one woman, dazzled by the splendid growth and development of Wellesley, said to a classmate. "Don't you envy these girls? They have so much more than we had." But the other answered, "No; we had more than they: *we had Mr. Durant.*"

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“More than all other privileges which belonged peculiarly to the early Wellesley classes,” writes another, “was that of knowing our Founder.”

And still another :

Above all the opportunities for culture which he provided, above all the ardent ambitions which he nobly stimulated, above every phase of friendship and fellowship, dear in college days, he wrote the sacred sentence which gave them purpose, “Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.”

Fast and yet faster they come—these winged words of love. One could fill volumes with them. Attend, if you will, to this, which essays to bind them all into a single wreath of memories :

I believe, as I look back upon those days of my impressionable girlhood, that Mr. Durant was more to me than any study or group of studies,—that his was the paramount influence, the necessary factor in the working out of my life. If I have since succeeded in any degree, in anything, it is because I knew him, and felt the throb and urge of that dynamic force of character which wrought through him. And what he was to me he sought to be to every student . . .

Centuries ago Tacitus uttered memorable words over a noble Roman, which might have been spoken of Henry Fowle Durant, the founder of Wellesley College :

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Let us honor you by reverence ; nay, if our poor nature will supply the power, by making ourselves your copies. This is the real honor, this the religious duty of those who are bound to him by the closest of ties. Let us always bear in mind all deeds, all words of his ; let us always dwell upon and make our own the history and the picture, not of his person, but of his mind. Not because I would object to busts, or statues of marble or of bronze ; but inasmuch as men's faces and their portraits are but weak and fleeting things, while the image of the soul abides forever, we can ourselves retain and reproduce the image of the life he led without the aid of the artist, his colors, or his carving.

For all in him that we follow with wonder and with love remains, and will remain forever in the minds of men, through the endless flow of ages, as a portion of the past.

INCIPIT VITA NOVA

